THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

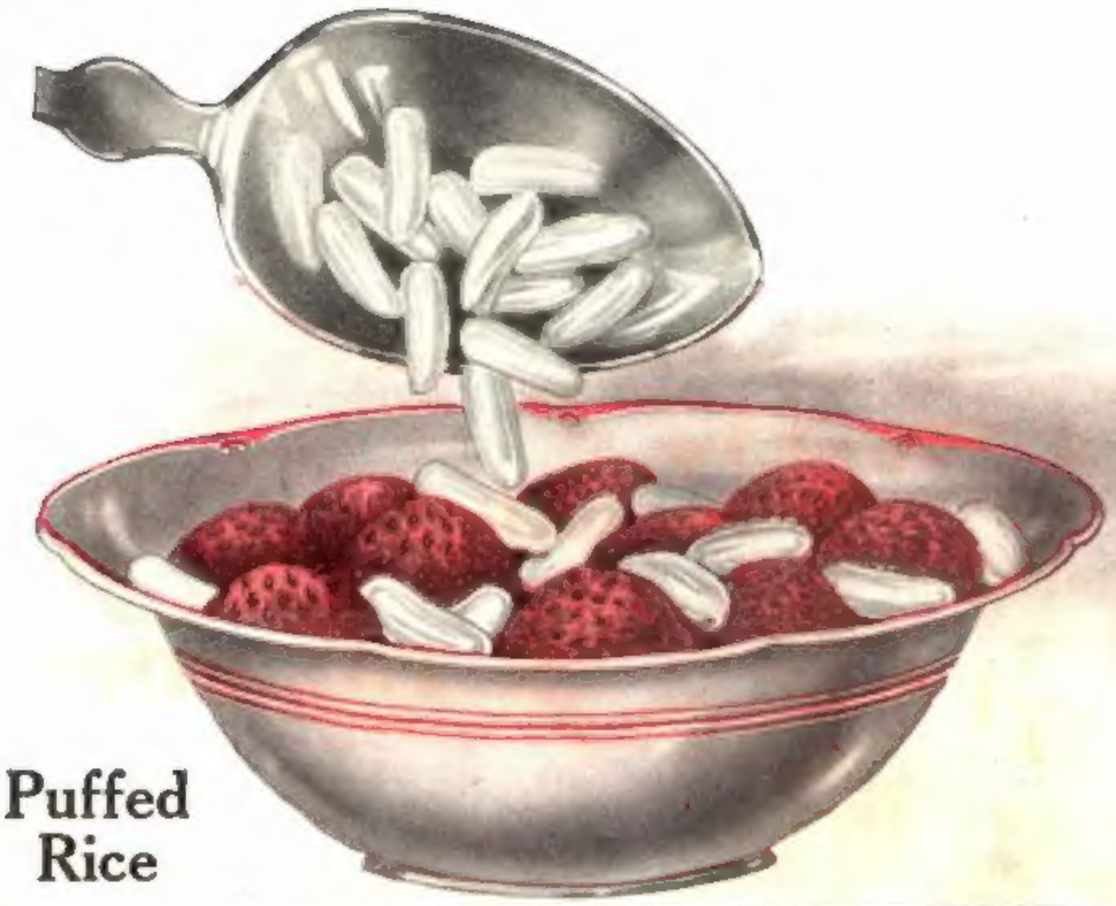
An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Ao Dr 1728 by Benj. Franklin

JUNE 15, 1912 5c. THE COPY

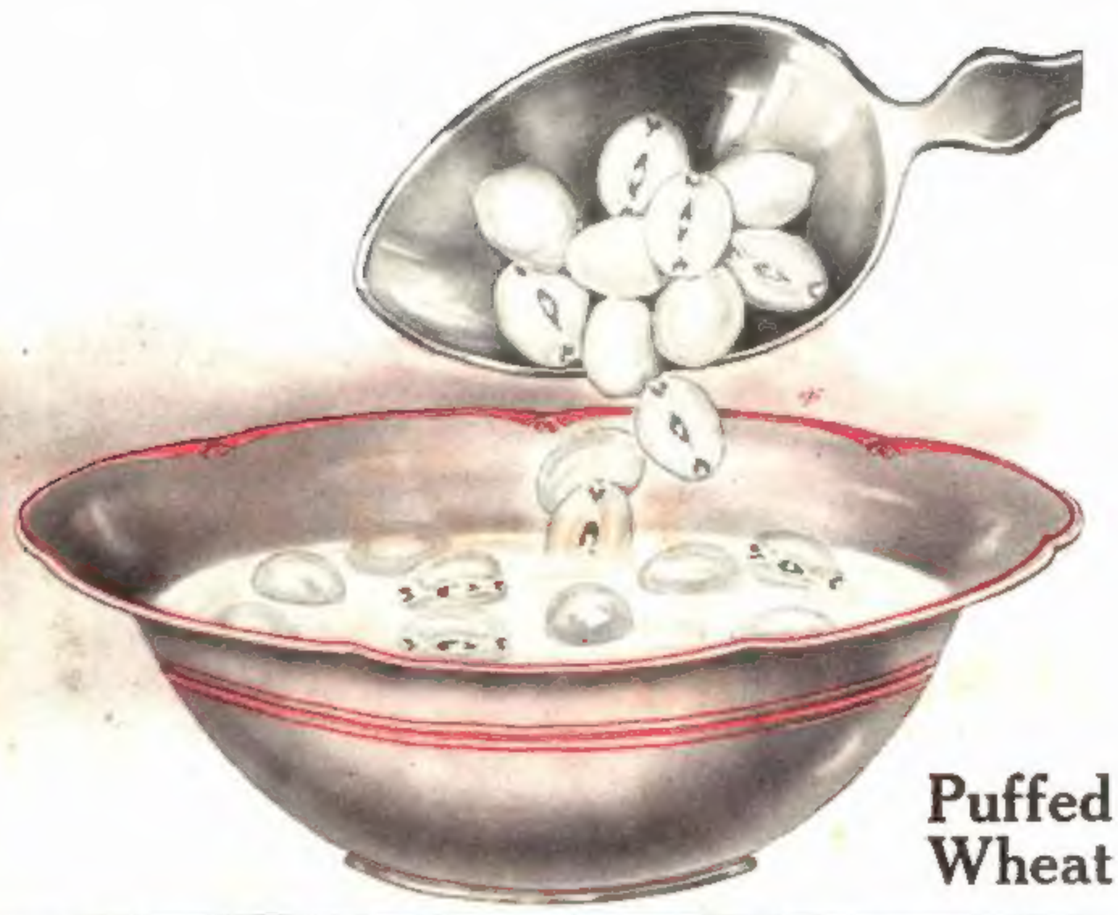
CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

Beginning

My Lady's Garter—By Jacques Futrelle



Puffed Rice



Puffed Wheat

Mornings
Serve With Berries

In June—the strawberry month—try mixing these Puffed Grains with berries.

These honeycombed grains taste like toasted nuts, and form a delightful blend.

Don't serve them merely with sugar and cream, as you do the year around.

Other Summer Uses

In the finest restaurants Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are used to garnish ice cream.

They are used like nut meats in frosting cake.

They are ideal crisps for serving in soup.

Girls use them in candy making. Boys eat them like peanuts when at play.

From morning till midnight—in a dozen ways—users find uses for Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice.

Shot From Guns
Blasted by Steam Explosion

These curious foods are due to a curious process.

We select perfect grains, then seal them up in mammoth bronze-steel guns.

The guns are revolved for sixty minutes in a heat of 550 degrees. That's where the grains get the nut-like taste.

The moisture in the grains turns to steam in that heat, and creates a tremendous pressure.

Then the guns are unsealed and the steam explodes. The millions of granules are literally blasted to pieces.

The grains are puffed to eight times normal size. Yet the coats are unbroken. The kernels are shaped as they grew.

Evenings
Serve With Milk

These grains are crisper than crackers—four times as porous as bread.

Each grain consists of a myriad cells, each bounded by thin, toasted walls.

Airy, flaky, whole-grain wafers—wonderful morsels to serve in milk.

Prof. Anderson's
Delightful, Scientific Foods

One mustn't forget that Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are not mere cereal dainties.

They have another advantage over all other cereals. They are fully twice as digestible as wheat or rice ever was made before.

The granules are blasted to pieces, so digestion can instantly act. It begins before the grains reach the stomach.

That is why these foods are prescribed by physicians when the stomach can't stand a tax.

That's why one may eat them at any hour—between meals or at bedtime—without ill result.

That is why brain workers eat them for luncheons.

Prof. Anderson invented this process to make whole grains wholly digestible, as never was done before. Their deliciousness was merely an accident.

1,000,000 Dishes Daily

Among all the cereal foods ever invented nothing compares with Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice.

Never were cereals so nut-like—never so melting, so flaky, yet crisp.

Countless users know this. And they consume a million dishes daily.

We invite you to join them—now on the verge of summer. For this is the acme of hot weather food.

Morning, noon and night—between meals and bedtime—the folks in your home will want Puffed Wheat and Rice.

Tell your grocer to get some now.

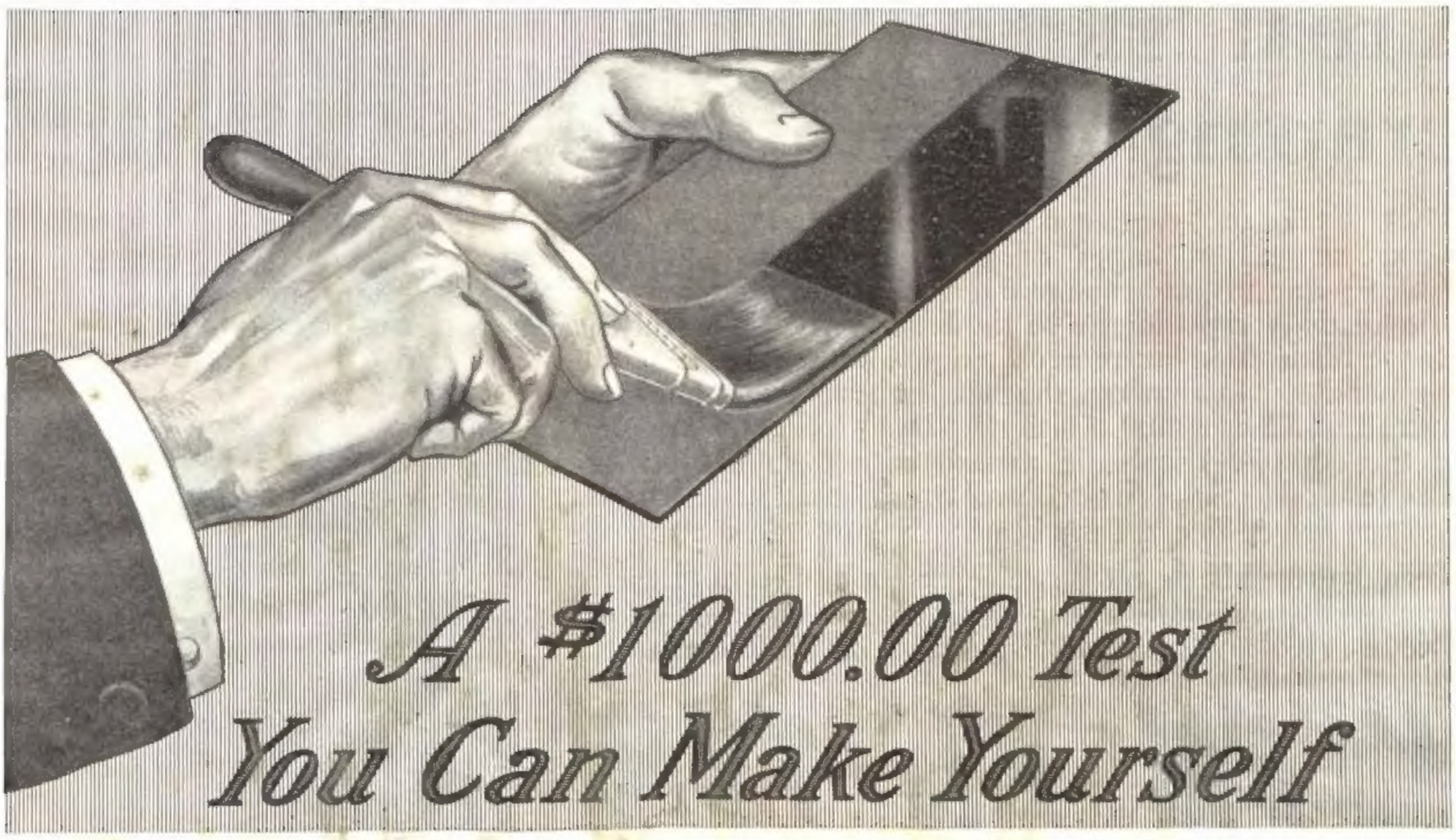
Puffed Rice . . 15c
Except in Extreme West

Puffed Wheat . 10c
Except in Extreme West

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers—Chicago

(271)



A $1000.00 Test You Can Make Yourself

You can test your varnish *before* you use it. We will show you how. Mail us to-day the coupon below. We will send you free a two-ounce can of Valspar and a metal testing panel, also full instructions for making a *real varnish test*. This test is important to you because it demonstrates that Valspar is *really waterproof*. It will prove conclusively that Valspar will not turn white in water—we will forfeit $1000.00 if it does. This offer goes to ten million people, so that we lose $1000.00 if Valspar goes wrong even once in ten million times.

VALENTINE'S
VALSPAR
"The Varnish That Won't Turn White"

If Valspar is used—your floors won't turn white or spot—leaky radiators will not damage them—their beauty will last even when hot water and soap are used—hot liquids will not injure your table—the bright wood on your boat will stay bright—your front door and window sills will keep their lustre under all weather conditions. This test further proves that Valspar is the *one* best varnish for *all* purposes, indoors and outdoors. We want you to try it *in comparison with other varnishes*. We offer to send you this liberal sample free so that you can make this test. Write at once.

S.E.P. 6

FREE SAMPLE COUPON

Name

City

State

Dealer's Name

Tear out and fill in carefully or send post card.

OUR BROAD GUARANTEE

We authorize every dealer to guarantee that on inside work Valspar will give at least twice the service and that on outside work it will outlast any other varnish and it won't turn white. If directions are followed and this doesn't prove true we will cheerfully refund your money.

VALENTINE & COMPANY, 458 Fourth Avenue, New York City

Chicago Boston Toronto *Established 1832* London Paris Amsterdam

W. P. Fuller & Co., San Francisco, Sole Agents for Pacific Slope and Hawaiian Islands

Trade VALENTINISHES Mark

A real friend—not a scraping acquaintance

YOU "take to" the Keen Kutter at once. You do not have to get the "hang" of it because it is *made with a "hang"* that fits into the natural shaving motion. Instead of a blade at right angles to the handle the Keen Kutter Razor blade is set at an acute angle almost parallel with the handle. In shaving, the handle is held in a vertical instead of a horizontal position. This gives a draw ahead of the edge of the blade instead of a push behind it. The result is that a firm control over the razor is secured and the shaver slices off the beard with sure, clean strokes.

Keen Kutter blades are made thick enough to hold their own against the stiffest beard. They are made of finest Swedish steel and ground with greatest care and accuracy.

KEEN KUTTER
Safety Razors

The Keen Kutter Junior, shown on the left, is wonderful safety razor value at $1.00, which includes case, razor, and seven blades. The Keen Kutter regular safety razor is slightly longer and a little different in pattern, with silver-plated frame, and genuine black leather case, with twelve blades.

No. K-1—Silver Plated in genuine Black Leather Case, $3.50.
No. K-3—Gold Plated in genuine English Pigskin Case, $5.00.

This razor is also put up in traveling sets, including, in addition to the razor and blades, brush and soap, all compactly fitted in genuine black leather cases.

TRAVELING SET
No. K-2—Silver Plated in genuine Black Leather Case, $6.50.
No. K-4—Gold Plated in genuine English Pigskin Case, $12.00.

This illustration shows the **KEEN KUTTER**

Junior Safety Razor Price $1.00

"The Recollection of Quality Remains Long After the Price is Forgotten."

Trademark Registered. —E. C. SIMMONS.

If not at your dealer's, write us.

SIMMONS HARDWARE COMPANY, Inc.
St. Louis and New York, U. S. A.

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square
Philadelphia

London: 5, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1912,
by The Curtis Publishing Company in
the United States and Great Britain

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office
as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the
Post-Office Department
Ottawa, Canada

Volume 184 PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 15, 1912 Number 51

MY LADY'S GARTER

By Jacques Futrelle

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

ONCE upon a time nearly six hundred years ago—about 1344, to be more explicit—His Gracious Majesty, King Edward III, guest of honor at the grand annual ball of the Larry L. Plantagenet Association, paused while dancing with the beautiful Countess of Salisbury and, stooping, picked up from the floor a lady's garter! It was a ribbon of dark blue, edged with yellow—a slender, shapely thing with buckle and pendant cunningly wrought of gold.

The countess gasped, blushed, grabbed hysterically at her left knee, then giggled! Even beautiful women giggle! A smile ran around the ballroom; the smile became a titter.

"*Honi soit qui mal y pense!*" His Majesty reproved sharply.

Now one may translate that a dozen ways: "Evil to him who evil thinks," or "Shame be upon him who thinks ill of it." Anyway, those gay young blades who had been boning their French with the idea of assisting Edward III to the throne of France discovered suddenly that there was nothing amusing in the incident, and ribald laughter died on their lips. For, be it understood, in those days it wasn't healthy to laugh unless the king laughed first.

Bending gravely, His Majesty placed the garter round his own leg—the left—just below the knee, and the dance went on to the end. Then:

"My—my garter, please?" stammered the countess in charming confusion.

"I shall return a pair of them, my dear countess—a pair done in gold," His Majesty told her gallantly. "Perchance there may be a jewel or so in the royal strong-box with which to adorn them. You will honor me by accepting them."

The countess curtseyed to the floor.

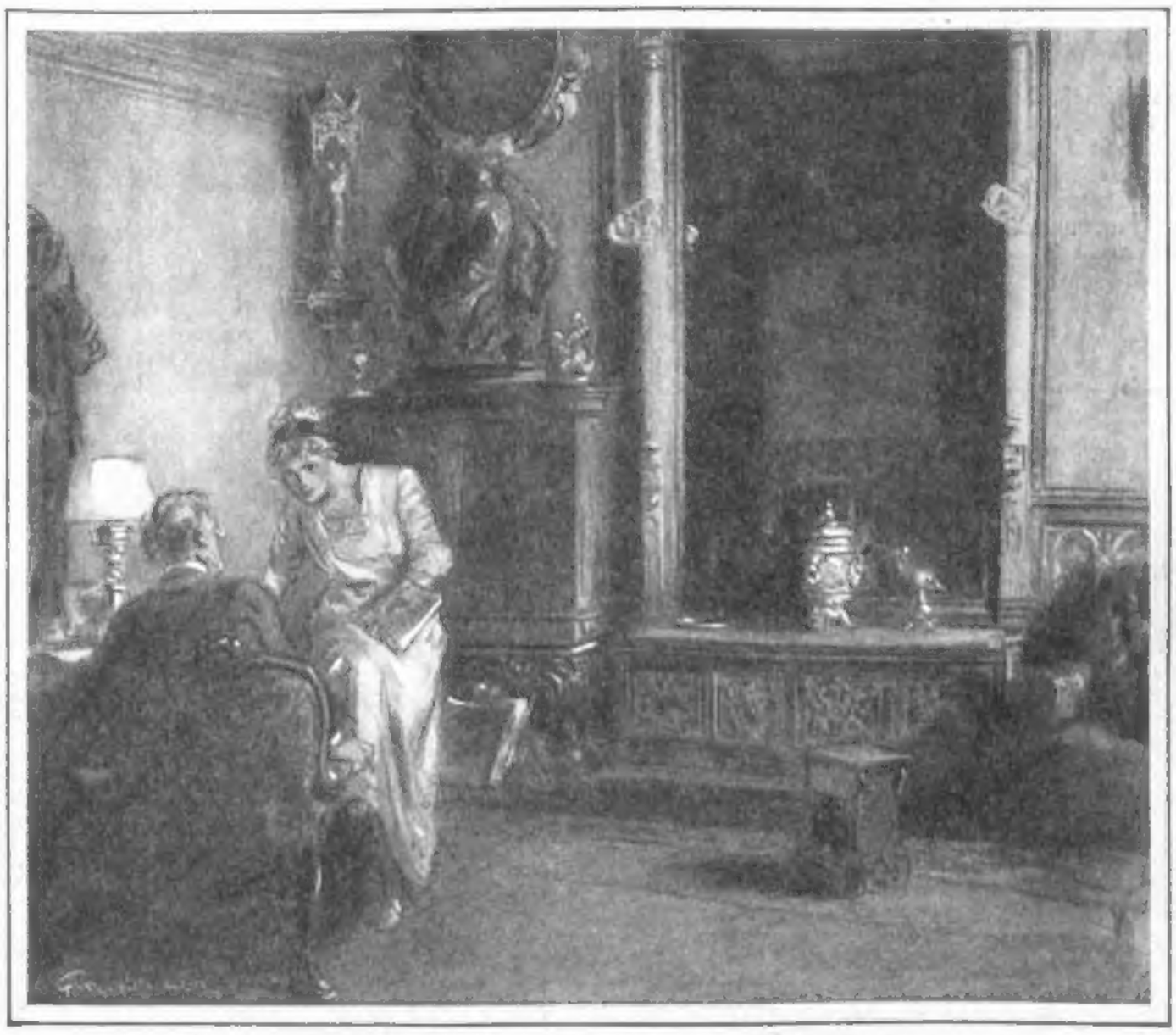
So, romantically enough, was born Britain's highest order of chivalry, the Order of the Garter. Its insignia is a slender ribbon of dark blue edged with yellow and overlaid with shields of gold, upon each of which is the motto: "*Honi soit qui mal y pense!*" Its pendant represents Saint George, armored, on a white horse, poking a large spear down the vermilion throat of a green dragon with a barbed tail. Ten thousand men have died for it.

Just what Queen Philippa, Edward's consort, had to say about it when her husband appeared before her wearing another woman's garter, or how the Countess of Salisbury managed for the remainder of the evening, doesn't appear. These, together with other interesting details, are lost in the mists of antiquity.

For many years a lady's garter lay among the precious relics tucked away in an obscure corner of the British Museum. It differed from the widely known insignia of the Order of the Garter only in its apparent extreme age and in the fact that diamonds and rubies were set alternately in the six shields of gold overlying the ribbon. This was one of the two original garters given to the Countess of Salisbury by His Majesty, Edward III. . . . Something like a year since the garter vanished. Obviously it had been stolen.

. . . . . .

Love is the one immutable quality we poor humans possess. It is unchanging as the whiteness of snow, or the redness of roses, or the blush of the desert dawn. Its object may alter—alas, it often does!—but love itself is an essential. That was as true ten thousand peans ago as it is now, and as it will be ten thousand peans hence. So, perforce, the delver into emotions must be trite in his expositions. 'Twas only a whim of the somber goddess who spins the threads of our lives that saved from triteness the affair I am about to recount. One wonders at times if there may not be a grinning countenance behind Fate's tragic mask!



"I Say I'm in Love. You Don't Seem a Bit Excited About It. Do Pay Attention to Me!"

In this instance it appears that the goddess acted deliberately. She had an afternoon off from her spinning and amused herself by entangling two threads of destiny—a white one and a black one. The white one was that of S. Keats Gaunt, poet, esthete and heir to millions; and the black one was that of the Hawk, gentleman adventurer, master crook and all-round expert in the legerdemain of theft. The result of her caprice must have amazed even the goddess in all her infinite solemnity.

In the beginning genius unbound—I am referring specifically to that rising young maker of verses, S. Keats Gaunt, familiarly Skeets—had pierced the empyrean and in that starry vault found the Ideal; and had shot flaming, love-tipped javelins of poesy with so sure an aim that, wounded and fainting, that Ideal had fallen into his arms and nestled there smiling.

In time, the holy fire of passion burst into iambics and odes and epics and things; following which we have the spectacle of a dreamy-eyed, long-haired young man going to his millionaire coal-baron father and stating the case.

The interview took place in his father's office, and at its peroration, consisting of two peans shamelessly snitched from Shakspere, John Gaunt swung round in his swivel chair and stared at his son scowlingly. There were a lot of things about this son of his that he didn't like; sometimes he caught himself wondering if anybody did like them! Some fathers are like that.

"And who, may I ask," he queried with exaggerated courtesy—"who is the lady you have chosen to honor with so marked an—er—er——" He was never good at pretty speeches.

"Helen Hamilton," replied the poet.

"Helen Hamilton?" John Gaunt rose from his seat with a roar and his big fists were clenched. "Helen Blazes!" And he sat down again.

"Hamilton," Skeets corrected mildly.

"What in——! You can't——! Was ever a man——! Why, in the name——!" John Gaunt spluttered on into sheer incoherency. There were simply no words to fit it, that was all. Finally, with an effort: "You can't mean that snippy, red-headed little turned-up-nosed daughter of—of Brokaw Hamilton?"

"I mean the most beautiful woman God ever made"—and the poet's soul was swimming in his eyes—"Helen Hamilton, daughter of Brokaw Hamilton."

John Gaunt's face blazed like a rising sun; the veins in his thick neck swelled.

"No!"—the voice of an angered lion.

"Why not?" Skeets wanted to know. "Her family is as good as our own—better; her father has as many millions as you have, perhaps more; her social position——"

"No!" John Gaunt barked again thunderously. "No! No!! No!!!"

The young man arose and stood unemotionally pulling on a pair of pale lavender gloves. He was not surprised at the objection; he had rather expected it because of an old feud between his father and Brokaw Hamilton.

"I'm sorry you feel that way about it," he remarked.

"Now look here, Sammy; if you——"

"Not Sammy, please, father."

"Samuel, then," and the belligerent voice suddenly softened to a pleading whine. "Now look here, Samuel, I've always been a kind and indulgent father to you, haven't I?"

"I suppose so."

"I've let you wear your hair long like that and haven't said a word, have I?"

"No."

"And I didn't object at all when you began parting your name in the middle, did I?"

"No."

"I've even called you Keats when I remembered, haven't I?"

Skeets conceded the point.

"And when nobody would accept your poetry didn't I buy you a magazine to print it in?"

"Yes." A deep sigh, and the poet dreamily brushed the long forelock away from his eyes. "After all posterity——"

"And haven't you been printing all you could write?" John Gaunt went on hastily—he knew that speech about posterity. "Now do be reasonable. Run along and play with your magazine. Cut out the gab about this snippy, red-headed little ——"

"Pardon me!" and for an instant the poet's eyes forgot to be poetic. They glittered.

"This—this absurd idea about Miss Hamilton," his father amended.

"What's your objection to her?"

"I don't like her father."

"It's not her father I want to marry."

"I don't care who it is you want to marry," John Gaunt raged suddenly. "If he, she or it is named Hamilton I object. Do you understand? That's all."

"That is your irrevocable answer?"

"Yes."

Skeets strolled out of the office. The following day the price of coal went up. John Gaunt had to take it out on somebody, so he put the skids under the consumer, and fell to wondering hazily whether he could find a feasible scheme by which he might strip Brokaw Hamilton of his millions. Skeets spent forty-eight hours composing more iambics and odes and epics and things, all of them dripping gloom. Black wasn't half black enough as a simile for the melancholy that possessed him.

On the day of that fateful interview Helen Hamilton, too, had done the conventional thing—that is, she did it as nearly conventionally as she ever did anything. Anyway, she went to her father. He happened to be a railroad magnate, like and yet unlike the masterful John Gaunt. Their points of resemblance were a genius for accumulating millions and a hatred, each for the other, which had endured stanchly, unfalteringly for a dozen years. Oddly enough, Brokaw Hamilton was at the moment engaged in working out a plan by which he hoped to apply the screws to the Gaunt coal interests.

He was at a big desk in his study, a curious room littered with articles of virtu and rare and elegant bric-à-brac. It was an obsession with him, this collecting of quaint artistic trifles—anything that happened to appeal to his catholic taste—personal ornaments, pictures, plate, jewels. One of the paper-weights on his desk was the mummied foot of an Egyptian princess, and beside it lay a heavy, square-shouldered coin of the time of Nero. In a small glass case beside his pen-rack was an antiquated, mangy goose-quill with which, Brokaw Hamilton liked to believe, King John had unwillingly signed Magna Charta. Three or four cabinets against the wall were filled with treasures garnered from the four corners of the world. One end of his house was given over to the pictures and larger articles of his collection; here in his study he kept the smaller and more precious ones.

The hobby had cost him millions, and he liked to recall that he had gouged many of those millions out of John Gaunt. Their warfare of a dozen years had been bitter, merciless, continuous, with no quarter asked and none given. If this new plan he was working on turned out as he wished, gad, he'd make John Gaunt squirm! And he would celebrate the event by buying that Corot! A quarter of a million francs! Dirt-cheap!

Helen came romping into the study; she was the kind of girl who romped. Her vigorous young muscles were wiry and indefatigable; she could follow a golf ball for miles and clout it in the eye every clip, or play tennis, or ride horseback, or swim, or drive a motor car—or repair it, for that matter. Altogether an able young citizen was Helen, with a self-reliance that was inborn. She would have been astonished if any one had ever suggested to her that she might need help to do a thing.

"Hello, Pops," she greeted irreverently. "Are you busy?"

"Yes, very." He didn't look up.

"I just came in to tell you I'm in love."

"Yes, yes," abstractedly. "Speak to your mother about it."

Helen perched herself on an end of the big desk as one privileged, and sat there swinging one foot. Her nose crinkled charmingly—a small nose, saucy, tip-tilted, piquant.

"I say I'm in love," she repeated aggressively. "You don't seem a bit excited about it. Do pay attention to me!" She leaned over and crumpled up the sheets of scrawly figures upon which her father was at work. "Do you hear? I'm in love!"

Brokaw Hamilton was used to this petty tyranny. He reached for the crumpled sheets, knowing the effort to be vain, then with a sigh dropped back into his chair.

"In love!" he repeated. "You? Pooh! Pooh! Why, you're nothing but a child!"

"I'm twenty-one," she protested. "A child indeed! Why, I'm almost an old maid!"

Her father's thoughts were far away. There were hundreds of thousands of tons of Gaunt coal to be hauled every year. If he could get away with this and keep out of the clutches of the Interstate Commerce Commission, why ——

"Well?" Helen demanded imperiously. "Why don't you ask me who it is?"

"Who is it?" obediently.

"He's a poet!" triumphantly. "I mean a real poet—a regular poet who gets 'em printed." She unfolded a sheet torn from a magazine and smoothed it on her knee. "Now just listen, please; and remember I am the Helen of whom he speaks:

"Oh, Helen, thy hair is an aura of gold—"

"Sounds like swearing," complained her father—"that 'Oh, Helen,' I mean."

"Why, Pops! I think it is perfectly heavenly. And there's a whole page of it. It goes on like this:

"Oh, Helen, thy hair is an aura of gold—
Oh, Helen!
Oh, Helen, thine eyes hold a secret untold—
Oh, Helen!
Oh, Helen, thy lips ——"

"Best thing I ever heard," interrupted the railroad magnate hurriedly. "So original too! Leave it, and I'll look it over sometime. I'm very busy now."

"'Aura of gold!' Isn't that perfectly corking, Pops? 'Aura of gold!'" She detached a strand of her hair and inspected it critically by the simple process of looking at it cross-eyed. "But I should have called it red. Why, Pops, it is red—red as a geranium."

"Yes, yes," he assented absently. His eyes were contracted, his thoughts far away again.

"Wouldn't it be scrumptious, Pops, to have a poet in the family? He could compose odes to our birthdays and anniversaries and—and when the cook leaves. And, Pops, I'm simply crazy about him! It's been going on for months—the poems in the magazines, I mean, all of them dedicated to me. Please, may I have him?"

Helen caught her father's face in her strong young hands and compelled him to look at her.

"What does your mother say about it?" he asked, smiling.

"Well, she doesn't seem very enthusiastic," Helen confessed. "You know, Pops," she ran on in a gush of confidence, "lots of men have made love to me and there wasn't one of them I'd have. Why, I couldn't marry a man whom I could beat playing golf and tennis and all those things. But a poet! You see he's different. One doesn't expect him to—to do all that. His soul is above those things! He would be writing things about me always—oh, lovely poems!" She leaned forward and dabbed her rosy lips against the corrugated brow of her father. "And he'd get 'em printed too!"

"Who," her father inquired finally with a flicker of interest—"who is this wonderful poet who gets 'em printed?"

Helen pursed her lips and swung a silk-stockinged ankle violently.

"That's just it," she said. "Mother said when I told you you would go off like a set piece at a Fourth of July celebration."

"I can imagine your mother saying that," commented her father sarcastically, "just as you have expressed it."

"Well, anyway, she said you'd be awfully angry."

"Why should I be angry?" he went on curiously. "Who is your poet who 'gets 'em printed'?"

"You won't get mad and bellow?"

"Who is he?"

"Skeets Gaunt."

Brokaw Hamilton sat motionless, regarding her for a tense instant, then came to his feet with angrily writhing hands, following which there was a series of vocal explosions which failed to resolve themselves into words. Helen watched him with a pout on her lips and disappointment in her blue eyes.

"There!" she said at last; "mother said you'd do that!"

"No!" bawled Brokaw Hamilton. "No! A thousand times no! That pale-faced, long-haired, squidgy-shouldered shrimp—the son of John Gaunt? No!"

Helen slid from the desk and enfolded her infuriated parent in her arms—round, brown arms that were about as soft and yielding as a steel cable. She held him until he ceased to struggle, her eyes meeting his pleadingly, her voice tenderly alluring.

"Please, Pops?"

"No!"

"Pretty please?"

"No!"

"Pretty please with kisses on it?"

"No!"

Helen shook her respected father angrily, as a terrier shakes a rat—shook him until the parental teeth rattled—after which she released him and strode to the door with smoldering eyes. There she stopped and stamped a small foot majestically.

"I will have him!" she declared hotly. "I will! I will! I will! And I think you're a mean old thing, so there!"

Having relieved herself of this rebellious sentiment she went out, banging the door behind her. She spent the next hour scolding her maid. The maid smiled patiently.

That which we are forbidden to have is what we most desire. Had Brokaw Hamilton and John Gaunt been as wise in the workings of the human heart as they were in the railroad and coal businesses respectively, they would have known that parental objection is an infallible method of bringing doubting hearts together. For the inevitable happened.

He Would Wrench It From the Grasping Greed of New York

There Were a Lot of Things About This Son of His That He Didn't Like

Forty-eight hours' toil with a rhyming dictionary and a thesaurus sufficed to empty Skeets Gaunt's soul upon white paper. It was a vast bitterness, and he spread it over reams and reams; after which, practically enough, he sent a telegram to Helen. It was to this effect:

"My father objects. SKEETS."

The answer came immediately:

"So does mine. HELEN."

An hour elapsed; another telegram:

"Let's elope. SKEETS."

The answer:

"You're on. HELEN."

Ten minutes later:

"Meet me St. Regis for luncheon tomorrow.
We will arrange details. SKEETS."

The messenger went back with this:

"I'll be there. HELEN."

As I said, all this was inevitable, having already happened some thousands of times—inevitable and trite—merely leading up to those incidents which followed the first entangling of the life threads of S. Keats Gaunt, poet, and The Hawk, gentleman adventurer.

II

HAVING lined his capacious inner man with a couple of pies which he had adroitly filched from a kitchen window under the very eyes of the cook, The Hawk drew his threadbare coat more closely about him and moved along the road sluggishly as a gorged snake, seeking a spot whereon to lay his weary head. It was shortly after ten o'clock at night, and the bullying wind that came whooping in from Long Island Sound and bellowed through the bright new green leaves of the overhanging trees had just enough chill in it to make a night in the open unattractive. Through interlacing boughs The Hawk could see, too, heavy, damp clouds scudding across the heavens, growing momentarily blacker. After a while it would rain; now he must find some indoor place to sleep.

Realization of this immediate necessity brought him to a reflective standstill, and he looked back upon the scantly lighted road along which he had just come, trying to remember if he had passed a barn or a vacant house. Finally shaking his head, he turned and looked the other way, on toward the city of New York, some dozen or more miles off. A couple of hundred yards ahead of him an electric light glimmered at a bend in the road. Beyond might be the very place he was seeking, so he trudged on, head down to the wind.

Evil days were these for The Hawk, lean, empty, profitless days. Occasionally, through the haze of half a dozen years, he permitted himself the luxury of recollection—recollection of the splendid prodigality of his early criminal career—an endless summer of roses and wine. Endless? Well, hardly that after all. For there had come an end, abruptly, one morning when he awoke to find the police of the world—specifically Detective Meredith, of the city of New York—hallooing about his ears. That day, six years ago, he had forsaken the glory that had been his and vanished into oblivion, with the hounds of justice yelping at his heels.

The gnarled finger of Time had written many chapters in his little book since then—chapters of hardship, all of them, but not without avail, for that same finger had made some erasures as well; and finally the hounds had been thrown off the scent and had returned to their kennels, beaten. So now, after men's memories had lapsed, The Hawk was daring to go back to those scenes of his early triumphs—the great, glittering, relentless city of New York—to lay heavy toll upon it for all these bootless years. Daddy Heins was still alive; he would begin there with good clothes, clean linen and a square meal.

In the days of his glory The Hawk had been foremost in his profession. He had stolen smilingly, audaciously and incessantly, but always with the fine discriminating eye of an artist, disdaining the booty that fell to the lot of the commonplace thief. In those days he had specialized in jewels—other people's; now he was driven to filching pies from kitchen windows. It pained his esthetic soul. In the old days his home had been a suite in a fashionable hotel; now he was seeking a vacant house and a soft spot in the floor thereof. In the old days, as George Harrington Leigh, he had won and held a position in the social life of the metropolis; he had been a member of a dozen or more clubs and a welcome guest in many of the city's exclusive homes; now the only place where he could be sure of a welcome was in a cell.

No one realized more acutely than he the disgrace of his plunge from the exalted pinnacle George Harrington Leigh had once adorned. That bold daring which had mystified and tantalized the police of the world and had ultimately made him the most widely sought criminal of his day, and that superficial polish which had given him the outward appearance of a gentleman, had sloughed off with the name. By environment The Hawk, nameless now, had become a sneaking, cringing creature of darkness, startled by an unexpected voice, terrified by a sudden footstep. So he had lived for half a dozen years, lived until he rebelled at the monotonous squalor of it all. He was essentially luxurious by nature; he would chance it all and go back to the luxury he craved, wrench it from the grasping greed of New York. What had been done once could be done again!

Physically, The Hawk was more perfectly equipped now than he had ever been for the parasitic career he intended to renew. The rotundity that had come from fat living in the George Harrington Leigh days had gone. Now he was slender, almost boyish in figure, inconspicuous of stature, lithe, powerful, sinewy—built like a steel bridge. The face beneath the scrubby brown beard was still youthful, the hair thick and waving; the lips boasted the same old innocent smile, and the eyes were as guileless as ever—shallow as water in a pan. Fear of recognition, even by Detective Meredith, his nearest, dearest, most intimate enemy, had little place in his calculations. Six years had passed. In appearance he was no longer the man Detective Meredith had known—the ultra-fashionable George Harrington Leigh.

There in the highway The Hawk paused to thank his stars that there had never been a photograph of him in existence—not even a vagrant snapshot. Once before he had thanked his stars for this: at the time of his disappearance, when a worldwide alarm had been sent out for him and there had been no picture—only a description. And a convenient description it was, one that might be fitted to three men in every ten.

Skeets Spent Forty-Eight Hours Composing More Iambics and Odes and Epics and Things

Introspection was brought to an end abruptly by the spluttering of an automobile engine, and the Hawk moved to one side out of the road. The car seemed to be just round the bend, screened by a green blanket of shrubbery; and as he went on he saw its red tail-light skimming off toward the glowing, cloud-reflected radiance of the city in the distance. Idly enough he noted the number of the automobile—1234. Then his attention was attracted by a "To Let" sign nailed to a gatepost. Obviously here was a vacant house, a place to sleep.

Glooming up before him, somewhat back from the road, he made out dimly the lines of an old mansion set in the midst of wind-worried trees. With one quick, furtive look about, The Hawk vaulted the low fence and skulked along through the shadows toward the house. His catlike eyes told him that the front door had been nailed up and that all the blinds were closed. Good! He'd get in the back way. Somewhere he'd find an unfastened window or an insecure lock, and if not there were other ways.

He laid a hand upon the cross-barred timbers of the back door and tried them tentatively. They were loose. He pulled and they fell off. He tried the knob. It turned and the door opened silently inward. He peered down the long, black hall for half a minute, listening; there were only the creaking and groaning of the trees overhead. He stepped inside and recognized instantly the musty odor of an unoccupied house. He closed the door behind him.

Of the very nature of things, The Hawk was noiseless in his movements, noiselessness being a prime requisite in the gentle art of thieving; so from the moment he pushed open the door until he had passed almost the length of the hall there had not been a sound, not so much as the whisper of a footfall. His left hand, following the wall, came to an open door. He turned into a room and, confident, took three or four steps forward, peering about him in the blackness. Chilly enough in here, but better than outside on a night like this. Anything to ——

Suddenly he stopped still, crouching. There, hanging in the pall of gloom on a level with his eyes, directly in front of him and not more than a dozen feet away, was a single luminous point—the glowing end of a cigarette, with a tendril of smoke curling upward. The Hawk's muscles flexed, and with his gaze riveted upon the point of light he slid a cautious foot backward with the one idea of escaping. Surely his entrance had been silent when the man smoking that cigarette hadn't heard him! Another cautious foot followed the first—the door was here, somewhere right behind him—then came a quick, violent crash and The Hawk felt himself going over. His head struck the wall with a whack, whereupon he was regaled with an astonishing astronomical exhibition.

Further necessity of caution was gone. He scrambled to his feet, extricated himself from the chair he had stumbled into, and ran blindly, headlong—into the wall. The fall had knocked all sense of direction out of him. He tried for the door a second time, and again he struck the wall. Without further ado he dropped flat on his face.

"Don't shoot!" he called.

Now would come a rush of feet, and lights, and excitement, under cover of which he hoped to escape. He waited with indrawn breath. Nothing happened. Instead came dead silence again—a silence that seemed to be pressing down upon him as a weight. Astonished, he raised his head and screwed his neck round in anticipation of the worst, whatever it might be. There in front of him was still the lighted cigarette, motionless as before. The quiet was so tense he could hear his heart beat.

Slowly fear gave way to curiosity. Why didn't somebody start something? A dead man could have heard all that clatter!

"Well, how about it?" he queried of the void.

There was no answer. An inexplicable chill ran down The Hawk's spinal column, and to put an end to the eeriness of it he fished out a match and struck it, holding it far to one side. If anybody did shoot he would shoot in the direction of the flame. The feeble flicker showed him a huge marble mantel, and resting upon it a lighted cigarette nearly burned out. One hasty glance about the room assured him he was alone. This settled, he glanced again toward the cigarette. Lying beside it on the mantel was a small package wrapped in white paper. He stared at it inquiringly until the match scorched his fingers and went out.

During that next half-minute, still prone upon the floor with ears trapped for the slightest sound and eyes straining, he watched the cigarette burn down to a stub and the light of it vanish, the while he did some thinking. A cigarette wouldn't burn more than eight or ten minutes at most, therefore the person who had placed it on the mantel had only just gone out as The Hawk had entered—gone out of the house certainly, otherwise the clatter of the latter's fall would have brought him back into the room. All of which led his thoughts back to the automobile—1234. Evidently it had been standing in front of the house and the person or persons who had gone away in it had left this cigarette and the package.

The Hawk arose, struck another match and picked up the cigarette stub. There might be a lingering whiff in it, and in these days of his degradation he was not above smoking another man's leavings. No, it was too far gone. A good cigarette, too, he saw by the gold print on the tip. He held up the paper parcel and shook it inquiringly, after which he opened it, disclosing an object that he first took for a bracelet or a necklace! No! It was a slender ribbon of dark blue, edged with yellow and overlaid

(Continued on Page 46)

OUTSIDE BASEBALL

ANYWAY you take him, the late Omar Khâyyâm was a mighty versatile person. He certainly was a great one for peering into the future and seeing things that had not happened yet. About half past ten o'clock one pleasant morning in the early part of the twelfth century he sat down and dashed off this:

. . . are no other than a moving row
Of Magic Shadow-Shapes that come and go
Round with this Sun-Illumined Lantern held
In Midnight by the Master of the Show.

If that was not figuring out the moving pictures about eight hundred years before they had been invented I do not want a cent; and I only wish it had occurred to Omar to turn off a quatrain or two on our other national pastime—baseball. I do not mean inside baseball—not the involuted, intricate, complicated breed of baseball which makes trigonometry seem by comparison as simple as tit-tat-to, and which the experts are wont to elucidate so fully that nobody can understand it; but outside baseball—the kind we who pay our good two bits for a seat in the grandstand prefer to see—the pitcher winding himself up like a dollar watch and uncoiling like a busted mainspring; the swish of the flailing bat; the blithesome crack as second-growth ash kisses seasoned leather; the hurtling flight of the dented ball through the ambient atmosphere in the general direction of Fergus Falls, Minnesota; the dash; the slide; the miscue; the balk; the muff; the wild throw; the dropped ball; the error; the head-on collision; the noise; the excitement; and the universal hope that the umpire chokes before night. That is the kind of baseball to which I have reference.

Know More Than President Eliot, Professor Münsterberg, Nietzsche's Superman, Colonel Roosevelt and Mother Shipton

Let others sing of inside baseball—that abstruse mental arithmetic of the game which merely requires for the proper working out of each problem that all the conditions shall be just right, that nobody shall get excited or flustered, and that every member of the two teams shall be a combination of a lightning calculator, a mind-reader and an honor graduate in mathematics; and shall know more than President Eliot, Prof. Hugo Münsterberg, Nietzsche's Superman, Col. Theodore Roosevelt and Mother Shipton would know if they were all rolled into one package. I say, let others sing of that topic—as, indeed, quite a large number are already doing. I fain would sing—with a hey-niddy-noddy or a fol-de-rol-day, or whatever is proper to sing with under these circumstances—of baseball such as will cause twenty thousand freeborn American citizens to stand up on their own and one another's toes, and eat their new straw hats right down to the core, and yell and whoop and pant for somebody's heart's blood, even as the hart panteth after the water brooks. I fain would sing of this and I'll venture that old Omar would have fained, too, if he had only thought of it when turning out his Rubaiyat. It's just the sort of a subject to which he could have done justice.

The Iron Duke Plays the Sport

BEING no more than a mere onlooker, as it were, I may be wrong in what I am now about to venture. It seems to me that this inside baseball is a splendid thing to write about and a fascinating thing to talk about, and a most exhaustive thing to think about and to figure out in advance; but it has a way of flying all to flinders when an actual emergency comes along. Possibly this is because the players themselves, instead of remaining perfectly calm and working all the details out in their hands, are more or less prone under stress of excitement to behave very much like human beings instead of like patent adding machines. I seem to recall offhand a number of comparatively recent instances of this lamentable attitude on their part.

There was the historic occasion of a few seasons back, when Merkle hit the wallop that was heard round the world and then failed to touch second—and so gave to our language the new verb intransitive, to merkle, meaning to go all the way there and then forget what you went for. By all the professed and declared ethics of inside baseball, Merkle should have touched second very carefully, meanwhile holding his brain in both hands and pondering deeply in order not to overlook any of the rules. Unfortunately, however, Merkle acted very much as anybody would be apt to act who had just made the hit that was to win a championship and with it a sum mounting far up into the thousands for himself and his team. Carried away by the joyfulness of the moment, he failed to touch second—and there you are!

As baseball goes, this Merkle affair is ancient history, and perhaps I should not be lugging it in here. I can remember a couple, at least, of more recent instances. There was, for example, the next to the last game of the world's championship series of last October between the Athletics and the Giants. The game was being played on the Polo Grounds in the presence of upward of thirty thousand temporarily deranged citizens and citizenesses of the city of New York. The ninth inning came and the Athletics were leading. This game was all they needed to win the series and the pennant and the bigger end of the prize money. It looked as if it were all over but the singing, as we used to say at prayer meeting; and some of the New York faithful were beginning to sing a plaintive swan-song, when all of a sudden, like a bolt from a clear sky or a bolt from a Republican national convention—which, as bolts go, is much the rarer bolt of the two—there came an eleventh-hour, last-minute rally; and in half a second the revived Giants were whaling the superficial cuticle off the ball. Pretty soon they had the score tied.

The game went into extra innings and the assembled audience went into conniption fits. The New Yorks came to bat. Larry Doyle got a hit and worked his way round to third, where he poised, dancing first on one leg and then on the other like a dancing dervish—if that's the way a dancing dervish dances. Merkle—the same Merkle—sent a long drive to right field and Mr. Doyle headed for the plate. Mr. Doyle, as a skilled ethnologist might guess from a study of his family name, is of Hibernian extraction, and at this moment he was undoubtedly filled with feelings such as an Englishman conceals and an Irishman exhibits. Wall-eyed as a buck rabbit, he whizzed down the stretch like a stone from a sling. Thirty-odd thousands of his admiring friends and sincere well-wishers stood up on their seats and with one voice begged him to think of home and come to it, which he accordingly did while the ball was being relayed in by frantic Philadelphians; and his manager, the inscrutable and imperturbable McGraw, just to show that no excitement could shake his everlasting calm, stood on his chin and ate all the grass off the coaching line.

And so Mr. Doyle came home, part of the way on his winged feet and the rest of the way upon his talented stomach, sliding. Now the system of inside baseball, as carefully worked out and fully elucidated, required that he should accurately measure the distance with his eye and approach the plate on an exact line, diverging neither to the right nor to the left. Did Mr. Doyle do this? Mr. Doyle did not. On the contrary, Mr. Doyle, though a seasoned veteran of the big league and a base-runner of parts, did what was highly natural under such circumstances—he hurled himself headlong, spraddling blindly, madly, in the general direction of the square mosaic of hard rubber which was his goal; and he hurtled not across it, but past it! He missed it by a matter of two feet or more. From a point not twenty yards away, in the press stand, sixty of us were looking right at him and we all saw it; and if further proof of the fact were needed there was the broad, scoured trail in the torn-up turf to show the path he had taken.

Did anybody in all that large multitude pause at this moment to inquire whether or not this was scientific baseball? I regret to state that nobody did. The umpire said afterward he had seen it and he waited for a protest to be made, but the frenzied Philadelphia players had not noticed it, they being, after all, only humans, though it might have been hard to convince some of those who made bets that New York would win the series of that fact. Just one interested person seemingly did notice it, and he ran straightway to Connie Mack, the manager of the Philadelphia team, with the tidings, evidently in the hope and belief that this lean and beak-nosed Wellington of big league ball would protest the result. Doubtless, by the coldly scientific principles of higher baseball, that is what the Philadelphia manager should have done, especially where so much of prestige and cash was involved; but it is recorded that Connie Mack, or Mr. Cornelius McGillicuddy, which is his name if you unreel the whole film, gazed sourly upon the informant.

"He beat the ball to the plate, anyway, didn't he?" he asked. "There was no chance to touch him out, was there, even if what you say is true? All right, then—I won't protest; and if any of my boys makes a protest I think I'll kill him first and fire him afterward."

This showed Iron Duke Cornelius McGillicuddy—or Connie Mack, in case you should prefer easier words—to be a poor inside baseballist, perhaps, but a remarkably fine sportsman; and also it helped to explain why he is one of the most popular managers who ever ran a ball team on the main circuit or anywhere else.

When the Unexpected Happened

AT THE beginning of the present season, 1912, there was a somewhat similar occurrence, also on the Polo Grounds. The haughty Giants, having been licked to a tasseled fringe by the meek and lowly Brooklyns only a day or two before, were now honing for revenge. The last inning had come; and by a score of two to one, or some such figure, the Giants appeared to have the game packed up and put away. The shadows of the sinking April sun lengthened on the grass and the crowd stood up to go, yet lingered to see the last Brooklyn batter put out.

Then one of those little things happened that are so often happening, muddling up, as they do, the best traditions and the strictest tenets of inside baseball, and demonstrating that crude, old-fashioned outside baseball still hangs on. That square-built red warrior, Chief Meyers, who is a Mission Indian, as distinguished from Chief Bender of the Athletics, who is a Chippendale, fell afoul of the umpire over a decision and was expeditiously fired off the field. Jeff Tesreau, the human Mauretania, who was pitching for New York, became flustered at the sudden loss of his teammate; and the Brooklyn team, with the utmost freedom and abandon, began rapping the curves Tesreau served up to them. Pretty soon there was a Brooklyn runner on third and a Brooklyn runner on second—and only one out. The batter hit the ball and sent it hissing through the Giant infield. The man on third started for the plate like a house afire, but the ball was faultlessly fielded and thrown with such speed to Wilson, the Giants' second catcher, who had taken Meyers' place behind the bat, that the ambitious Brooklyn person was caught midway between third and home. With several thousand persons telling him from the grandstand and the bleachers just what to do and how to do it, Wilson started to run down the Brooklyn man. The runner, seeing he was trapped, turned and was trying now to get back to the bag. Finding he could not catch his man, Wilson changed his mind and

threw to Herzog, the New York's third baseman. He should not have thrown the ball at all, because the man on second had taken advantage of the doings elsewhere to move up to third; so all Wilson had to do was to stroll up at his leisure and touch either of the pair.

Wilson threw the ball however. He did what any small boy would have done and what a bush-leaguer would be apt to do, and what many a flustered veteran of the big league had done many a time before—he lost his head and threw the ball—threw it, it may be added, about nineteen feet over Herzog's head, clear into the edge of the grandstand; and before seven or eight of the Giants could retrieve it from there—they went after it practically in a body—the two Brooklyn runners had crossed the plate and low, hollow moans were resounding under the raftered dome of the new concrete stadium.

The Giants still had left to them the half of an inning—not much, but a little. The first man up reached first. Then Wilson came to bat. He had lost a game by a foolish misplay and nobody realized it better than he. He was shriveling with shame where he wasn't bursting with rage. The first ball from the Brooklyn pitcher's hand whizzed over—a wide one—and he shut both eyes, lammed loose, and missed it by a margin of yards. The second ball came curving toward him, and Wilson, still boiling with chagrin, whaled away like a blind mule kicking at a horsefly.

Again one of those things happened that rarely happen anywhere except in fiction stories of baseball games. By pure coincidence the ball and the bat met. The place of meeting was a spot about four inches from the big end of the bat, and the ball sailed over the fence for a home run. Wilson, who had tossed the game away, had won it back again—had accomplished both undertakings by frightful violations of the code as laid down by the experts. Yet, somehow, the crowd, if one might judge by the looks on their faces and the remarks which they let fall, seemed strangely satisfied with the outcome.

Big Leaguers Behind the Scenes

A PERSON with a slight leaning toward statistics once figured out that there were 7,266,433 separate and distinct plays and combinations of plays that could be made in a single ball game. Howsoever, these figures were arrived at before Tyrus Raymond Cobb, of Georgia, broke into the big league. Conceding that Ty has added two million original plays of his own to the list—some authorities say more, but, putting it at two million in order to be conservative and keep on the safe side—that would give us a grand total of 9,266,433 possible plays; and, according to the teachings of the authorities on inside baseball, every player should carry them all in his mind and be prepared to coöperate in executing exactly the right one at exactly the right moment.

Speaking personally, I do not believe this can be done. I believe it would frequently bring on severe headache. Despite current belief to the contrary, not all the college graduates are going into professional baseball. Other and less exciting callings in life undoubtedly claim a scattering few of them. And not all the recruits who come to the big leagues are products of the vacant lots of the large cities. From the available statistics at hand, one gathers that many of them come, callow and salad-green, out from the high grass, with their pin-feathers yet unshed and those yellow marks at the opposite corners of the mouth indicating in songbirds extreme youth and in young ballplayers a predisposition toward custard pie. What frequently happens is this: A youngster makes a sensation playing on the Number Two R. F. D. Route team in the Hay and Feed League, and a scout from the city spies him out, and March finds him a probationer at spring practice with one of the main outfits down South. No matter how great his natural ability may be, he has still a lot to learn on the diamond and off it too. It is asking too much of him really to expect that he will pick up all that inside baseball knowledge in a couple of crowded months when he is learning so many other things.

"I wonder what makes Easter come so early this year?" inquired a fledgling who joined out with one of the American League outfits this year.

"They moved it up specially so it wouldn't conflict with the opening of the league schedule," explained a veteran soberly.

"Oh, I see!" said the youngster; and the joke had traveled round the circuit twice before it got back to him.

There was a new pitcher, newly emerged from the shell and still downy on the wings, who came South by day coach, but made good on his try-out, and was now going North on a special train. It was his first experience with the luxurious intricacies of a sleeping car. He examined the berth that had been assigned him, and then he went and hunted up an older man to inquire the purpose of the little green hammock he had found swung up alongside his sleeping place.

"Why, that's for a pitcher to rest his arm in when traveling," explained the other. "You're a left-hand pitcher, so you'll notice that your hammock is hung up on the left-hand side. You must sleep with your arm in that hammock. It's a rule of the boss'—it keeps your salary whip from getting jarred up by the motion of the train."

The new man didn't sleep much that night, but he obeyed orders. The next day he had a pair of bloodshot eyes and an arm so stiff that he could hardly raise his knife to his mouth when eating pie for lunch.

A certain outfielder—nameless here, but famous everywhere else—was so verdant when first he broke into fast company that cows, fond of eating their fodder fresh, were said to have followed him, mooing hungrily. On his first night aboard a Pullman the official joker of the club called him aside.

"It's up to you, son, to sit up tonight and watch," stated the humorist.

"Watch what?" inquired the beginner.

"Why, watch the grips and the shoes and things to keep 'em from being stolen," explained the veteran. "On the road we take turns doing watching. You're the newest man in the crowd, so naturally your turn comes first."

Nothing could seem fairer than that. The joker borrowed a camp-chair from the conductor's locker and put it in a handy place at the head of the aisle. While the others, secretly chuckling, turned in comfortably, the deceived youth perched himself on the wabbly camp-chair and started his ten-hour vigil.

"Keep a good lookout!" they bade the sentinel from between the curtains. "And, whatever you do, don't let anybody take our shoes."

The deluded one promised faithfully he would not. He kept his word. Along toward midnight the others were jerked from deep slumber by loud, clamorous sounds as of war. They rose in their pajamas just in time to save a scared negro porter who was about to be thrown off the train bodily.

This spring, down in Texas at practice, this same youth, now an experienced performer of three years, made a stupid blunder and one of the correspondents traveling with the team started guying him:

"Getting to be a regular bonehead, aren't you? Pretty soon they'll can you out of this business. Then what'll you do—go back to driving a team?"

"Nope," was the prompt answer. "When I get to be too big an idiot to make a living at this I'm going to turn baseball reporter!"

The tale helps to illustrate the point which I've been working up to—that travel, as Bacon says, broadens a man, especially when he travels with a big-league team. Nevertheless, some of the best players stay reasonably innocent for a tolerably long time; and some who are stars on the field lack a good deal of being intellectual giants off it—though, at that, the average intelligence of a Class A team will stack up alongside the average intelligence of a similar number of men picked from any other walk of life. From the depths of his deep experience a certain manager has worked out a system of his own for estimating the length of time a player has been moving in fast company. Quoting him:

"I can tell when a new member is coming along. When he quits trying to order everything on the dinner card at the hotel, including three kinds of dessert, I know he is getting his education. Even though the management is paying the bills he's willing to quit eating when he has enough—and that's one sure sign of his development. In the next stage he begins to develop a fancy for pajamas with his initials embroidered on the bosoms, and becomes passionately addicted to made-to-order shirts, with his monogram worked in silk floss in a prominent place on the left sleeve. Shortly after that he buys a wardrobe trunk. Then he buys a diamond ring—always a solitaire—and a diamond pin—a cluster pin, consisting of six or more small stones surrounding a large stone.

"We're all kids in this trade, I guess—just big grown-up kids; and that's why so many of us last a good long while at the game. To play winning baseball you have to be a boy in spirit, no matter how many years you've got behind you; and that's why I like to see my youngsters showing a healthy enthusiasm over their clothes and their other fixings. Did you ever stop to think that baseball players are the best-dressed, cleanest-looking fellows that you'll find anywhere? Well, it's so."

He was right. Most ballplayers manage to keep full cargoes of the spirit of youth in their systems, as you'll find if you ever see them behind the scenes—in the clubhouse or on their private car. Maybe it's the daily cavorting over a green sward, and the strenuous outdoor life, and the swing and dash and gimp of the game; but, anyhow, they are an exuberant lot when outsiders are not looking on.

Why We Close Our Desks at Three-Thirty

ALL of which brings us back to the original observation that, ballplayers being constituted as they mainly are, inside baseball is not so general in its application as you might have gathered from reading the available literature on the subject. Nobody is denying that the system of the game has been developed and improved year by year; that the signaling now in vogue is an art in itself; that team-play, to a greater degree than individual brilliancy, wins pennants and prize moneys—though, at that, the presence of a Ty Cobb or a Hans Wagner or a Christy Mathewson in a line-up will draw dollars to a box office, when a perfect machine of more or less colorless, mechanically accurate men is working to wide stretches of empty bleacher space; that outguessing the other fellow and putting into effect unseen and often unsuspected ruses may capture games where merely spectacular playing would lose them—nobody is denying all that.

When you come right down to cases, however, it is not the scientific working out of the problem that makes the crowd cheer the loudest at a ball game, or at any other place where wit and skill are matched against courage and dash and strength.

Some day, no doubt, when science has made a few more of those advances at which science excels, inside baseball will be the universal thing and will be played exclusively; a championship series will be about as exciting as a Democratic county convention in Northern Vermont, and eight or nine professors will constitute a large and representative audience. Meanwhile, and possibly for some little time yet to come, we can still be reasonably sure of having just about so much outside baseball in a season—the truncated cone called a bat meeting the perfect spheroid called a ball and sending it halfway to the Canada line; the fumble and the error; the sudden slip and the mad slide; the wild throw and the quick recover; and everybody telling the umpire where he gets off—if at all.

This explains why so many of us are making excuses to ourselves for closing up the desk along about three-thirty P. M. daily in the pleasant summertime.

This Explains Why So Many of Us are Making Excuses to Ourselves for Closing Up the Desk Along About Three-Thirty P. M.

In the Shadow of the Department Store

By Walter E. Weyl

ILLUSTRATED BY CHASE EMERSON

ACROSS the square was the gleaming stone front of the great department store. Carriages and automobiles drove up continuously; and a towering Ethiopian doorkeeper, laden down with gold lace like a Haitian general, smiled upon each newcomer as she descended the carriage steps. The windows of the department store were a continuous performance in a wonderful industrial exhibit, to which all the nations of the world contributed. The department store's broad aisles were always filled with strollers, shoppers, purchasers. It was Vanity Fair incorporated and run for profit.

In the long summer afternoons the huge stone building, aspiring to the sky, threw its jagged shadow across the square and cast the eastern pavement into semigloom. This eastern pavement was like a Cinderella among her well-dressed sisters. The little shops in the shadow of the department store were dingy and down at the heels—apparently a little discouraged. There was a drug store, where leaky fountain pens were dispensed at fifteen cents apiece. There was a restaurant, which relied for patronage upon speed rather than quality. There were a little watchmaker, a second-hand book store, a stationery shop, a trunk store whose specialty was special sales, and a little hardware shop. Lastly, flaunting its defiance to the great building opposite, there stood—like David fronting Goliath—a dirty, cramped little haberdashery called the Continental Emporium.

One's first impression of the Continental Emporium was singularly uninspiring. The unclean window was almost plastered over with a wide paper sign advertising a Special Reduction in Prices—For Today Only! One needed but glance at the streaked, fly-stained paper to realize that it had done service for months. Beneath the sign was a jumble of collars, suspenders and lavender-tinted neckties, hanging despondently from unpolished racks. The ties were undoubtedly leaders. They were marked: Nineteen Cents—Formerly Fifty Cents, Seventy-five Cents and One Dollar! On the floor of the showcase there were displayed certain large-bosomed colored shirts that bore the sign: Ninety-eight Cents! Were Two-Fifty! Going Quick!

A glance at the inside of the shop was equally uninviting. The sign in the window shut out the light, and the emporium was in the shadow of the department store opposite. From the street you could see an asphalt floor, which, like the colored shirts in the window, had the advantage of not showing the dirt. Along the right of the deep, narrow store was a line of showcases, upon one side of which was a large-handed negro teamster and on the other an alert but stooped and nervous-looking shopkeeper. The teamster carefully selected a lavender tie, carelessly threw two dimes on the counter, grandiloquently said "Nevah mind about the cent change!" and triumphantly issued from the shop, colliding with me at the doorway. As I entered I met the engaging smile of Felix Lipman, the alert, stooped, nervous-looking proprietor, manager and salesman of the Continental Emporium.

The Mouse and the Elephant

IN HIS professional capacity you could not help liking Felix Lipman. For aught I know he may be a tyrant at home. In his Continental Emporium, however—and it is only there that I have met him—he is a courteous, patient, understanding gentleman, with an ingratiating smile, a quick sense of the customer's personality, and a most delightful, profit-dreaming urbanity. He found out what I wanted much sooner than I did; and before I quite realized what I was about I was the possessor of a pair of suspenders, a dozen collars, three of the lavender ties which were "now nineteen cents—formerly fifty cents, seventy-five cents and one dollar," and two or three of the large-bosomed colored shirts which did not show the dirt.

"How is business?" I asked Felix Lipman as he handed me my change.

"It goes," he replied. "One lives. One does not become rich."

He looked thoughtfully at the great department store, the shadow of which was deepening as the afternoon waned. From its many doors there issued bubbling streams of restless people.

"Your competitor across the street," I ventured, "seems to be getting the bulk of the trade."

He smiled.

"He is no competitor," said Felix Lipman. "Me and him are in different worlds!"

"How in different worlds?" I asked.

"It's like an elephant and a mouse," responded Lipman. "The mouse never gets so big like an elephant, but there's room for mouses also."

A Cinderella Among Her Well-Dressed Sisters

I began to understand. It had struck me as curious that all these little shops, apparently duplicating the wares of the department store, had grown up in its very shadow. I had been astounded that wherever I went, in all sorts of towns and cities—in all sorts of thoroughfares, avenues and side streets—the little stores had maintained themselves in the wide shadow which the department store casts over the whole country.

On its face it seemed absurd. One of the big department stores, with which I was somewhat familiar, had expanded in several cities in a manner to obscure if not to obliterate all these little rivals. It employed fifteen thousand persons. It carried at times almost fifteen million dollars' worth of stock. It had sold in its history well over half a billion dollars' worth of wares. How could Felix Lipman, selling a lavender tie to a negro teamster, hope to live on the same planet with such a business leviathan?

What competition was possible between the department store and the dingy little shop in its shadow? The department store can buy far more cheaply because it buys in huge quantities, and buys with a more intimate knowledge of all the possibilities of a world market. It can manufacture under the most favorable auspices. It can secure unlimited credit; and it secures its credit at a much lower rate of interest than does the little shop. It reaches the whole city by advertisements appearing in all newspapers and couched in the most seductive terms by highly trained writers. It can—in fact, it must—adhere to a policy of strictly one price. It can extend credit. It can permit the return of goods. It can sell at a cheaper rate, for it frequently pays its average employee less than Felix Lipman pays his clerk and far less than Felix Lipman himself can afford to work for. It can pay high salaries to specialized employees and low wages to those employed at routine work. It has the advantage of carrying on a retail business on what is practically a wholesale basis—and of appealing at all times to all sorts of purses.

One would imagine that the little store would disappear as the longbow disappeared before the gun and the stagecoach before the railroad; but the obstinate little shop does not disappear! It adapts itself to the changed environment. It survives. From 1890 to 1900 the number of retail merchants in the United States increased from 660,239 to 790,886—or almost twenty per cent. From 1900 to 1910 these shops probably continued to multiply. It is not at all improbable that their numbers are still increasing.

"There's an awful number of these little stores," I said to Lipman.

"There's an awful number of people," replied Lipman. He relit the stump of a cigarette. "And some people who come here," he went on, "wouldn't go to a department store if they could get their shirts for nothing! They wouldn't feel comfortable. I wouldn't myself."

The more I thought over it, the more I became convinced that Felix Lipman was right. If you see a dilapidated wooden saloon on one side of the street, and a glittering, flourishing-looking one on the other, you cannot be sure which is getting the most trade. It will depend on the neighborhood. And in the same way the Continental Emporium will get patrons the department store cannot reach, just as the department store will get patrons the emporium cannot reach.

The little shop has many little advantages: It stays open longer. The big stores close at six in the evening; the little store is open from eight in the morning until eleven at night. The big store closes Sundays and holidays; the little store is open on most holidays—and sometimes on Sundays. In the city of New York most little stores of this nature are open on Sundays.

The Little Shop's Advantage

THE little store takes the crumbs that fall from the table of the department store—but a million crumbs make a good-sized loaf. The little store takes the trade which the big storekeeper would not be interested in—the trade which is so small that it falls through the sieve. It is the twenty-five-cent or fifty-cent purchase that makes up the business of these little haberdasheries. The total of such business is enormous. There are millions of people who buy at the last moment—and at the last moment the clerks in the department store are riding on crowded cars to their homes. There are men and women who have not become acclimated to the department store, who would not know how to find their way in these commercial labyrinths, who are not accustomed to buying in that way. You save time in the little shop. The moment you enter the Continental Emporium you are within six feet of anything you want. You are not told to "take the front elevator to the fourth floor and go to the third aisle left"; but, almost before you have the words out of your mouth, there is Felix Lipman with the identical article for which you have asked—or something very like it. Moreover, Felix Lipman is more solicitous, more urgent, more thoughtful than the man in the department store. He remembers that you take a sixteen collar or a thirty-six suit of underwear; and when he sells you the one or the other he asks you reminiscently: "How did you like them handkerchiefs you bought here last month?" It is all very pleasant. It is all very familiar. You feel that you are somebody in the Continental Emporium.

In a sense, Lipman is right when he says that an elephant does not compete with a mouse. In another sense he is wrong. The elephant may reduce the available food supply. The department store, though it does not absolutely destroy the little shop, does limit its possibilities. It restricts its range. It lessens its territory. It increases its expense by accustoming the entire public to more elaborate fixtures and a wider assortment of goods. It raises the wages the little store must pay by offering an alternative position to the men who work in the little shops. Because of the department store, Felix Lipman must have electric light in his shop; and he must pay to his young clerk, Maurice Grebinar, higher wages than he thinks right and proper.

Maurice, who votes for the first time this year, is an American citizen who works eighty hours a week. The clerks in the department store opposite work only fifty-four hours a week. Maurice has practically no free time to himself. He is at the shop at eight o'clock every morning and does not leave until ten or eleven. He is on duty every Sunday from nine in the morning until two in the afternoon. He has one evening off every week. The clerks in the store opposite have every evening off every week.

Nevertheless, Maurice stays with Felix Lipman for a wide variety of reasons. In the first place, he earns fifteen dollars a week, which is more than he could earn at first in the department store. In the second place, though the hours are long, the work is easy, and there are long

stretches when you can read the newspaper, ponder over philosophy and decide how you will vote at the coming election. There is no discipline to speak of; and, in a certain sense, even the clerk is his own boss. Maurice calls Felix Lipman by his first name. That alone is worth a dollar a week! And, lastly, Maurice is learning the tricks of the trade and he hopes by strenuous saving to get enough together eventually to open a little store of his own. His store, too, will be called an emporium. He has doubtless already decided on a name, though he has not told me. I am sure, however, that every week, when he takes his few dollars to the bank, he sees in his mind a new store, a new emporium—Maurice Grebinar, proprietor; a new window displaying suspenders, ties and colored shirts which do not show the dirt; a new sign bearing the device: Special Reduction in Prices—For Today Only!

In a certain sense, Maurice and not the department store is the chief competitor of Felix Lipman. When Maurice opens his emporium it will inevitably compete with the Continental for the business of selling shirts and collars and socks and bathing robes. Every year hundreds of these emporiums are started. Many fail. Many linger for years and then die with no obituary notice save an Extra Special Bankrupt Sale! Enough, however, maintain themselves above water to depress the profits of the whole business.

These profits, so far as I can make out, are low. In Felix Lipman's store about three hundred dollars' worth of goods are sold over the counter weekly. That makes about fifteen thousand dollars annually. The rate of gross profit ranges from fifteen to seventy-five per cent, but the average is about thirty per cent. Between the buying and selling prices there remains about forty-five hundred dollars, out of which all expenses must be paid.

How Felix Lipman Rose From the Ranks

THESE expenses are heavy and inescapable. Felix himself draws $100 a month, or $1200 a year; Maurice draws $780; the girl cashier, who earns six dollars a week for about eight months, draws $200. Rent is $1300; light and heat cost $700. In all, $4180. That leaves $320, which pays for a number of little expenses and also represents the interest on the capital invested; for to the extent of three thousand dollars, invested in lavender ties and shirts which will not show the dirt, Felix Lipman is a capitalist.

I do not pretend that Felix Lipman is the average of the small haberdashers and other small tradesmen who carry on their businesses in the shadow of the department store. There is no way of telling whether he is above or below the average. I know there are many who are in better case—I know very, very many who are in worse. All over the country you see microscopic enterprises of this sort, selling men's wear or women's wear, or leather goods, or little specialties of all sorts. Many little shops—selling stockings, shirtwaists and spools of thread to women—are run by women at a return lower than the average shopgirl's wage. There are still smaller shops in the shadow of the department store. There is the Lilliputian candy-marbles-and-stationery shop, whose patrons are children and whose receipts are in pennies. The biggest business prince of them all and the most inconspicuous seller of taffy and slatepencils are both—in their respective ways—retail merchants.

If a guess is worth anything I should say the majority of these shopkeepers are in a much worse position than are the skilled workmen of the country. Felix Lipman would be better off with a good trade than with his three-thousand-dollar capital. Today he is his own boss; but he has less liberty than has the man who is bossed by another. Often the worst boss a man can have is himself!

It is an arduous apprenticeship that leads to the proprietorship of an emporium, and it is an arduous and precarious life to which such an apprenticeship leads. When Felix arrived in this country from Russia he was thirteen years of age, and at fourteen he was ready for work. The anemic, undersized lad worked from eight in the morning until ten or eleven at night weekdays and Sundays—for a pitiable wage of five dollars a week. Within a year or two he had raised his wage to eight dollars; within five years to twelve dollars; within eight years to fifteen dollars. It was a starved, cramped life which Felix led; but he was content, because he had one evening and every second Sunday off, and he lived so near the shop he could go home for dinners and suppers. To that extent the prospective proprietor of the Continental Emporium was a fortunate young man.

At the age of twenty-five Felix's great opportunity came. His brother had made a success in a little Alabama town; and Felix, who had recently married, gathered up his wife and his twelve hundred dollars of savings and prepared to go South and grow up with the country. He hated the prospect of the deadly dull evenings in the somnolent village to which he was going; but business was business. He arrived too late that fall to begin immediately; but his brother employed him through the winter at a wage of eighty dollars a month, and the spring arrived at last—with it roseate visions of future success! Unfortunately, however, there are Alabama towns in which the water supply is not unpolluted; and the money that should have gone into "men's wear" was diverted to doctors and nurses, to cure the young wife of typhoid. When at last the unprodigal merchant returned to New York with his convalescent wife he had barely five dollars left of all his brave capital!

Today, at thirty-five, Felix has his three thousand dollars and his special sales at the Continental Emporium. Somehow or other he saves from his hundred dollars a month and his spare profits. He is scraping, scraping, scraping—with the idea of starting a second store in another part of the city. A friend of Felix—a young man named Louis Radin—is already possessed of six of these little stores. You can make more money with six stores than with one—you can buy larger stocks at better prices. And often there is a job-lot of shirts or underwear that is too big for Felix Lipman to handle and too small for the department store to look at. There are merchant princes even among the little shops in the shadow of the department stores!

Not everybody can be a Radin, however. To oversee six such little stores and manage the six managers is as difficult a feat as to play six games of chess simultaneously. Besides, it requires capital. Poor Lipman will be years in establishing his second store; and no one can tell what may happen before he attains six. There may be another attack of typhoid, or twins, or Judgment Day—or some similar calamity; but to have six little stores and make three thousand dollars net is a dream to take to bed with you at night. Anyway, it is Lipman's dream.

I asked him one day whether the Radins would not get six stores each, then twenty, then a hundred; whether there would not grow up trusts in special sales of shirts that did not show the dirt. Lipman has no fear of such a development. "When a fellow gets six stores," he answered, "his ambition gener'ly travels away from the retail business to the wholesale. Besides, it can't be done. Not even Roosevelt could run more than six!"

The little store will not succumb either to the department store or to such Napoleons of emporiums as the able Radin. So long as there is a place to hang out a sign—so long as there is any sort of a living to be made in the business—emporiums will spring up like mushrooms in dark places. The householder, and especially the housewife, likes a little shop round the corner. Of course the little shop's special sale cannot hope to compete with the big department's bargain sale, either for cheapness or variety; but then you don't need to spend carfare to get to it. Besides, though the little store nominally has strictly one price only, Lipman will shade prices a little if you buy more than one article; and to thousands and thousands of women purchasers the search for a rebate is a most fascinating occupation. The little store will continue to live so

"The Mouse Never Gets So Big Like an Elephant, But There's Room for Mouses Also"

long as people buy the way they do and prospective proprietors hug the ambition to own their own shops.

After all, just as sheep can graze after cattle, so the little stores can graze after the department stores. There is room for them at the very bottom and at the very top. There are millions of people in the United States who do not aspire to make their purchases at anything so fashionable as a department store—there are hundreds of thousands who do not deign to purchase in a department store.

If Lipman had the skill, the knowledge, the capital and the business connections he could open a little shop that would look down upon the department store and would earn ten times as much as a dozen Radins. Many Americans are beginning to follow the English precedent of buying their ties, their collars, their shirts and other articles of apparel or other use at highly specialized shops in which high prices are themselves an attraction. We are developing in this country an enormous demand for luxuries, for limited editions—not only of books but also of neckties and socks and scarfs; and we are demanding that we be served luxuriously. There is growing up in the shadow of the department store an ostentatiously small shop in which there is a little snobbery and a great deal of appeal to a very select trade. And these little shopkeepers are condescendingly diligent in their business—and are not without their reward.

Why the Small Stores Survive

HOWEVER, Lipman and his like have no more chance of becoming shopkeepers in that sense than of being elevated to the Supreme Court of the United States. Lipman must continue to depend upon the trade of the large-handed negro teamster and the dapper hotel-waiter; and he must be prepared to meet the future competition of Maurice Grebinar and of a whole generation of Grebinars. He must be content to be on the job from eight in the morning until ten or eleven at night.

It is this very humbleness of the ambitions of the little storekeeper that permits the little store to grow up in the shadow of the department store. The little store survives because the storekeeper would rather live on five hundred dollars a year as proprietor of a store than on nine hundred dollars as a bricklayer or eleven hundred as a typesetter. It survives because he would rather work fourteen hours a day as his own boss in his own miniature shop than eight hours a day as a bricklayer under an exacting foreman. So long as the little shopkeeper is content to live on nothing, his number will multiply—the meek inherit the earth! It might be better if it were otherwise.

Perhaps, within the coming decades, the coöperative store, in which the customers are also the storekeepers, will wage a far fiercer competition against the ubiquitous little shop than the great department store can wage. Until that time comes, however, the little shop will probably continue to exist. The ablest little shopkeepers will advance through specialization; others will simply vegetate; still others will make a small advance through a strenuous competition. The department store is not likely to kill them off. As Felix Lipman says: "The mouse never gets so big like an elephant, but there's room for mouses also."

We are Developing an Enormous Demand for Limited Editions—Not Only of Books But of Neckties

The Adventures of Anastasius

April Fools—By G. Sidney Paternoster

ILLUSTRATED BY EDMUND FREDERICK

By That Simple Unthinking Action the Whole Current of His Life Was Changed

THE attributes by which a man may be judged are as many and as varied as the judgments arrived at upon them by different judges—which is as much as to say that no man measures meal but by his own bushel. It is for this reason that opinions are so divided in regard to Anastasius Yorke. Some maintain that his name ought to be inscribed high on the roll of the world's philanthropists; others that he is a mere vulgar swindler. He has been described as a sportsman to the fingertips and conversely as one of those persons who could not run straight if they tried. So much depends, it will be seen, upon the circumstances under which those passing judgment came in contact with him.

Any one who only knew him as a name might be pardoned for picturing him as a mild young curate of slightly ascetic tendencies and leanings toward an ornate ritual. The impression might survive a transient glimpse, but could scarcely withstand a personal introduction. Favored with a ten-minutes interview with him, the most superficial observer would clearly discover that there was nothing clerical about Anastasius but his name—and perhaps the long lock of black hair which arched his high and open brow. This lovelock, which frequently needed brushing into place by a slim, white, carefully tended hand, might have been worn equally well, however, by an actor or a poet or a barrister, to any of whose professions the blue sheen on his clean-shaven and square jowl might equally have attested; but neither stage nor bar nor suburban drawing room bore witness to the abilities of Anastasius. He might have won distinction in any of these spheres if Fate had been kind enough to pitchfork him into one of them at an age when his future was a-molding.

Fate, however, had different views as to what was to be made of the impish bundle of mischief named Anastasius Yorke. She saw exactly where the jumble of qualities to be found somewhere within his well-modeled and slender body would find fittest expression, and early planted him in the soil most suitable for their development.

The city was the cradle of Anastasius Yorke's greatness—the City of London, where schemes, big and little, are begotten and born; where men gamble with millions and errand boys with halfpence; where, morning, noon and night, the high priests, low priests, bishops, archdeacons, acolytes and congregation in the temple of Mammon continuously perform their mysterious rites. It was there, while yet an acolyte, that Anastasius first gave promise of greatness—as an acolyte attendant upon that devout servitor of Mammon who officiated in a side chapel of the temple over the entrance to which was inscribed the name of Wilberforce, Wilkes & Washington.

From this superscription one might have imagined that the door opened into a lobby of the Palace of Truth; but in that respect the superscription was a lying one—willfully so, since there was nothing of the spirit of any of the original bearers of these names to be found in the rounded body of the gentleman who assumed them for business purposes.

This gentleman, who when occasion demanded would answer to the name of any of the truthful trinity, could, however, never be mistaken for one of them. His appearance labeled him Solomon Isaacs as unmistakably as his passport would have done had he found it necessary to provide himself with one when he first set forth from his Polish Egypt in search of the British land of promise.

In those days, when the fringe of his trousers had first scraped acquaintance with the mud of Whitechapel, he had been a lean and sallow Solomon; but those days passed. Year by year he had waxed fatter. The eyes which once had looked out hungrily over ill-covered cheek bones retreated farther into his head until they appeared as if one day they would retire out of view altogether behind barriers of flesh. Mr. Solomon Isaacs, whom Anastasius Yorke addressed as "sir," was a very different person from Solly Isaacs, emigrant. The active caterpillar had become a solid, rotund pupa. Not yet had he attained the butterfly stage. It was to be the privilege of Anastasius Yorke to supply him with wings; and this is the story of how Anastasius assisted Nature in lifting him out of the chrysalid stage of existence.

It was an April morning in the City. A spatter of rain from a passing cloud had glazed the asphalt until it gleamed like burnished gunmetal in the sun as Anastasius Yorke emerged from the Tube on to the pavement opposite the Mansion House. His garb was a tribute to what a young man of taste and discretion could do in the way of personal adornment on a salary of thirty shillings a week, for such was the princely remuneration which Mr. Isaacs considered sufficient for his confidential clerk. Needless to say, this was not the view taken by Anastasius; but, in the conflict of views between employer and clerk in the City of London as to salary, it is the view of the employer which prevails—inevitably.

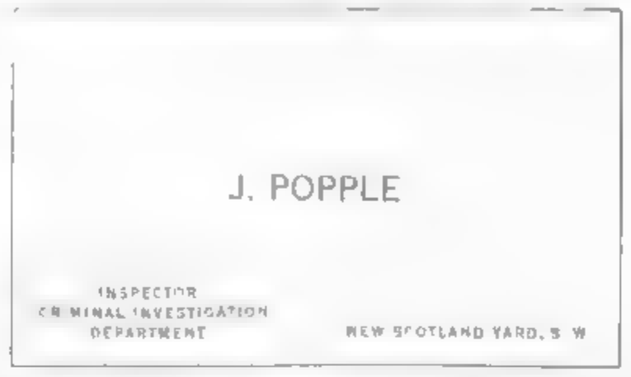
Anastasius had learned the fact from experience—from several experiences acquired while tramping up and down some thousands of flights of stairs in search of an employer who would rate his services at something more than Judas' guerdon. "The man who does much ever receives little in return," was Anastasius' reflection on the subject. Though there is nothing profoundly original in the observation it gives evidence of that trend to philosophic thought which in after years became a marked characteristic of the man.

It revealed him as willing to learn from experience; and, in fact, he early contracted a habit of reducing his deductions from happenings to aphoristic form.

These maxims he entered from time to time in the little notebook, bound in imitation red morocco and rather worn at the edges, which he invariably carried in his inside coat pocket. It was not, however, with any idea of formulating a philosophy of life that he thus registered his conclusions about men and events.

It was, perhaps, more with the view of impressing them upon his memory—of setting up, as it were, definite signposts at the crossroads of life for his future guidance.

He arrived at one such crossroads on this particular April morning at the very moment when he stepped on to the pavement. By some unusual chance—for ordinarily his eyes were more busily occupied with people's faces than with their feet—Anastasius looked down. A piece of cardboard attracted his attention. The surface upturned was white and glossy. Anastasius stooped and picked it up and by that simple unthinking action the whole current of his life was changed. In his palm lay a business card, with not a speck of mud marring its pristine purity. He turned the pasteboard over in his hand and his eyes widened slightly as he read the legend that it bore:



He slipped the card into his waistcoat pocket and took two steps forward aimlessly. Then he stopped abruptly. The inscription on the card had given him an idea, and that idea was fraught with such startling possibilities that the contemplation of them reduced his body momentarily to a state of inertia; but it was only momentarily. He stood still for perhaps thirty seconds, to all appearances contemplating a motor bus skidding on the wet asphalt, though in reality he had before his eyes a picture of Mr. Solomon Isaacs going rapidly down the staircase of a big building not two hundred yards distant. Then he awoke again to reality and to the fact that in five minutes he was due at the scene of his mental vision—but he still lingered. Heedless of the passing pedestrians who jogged his elbow he took his little red-bound book from his pocket and turned the pages thoughtfully.

"Surely I cannot have omitted to enter it!" he muttered.

His face brightened as he found the sentence he sought. "The value of an idea lies in the promptitude of its application." He frowned as he recalled the circumstance which had prompted the reflection. Its happening had been previous to his entering the employment of Wilberforce, Wilkes & Washington—when he had been engaged in the office of an irascible stockbroker under an equally peppery chief clerk. Anastasius had had an idea of making a fortune for the firm and incidentally for himself; and, instead of attending to the business of the day, he had spent the whole morning brooding over the scheme. His castle-building had just arrived at the point where his employer had offered to take him into partnership when the chief clerk, fresh from a tempestuous interview with

"You Will Find More Room Outside This Office to Let Your Ideas Grow"

the head, had demanded the letters Anastasius had been instructed to write. They had, of course, not been forthcoming. When asked the reason for this neglect of duty Anastasius pleaded mental detachment. "I had an idea——" he began. His explanation remained unfinished. "I also have an idea"—interrupted the chief clerk as he laid his hand on the junior's collar and propelled him to the door—"and it is that you will find more room outside this office than inside to let your ideas grow."

Some youths might have drawn from this incident a reflection on the necessity of strict attention to business, but Anastasius had not a mind for commonplaces. He had known that his own idea was far superior to that of the chief clerk, but the prompt application of the latter's caused his own to be stillborn. Hence his conclusion, already recorded, that the value of ideas lies in the promptitudes of their application. Having assured himself on the point he replaced the little book with worn edges in his pocket and set off at a brisk pace just as the clock of the Royal Exchange began to tap out the hour of nine.

A smile was on his lips as he mounted the wide marble steps of 199 Old Broad Street. It awakened a responsive grin on the face of the hall porter, who sat in a glass box between the lifts and handed out the keys of the various offices in the building to the applicants for them.

"Somebody before you this morning," remarked the Peter in the glass box as Yorke held out his hand.

"Not the governor?" inquired Anastasius; and a shadow marred his smile.

The hall porter shook his head. "No," he remarked. "He won't know you are not up to time. It's only one of the young ladies."

Anastasius' smile beamed out again. He stepped into the lift and was whirled up to the second floor. "I shall want at least half an hour," he murmured to himself as he entered the office.

A girl of eighteen was standing before a strip of silvered glass on the mantelpiece, and as Anastasius entered she swung round on her heel to greet him.

"Thought I should beat you this morning," she remarked, "though you were in such a hurry to get here that you forgot to put on your tie."

Anastasius raised his hand to verify the truth of such an unthinkable lapse of memory. His tie was in its usual place, tied with the usual neat accuracy.

"Miss Marston," he observed, with a gravity which did great credit to his twenty-five years, "untimely jesting betrays a vacant mind."

The girl stabbed her hat with a long pin and hung it on a hook behind a screen before replying.

"Come off!" she remarked coolly. "You are not the first I've made an April fool of this morning."

Something in the remark seemed to tickle his sense of humor, for he laughed aloud before saying, "I hope I shall not be the last." Then he turned to the letterbox and busied himself in removing from it the morning's mail; but, contrary to his custom, he did not carry the letters straightaway into the inner sanctum, there to await the arrival of the head of the establishment. He paused at the table at which the girl had seated herself and began to sort them casually into little heaps. She, leaning her elbows on the table, looked up at him provocatively.

Moya Marston was not precisely a pretty girl, but her face was undeniably attractive. Her eyes were brown and bright. Her lips splashed crimson against a pale complexion. Her hair, which was by nature a deep shade of brown, had manifestly yielded some of its color to the blandishments of peroxide. Her nose was rather more than delicately *retroussé*, her chin a little too prominent for perfect beauty; but, supporting that chin on her hands as she looked up into Anastasius' face, she made a delightful picture of impudence—and invitation.

"Miss Marston," said Anastasius firmly, "I am not going to kiss and be friends."

Moya's lips parted, revealing her chief beauty—two perfect rows of even little teeth. "Don't you think you had better wait till you are asked?" she said. "He wanted to kiss me last night!" She nodded at the door which shut off the apartment devoted to the use of the substantial shade of Wilberforce, Wilkes & Washington.

"Of course you allowed yourself to be kissed," remarked Anastasius with a detached air.

The girl jumped up, her eyes flashing.

"Me! What do you take me for?" she cried. "You don't think I'm taking any from him! Ugh! The sight of him is enough to make any girl sick!"

"It's the usual thing for bucketshop keepers to kiss their lady clerks," remarked Anastasius calmly, as he continued sorting the letters. "What do you think the old man keeps a pretty typist for? Why, the girl whose place you took was twice as quick as you are—and he's giving you five bob a week more than she received. She had a wart on her nose though. See?"

"Well, if I have to sell my kisses, I'll take care to get more than five shillings a week for them," replied Moya. "And if Ikey's a buyer I'm not a seller at any price."

She Looked at Solomon Isaacs—Abject, Miserable—and Could Scarcely Suppress Her Amusement

"That's what you all say when you are speculating for the rise," said Anastasius with an air of wisdom.

"Clever heads like yourself make mistakes sometimes," she murmured. "And this time you are out of it altogether. I told him that if he tried any of his games with me I'd go to the police—and that in any case I should leave at the end of the week."

Anastasius ceased sorting the letters. A little flush crept into his cheeks. He looked straight into the girl's eyes, and if he had taken advantage of what was revealed there he might have kissed her a dozen times without rebuke; but his mind was intent on something else than flirtation. While the girl talked the idea that had flashed into his mind when he read the detective's name on the card he had picked up crystallized into a definite plan. It was a plan which needed an accomplice, and Fate, assisted by Mr. Solomon Isaacs' amorousness, seemed to promise to provide the needful assistance. His method of making sure whether it would be available was not devoid of subtlety. "Want to make an April fool of me again—eh, Moya?" he asked.

The girl showed the pique she evidently felt at his refusal of her tacit invitation. "There's no need to try to make a fool of you!" she retorted tartly, with emphasis on the "you."

"It would be much more to the point to make a fool of old Ikey," said Anastasius, unheeding her change of tone. "As you are leaving you need not worry about consequences; and, of course, if you bid farewell to Wilberforce and the others I shall say goodby to the firm also."

The girl's eyes glistened. "Only give me half a chance to get even with him, I'd——" She stabbed the table viciously with a pen and was silent.

"You won't have much to do," he said quietly. "When he comes in this morning hand him this"—he produced Inspector Popple's visiting card—"and tell him the gentleman is waiting for him in his office."

Despite his efforts at calmness he could no longer suppress some signs of excitement. He brushed back his hair nervously. His hands quivered. The flush had crept up to his brow. Moya took the card. Her first look of bewilderment gave way to a smile as she read the name.

"He'll have fits!" she said; "but——"

"I have no time to explain fully," said Anastasius rapidly; "the other girls will be here any minute. Tell 'em the inspector is inside and I'll talk for him as well as myself; but let me know when Ikey comes in. Drop the cover of your typewriter on the floor—that will make rattle enough." Footsteps in the passage gave warning of the approach of some one. He gathered up the letters hastily and vanished into the inner room.

The footsteps passed the door, carrying whoever made them to some office farther along the corridor.

Moya went to the inner room and peeped in.

"It's all right," she whispered. "It was none of our people."

Anastasius made no reply. He had unlocked the ledger safe and was carrying one of the volumes to the desk at which Mr. Solomon Isaacs usually sat.

Moya still lingered. Her courage was beginning to fail her.

"Don't you think it's rather risky?" she said. "When he comes in and finds no one he'll be in an awful rage!"

Anastasius laid the ledger on the table and chuckled. "He will hear the inspector go out the other door if you only attend to your part of the business and give me proper warning," he replied. Then he went and took the girl by the shoulders and, bending down, kissed her deliberately. "I'm depending on you to help me pull off the biggest spoof that was ever played on any man in the City of London. If you let me down I'll never speak to you again. Of course, if you're afraid——"

Moya's brown eyes sparkled as she interrupted scornfully: "Afraid! What in the world is there to be afraid of?"

Anastasius waved his hand in the direction of the outer office. The sound of footsteps was again to be heard in the corridor. Moya fled and in a moment was seated before her typewriter. This time the footsteps stopped at the door and two girls entered together. They were of the giggling age, and as they entered the office they giggled. Each wore a black beehive hat, the latest thing in Brixton millinery in the year 1911; and as they removed the extinguishers they giggled again.

"He really was too funny!" said one. "'Oh, you April fool!' I said—and you should have just seen his face."

Moya held up a warning finger and whispered a sibilant "Hush!" The giggles ceased and their glances at the door conveyed a mute interrogation.

"Not yet," replied Moya; "a gentleman is waiting to see him with Mr. Yorke."

Before they could comment on the information a voice from the inner room arrested their attention. It was a deep voice—obviously a stranger's.

"And this, you say, is Mr. Forester's account?"

"Certainly. That is exactly how it stood when I took over this business from Mr. Isaacs," was the reply; and each of the girls recognized that the speaker was Anastasius.

"Then all I have to say is that it is a faked account—it is false. The five hundred pounds credited there to Mr. Forester has never been paid."

The sound of a fist striking the table heavily made the girls jump.

There was silence; and a moment later the door, which had been a few inches ajar, opened and Anastasius appeared. He was pale, but appeared perfectly self-possessed.

"Miss Marston, bring me the January letterbook, please," he said. He remained at the doorway until she

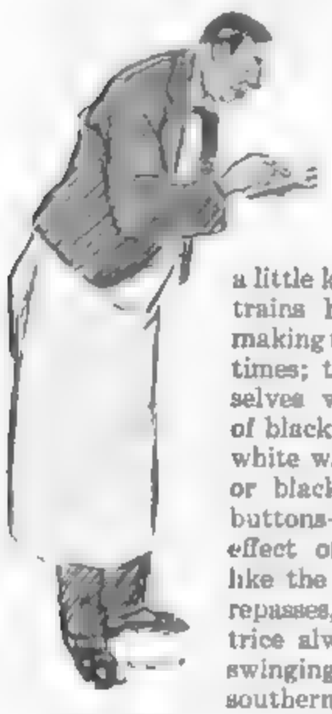
(Continued on Page 48)

EATING IN NEW YORK

By Madge C. Jenison

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

OF ALL the smart cafés I like the Ritz-Carlton best. Those high pale rooms of green and cream, with hanging gardens and the gleam of vistas through plate glass, always seem set for some extraordinarily lovely *opéra comique*. The arrivals at Prince Florizel's coming-of-age ball appear in the doorway in groups of twos and threes, pausing here while the last man of each party casts off his hat and stick hastily toward the wardrobe; sauntering about the curving pathway between the tables and up the steps; pausing again; shifting a little kaleidoscopically. The women's trains hang long from the top step, making them appear incredibly tall sometimes; the men stand sunk into themselves with folded arms, solid masses of black and white in the composition—white waistcoats in acutely deep points or black ones pointed up with silver buttons—it all comes to one with an effect of elegant blending movement, like the carefully calculated passes and repasses, before which a little cantatrice always steps out to tell us with swinging skirts that love is a dreamy southern sea.



Only there is so much more humanity in this processional! Stout women, "huge hills of flesh" sometimes, Falstaffs of the home and hearth stuffed into the corners of their clothes as if they had been put in with a shoe-horn. Executive ones who twitch up their gloves with a chairman-of-the-ladies'-board firmness. Débutantes in soft diaphanous dresses and with soft evaporous souls scarcely more as yet than mists over a field, coming in with that air which girls get from the stage and the illustrations of Chambers' novels—something between Onward, Christian Soldiers, and an actress having a curtain call. A little person in a cap of silver lace, with cheeks like bright fruit, the cupid's bows of her lips curving up, dimples sly as Punchinello's, eyes almost like some little wild thing of the ground, so sharp is their brightness.

"Couldn't you just die a-waltzing over Wagner?" she inquires of Lord "I-like-'em-lively" as she trips past us.

The Feasting of Vanity Fair

THE gigantic blond fellows stride by without any women, each "fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin new reap'd." They have the manner of running off after theater suppers the way you would raise a cantilever bridge. All masculinity reaches for its hip pocket immediately it sits down. Peter Cartier points out a young fellow in a party of four, who in five years has rushed twice across the sky of New York finance in a streak of gold. One considers those spectacular five years in which a boy just out of college has sent up rocket after rocket of ambition and power, to have them always burst and fall in showers of splendor over him. His banker host listens as he talks, bending an ear. His wife is pale and nymph-slender, breathing cities, with something of bronze in that face too, turned toward us occasionally against the white wall. If he comes to different times, this boy conqueror, and reaches for her in the darkness, he will touch a hand.

A party which passes bows all round. It is extraordinary how some of these women look, how beautiful they are. There have been a good many English people about the hotel—those tall stoop-shouldered English women in black velvet dresses cut in a deep V between their white shoulderblades, that little near-sighted stare, the short upper lip, the minimum of movement to every gesture, and in their glance the sweetness—luscious and delicately chill, like mountain air scented with lilies—with which English women regard men. A man with a face all of a piece except for the darker gray about the eyes listens to his wife as they await their party, his haggard eyes always on hers. One reads father and mother of three in these people's faces. I like to watch a housekeeper at a café.

"Terrapin! Nonsense! You don't call this terrapin!" the woman seems to say as she tastes it and glances at her husband.

A waiter behind us is selling this party out.

"I'm getting off. What'll you give me for the tired fellow with the talky one?" we hear him say in a low voice.

"He's not good for much—a quarter," says a second, more husky.

"Look at him again. He's good for more than that."

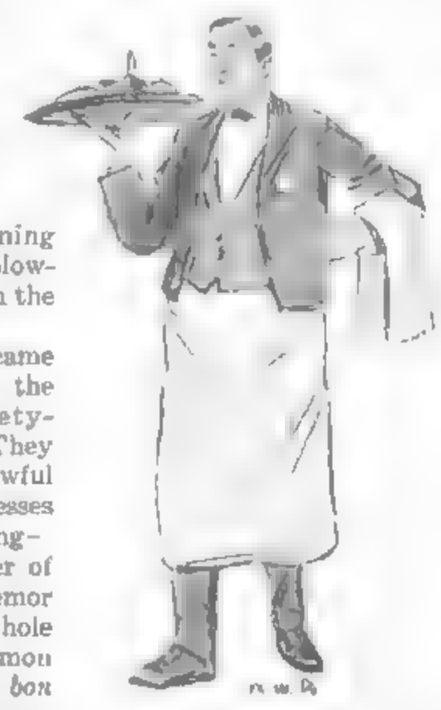
"Fifty cents ——" a new bidder.

"Right-O. Give him Napoleon brandy with the coffee—always takes it." We see the trader disappear toward the kitchen.

As we sat watching the parade one night a party of the very highest *ton* swam in and took an adjacent table. There is no more engaging spectacle, I think, in smart life than these old hexies of the rich and great, their shoulders still beautiful going almost imperceptibly into the pink and white chiffon of the front of the corsage, the hair, done so many thousand times, lifted into the jeweled plumes, the charming figure. Only above the dog collars of diamonds and pearls, or sapphires large as crown jewels, their necks are old—brown and corded. It is here that such a woman breaks first. The eyes look out of deep pouches of age and often pain. They sit almost imagelike, in a lifelong attitude of receiving court, forever receiving. A passerby stops to speak to one of them.

"Your daughter in Tangier—rode every day—little streams along the beach—beautiful seat, went over like something you flip with your thumb—hardly any crupper either—boy like her——" A turbulence vibrated like firelight over the woman's face for an instant and was gone.

The men were both stout and suave, with that wonderful grooming of the rich which is like a glaze—rounders for forty years and still in magnificent health, a little dazed intellectually by life, they have taken it much as it came, and now at last they have settled down to the work of collecting enamels and breeding beagles.



One of them meditates over his vermouth.

"Admirable new opera," he comments.

Number Two puffily answers him: "Oh, very nice, very nice."

Number One, leaning back comfortably and blowing a shaft of smoke on the air: "Neither do I."

Two opulent women came down the steps across the horizon of this ninety-million-dollar party. They were holding up rather awful satin and spangle dresses about them and laughing—not the throat laughter of the elegant, but a tremor gently agitating the whole mass, as molds of lemon jelly might receive a *bon mot*. The two old women stiffened as their eyes fell upon this bourgeoise hilarity. Their faces were a study. They could scarcely endure it that such creatures should exist.

Louis Martin's takes another sort of people. It has a vogue for after-theater suppers which often fills a table three times between eleven and three o'clock. The cabaret room is a crash of toilettes "with a punch," flesh, diamonds, lace, ermine, pink hats, aigrettes, scents. The tables are set edge to edge. There is an uproar of talk and music, and in and out of this Babylonian fanfare of the human spirit float Maurice's glowing ironic face like a faun in a prank, his dancing smooth as cream, and the rather surprising variations of the polite waltz which his audience awaits with heavy patience and greets with a gasp.

When Good Fellows Dine Together

BETWEEN these two are all the smart cafés of New York. They are all rather large, sumptuous, expensive, cheerful and most of them nondescript in taste. The older ones have an air of life lived into those walls, at any rate. They are filled every night with crushes of human beings—women of society, women not of society, men of every class that carries a purse which bleeds—all seeking joy and, as it seems to me, finding it. It is easy to write cynically of the fashionable cafés, but innumerable light impulses toward joy always seem to me to be flung upon the air in those great rooms, like colored scarfs shaken delicately out from every side. Carlyle says that dining is the ultimate act of communion, and the grossness of the bulbous-nosed man and of the woman at our elbow, always sirening, forever moistening her lips and pulling up the shoulders of her gown, is lost in the great cloth of gold, of gay, murmurous speech rising into the sweet rush of music, odors of flowers, of sachet, colors of bubbling champagne, jewels and gleaming stuffs, glances, white elbows, smiles—only a few of the New York cafés are elegant but who can say that they are not gay?

Making Them Appear Incredibly Tall

The head waiters in these cafés are as diverting gentlemen as I know in New York. I have often remarked one who is a pasha of the world of late suppers. It is a lesson in virtuosity to see him look over a party. He has a trick of beginning at the feet and going up, and a little flicking gesture of the fingers which indicates his verdict. The right hand notifies the man ushering you in that you are of "the quality"; if it be the left hand things go dubiously with you. There may be empty tables in the center of the room near the orchestra; but if you are not absolutely *chic*, absolutely *du monde*, as L—— "feels" women and caste, these tables are not for you. I have seen people richly dressed and ready to spend money, raging in a corner behind a palm where L—— had sequestered them, when being behind a palm was as far from their natural bent of mind as coconnut milk from wine.

The Bohemians of New York patronize pretty consistently the French and Italian restaurants. At Mouquin's, the Brevoort, the Old Lafayette and the Café Boulevard, especially downstairs or in the smaller room, one may see any evening groups of writers, newspaper men, sculptors gesturing with their thumbs, dreamers and *révoltés* generally, engaged over red wine, a fowl and salad in that eternal "talk to the idea" which is the bread of Bohemia. The faces are rather worn and there is a general softness as to shirtcuffs; and all about are the phrases which haunt Washington and Gramercy Squares and Greenwich village—"The whole system"—with intense emphasis; "Drawing's getting fearfully tight"; "It doesn't stay within the frame"; and "Still there's always air back of his people."

The French cafés keep a good deal of the continental atmosphere. The waiters lay the papers and illustrated journals at your elbow when they come for your order. Games of checkers are often going on at the Old Lafayette. One even sees a journalist with a white rainfall of manuscript on the table about him, peeling off page after page as he drives his pencil furiously down the sheets. The very scent of trees and absinthe which pervades certain little *places* of the Quartier Latin comes over you as you watch him. At the Café Boulevard a woman stands beside the piano and sings, quite in the continental fashion. The delectable language of the gay is all about.

A Mock Marriage With Pink Balloons

ONE night when good luck led us to it, some pink-silk balloons appeared from nowhere and began to be tossed about the rooms with shrieks of laughter. A very pretty girl with the manners of The Misses Somebody's School and the clothes of the Sixties East, had come down that night to see Bohemia with a young navy officer. They were deeply absorbed in each other—not yet engaged apparently, but at the stage of looking into each other's eyes soul to soul and taking electric shocks whenever their hands chanced to touch. It became plain presently that she was a little at a loss at his irresolution—rather more of the coming-on persuasion than he. The Café Boulevard to the furtherance of the match! A gesticulating young district attorney mounted a chair and made a speech.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "we see how it is with you. You will permit those of us who have been there to drink your prosperity in the best champagne which the cellars of the Café Boulevard afford." Everybody stood up and gazed at the lady addressed. The defender of our shores sprang out of his chair, ready to challenge everybody in sight to give him the satisfaction of a gentleman, but he had miscalculated his companion. She shook her hair into her eyes, a charming vapor of color rose in her cheeks, she nodded, dimpled and began to chatter. It was obvious, as a matter of fact, that she liked the episode as a soubrette likes being lifted on a table and showered with confetti. The tables were pushed up on every side about theirs. A well-known magazine editor married them by bouncing pink-silk balloons on their heads, and when we came away they were receiving wedding presents, mostly celery dishes and silver in half dozens, with appropriate words of thanks. It was easy to fancy him, his fences quite, quite down, saying when they were "alone at last" in the privacy of a taxi:

"Arabel, I don't see how I am going to the Philippines without you;"—and she, with an inward sigh of relief: "You aren't."

People from out of town always want to go to Fraunces' Tavern. It was built in 1719 for the residence of a rich young Frenchman, "son-in-law to Colonel Stephanus Van Cortlandt." In the middle of the century it became a public house with the head of Queen Charlotte on the signboard—proprietor, Black Sam of the West Indies. Hot meetings were held here during the Revolution. In its long banqueting hall Washington bade farewell to his officers. It is still lovely with a colonial loveliness—the corner on which it stands so open and quiet as to be almost like a village square. A buff-and-blue flag flies under the mansard roof. The door in the white portico is opened for you by a flunkey with a queue bound with black ribbon, buckled shoes and a North-German accent, and within is the barrel-shaped vault of a colonial hall, the dining room paved with glazed brick, and the mahogany and white-enamel paint that belong to this period. There is a museum upstairs for the tourist who has contracted the habit of doing places of historical interest—a few old pieces of furniture, and a great many letters that make one reflect how perfectly reckless our ancestors were with their capitals. The place should be full of shadows and whisperings, but it is not. It is far downtown and the atmosphere is all of modern business. Its habitués are chiefly business men there to eat—men with fat shining jowls or tight smiles, and in both ears the talk is all of "common carriers," "the interstate-commerce law," and "what the country will come to if our judiciary has to keep its ear to the ground."

Through the Wall-Street district there are a score of very superior clubs and restaurants where the mighty ones of finance eat their most high luncheons. A nice boy once told me a story of one on Maiden Lane which he sedulously avoided. He was still of the age that calls food "duff," thinks being in business "nothing to cheer about," and receives every morning a letter that begins: "2.30 A. M. Just home from Mary Allister's dance. Dear Chad: Your last picture is the loveliest one I've ever had of you, dear"; or "Just before Luncheon. Dear Heart: I've been thinking of you out on the piazza and I came up here where I could be alone, etc." He had come to New York to be handy man to a trust company at a salary of sixty-five dollars a month, and to get some idea of life—his father's phrase—by living on this income. One day after he had been handy for several weeks, he passed just at noon a restaurant toward which his heart had softened several times. It was in the basement of one of the older buildings, set out with deal chairs and bare tables, looked about his size, clean as a scrubbed turnip. Sign at the door, "Steak and Chops." No bills-of-fare, but he knew what he wanted. He always wanted it almost any time when he was awake.

"Small steak rare"—dropping into a chair in the one-hundred-and-seventy-pounds-in-lump fashion with which twenty years treats chairs.

"Yes, sir. Coffee, sir? Würtzburger?"

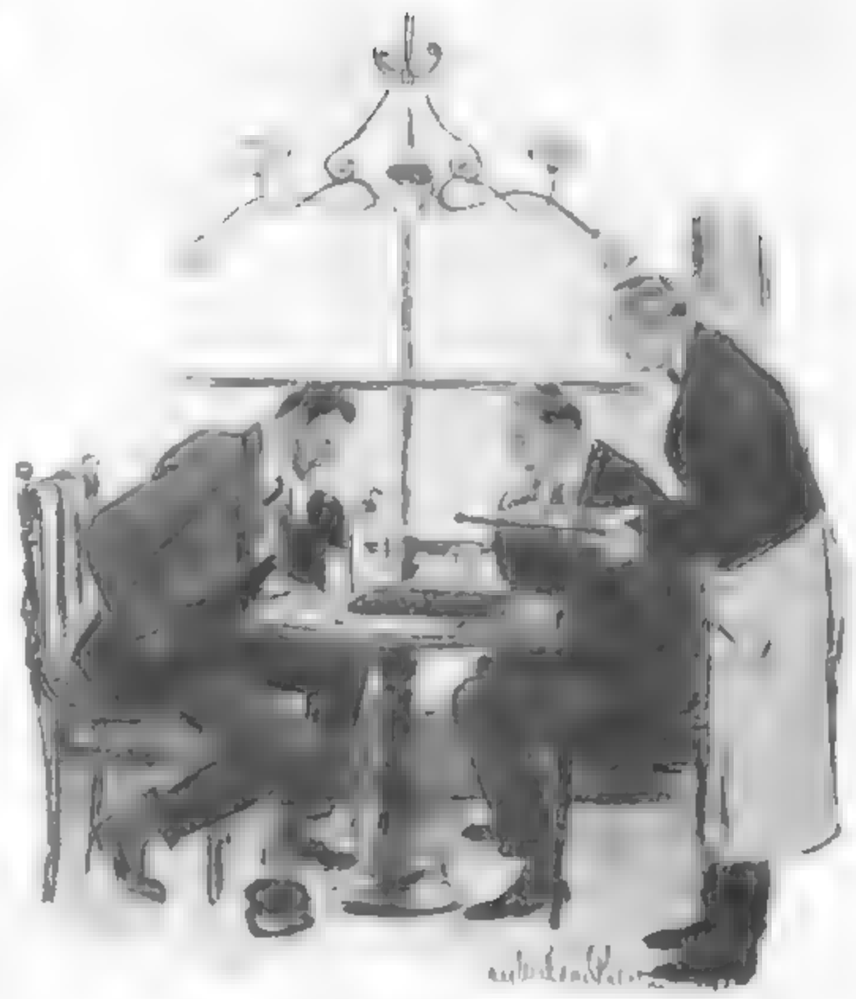
"Würtzburger."

The men with whom the room began soon to fill up suggested painfully that he had let himself in this time jolly well wrong. They looked fearfully and menacingly affluent. He remembered that he had not written to his mother for two weeks.

"Younger generation does it different," he heard a man behind him say. "When I was the age of the young cub over there I was bringing my luncheon with me and eating it in the basement."

"Heavens, what day in the week is it?" thought Chad.

The steak thrust under his nose was like all the perfumes from Araby wafted. He enjoyed it. But he tried as he ate to recall how much change he had put back in his pocket when he paid his subway fare that morning. The check when he turned it over was two dollars and seventy-five cents.



Games of Checkers are Often Going On

Little Autumn Flower by the Brook

WE LIKE especially when we get back from the country in the fall to go to Chinatown for dinner. There is something of tasting the extremes of life, in "doing" Chinatown when all the world of cities is fresh. As you hang over the dragon-carved balconies and wander down those shabby streets under the sophisticated scornful eyes of the clusters of Chinamen in the doorway, you seem to touch something infinitely remote from the sea and mountains. This flavor of civilization, highly sensative, infinitely selected, is even in the exotic food of the Flowery Kingdom, with its subtle sweetness as if it has been steeped in narcissus, its salt so flavored without bitterness, and its little jewel-like fruits stuck on toothpicks for your better convenience in handling. The white ones one somehow can never eat.

"Look like babies' feet," says Peter Cartier.

We once pulled off in Chinatown a fragment of experience of the kind that makes the pattern of New York life so voluptuous. The waiter upon whom we had clapped our hands was an impassive, moon-faced young Oriental, yellow as old damask, smiling as a new coin. His adorable name alone seemed something one had to stick into a dish of pebbles and set on a teakwood table. It was Little Autumn Flower by the Brook. Little Autumn Flower proved to be a find. He began with acquaintance to unfold petals. Once in a burst of loquacity he told us how the fruits and flowers of the earth happened to be of so many colors. The recitation was accompanied by the most seductive little bows, little spreadings of the hands. It was unforgettable, and we were always looking for an occasion for another. One night when a particularly impressive party had gone down to Mott Street for supper he was persuaded to favor us a second time. He grew very shy at once when the matter was first broached to him, but every one chorused how unthinkable it was that he should not assent.

"Oh—please, Little Autumn Flower—— Do, Little Autumn Flower—— You cannot refuse us ——"

He was put up on a chair, wreathed in smiles, overcome by coyness, able at first to emit only squeaks and chirps, adorable beyond words to express. At last he was off. It was an intensely dramatic affair, beginning with deep rumblings in his throat and sighs; then the most terrible contortions and gestures of despair, a face of fury that

(Continued on Page 34)

"Terrapin! Nonsense! You Don't Call This Terrapin!"

When the Fighting Was Good

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

"Now Then, You Next"

"MISTER SHERIFF," ordered the judge, "bring Pressley J. Harper to the bar."

Our circuit judge of those times, old Judge Priest, had two habits of speech—one purposely ungrammatical and thickly larded with the vernacular of the country crossroads—that was for his private walks and conversations, and for his campaignings; but the other was of good and proper and dignified English, and it he reserved for official acts and utterances. Whether upon the bench or off it, however, his voice had a high-pitched, fiddlestring note that carried far and clearly; and on this day, when he spoke, the sheriff roused up instantly from where he had been enjoying forty winks between the bewhittled arms of a tilted chair and bestirred himself.

He hurried out of a side door. A little, whispering, hunching stir went through the courtroom. Spectators reclining upon the benches, partly on their spines and partly on their shoulderblades, straightened and bent forward. Inside the rail, which set apart the legal goats from the civic sheep, a score of eyes were fixed speculatively upon the judge's face, rising pink and chubby, with the pink chubbiness of healthy old age, above the top of the tall, scarred desk where he sat; but his face gave no clew to his thoughts, and if the mind back of the beneficent, mild blue eyes was troubled the eyes themselves looked out unvexed through the steel-bowed spectacles that rode low on the old judge's nose.

There was a minute's wait. The clerk handed up to the judge a sheaf of papers in blue wrappers. The judge shuffled through them until he found the one he wanted. It was the middle of the afternoon of a luscious spring day—the last day of the May term of court. In at the open windows came spicy, moist smells of things sprouting and growing, and down across the courthouse square the big star-shaped flowers of the dogwood trees showed white and misty, like a new Milky Way against a hallowy green firmament.

A minute only and then the sheriff reëntered. At his side came a man. This newcomer must have been close to seventy years—or sixty-five anyway. He was long and lean, and he bore his height with a sort of alert and supple erectness, stepping high with the seemingly awkward gait of the man trained at crossing furrows, yet bringing his feet down noiselessly like a house-cat treading on dead leaves. The way he moved made you think of a deer-stalker. Strength, tremendous strength, was shown in the outward swing of the long arms and the huge, knotty hands, and there was temper in the hot, brown eyes and in the thick, stiff crop of reddish-gray hair rising like buckwheat stubble upon his scalp. He had high cheekbones and a long, shaven face, and his skin was tanned to a leathery red, like a well-smoked ham. Except for the colors of his hair and eyes, he might have passed for half Indian. Indeed, there was a tale in the county that his great-grandmother was a Shawnee squaw. He was more than six feet tall—he must have been six feet two.

With the sheriff alongside him he came to the bar—a sagged oaken railing—and stood there with his big hands cupped over it. He was newly shaved and dressed in what was evidently his best.

"Pressley J. Harper at the bar," sang out the clerk methodically. Everybody was listening.

"Pressley J. Harper," said the judge, "waiving the benefit of counsel and the right of trial by jury, you have this day pleaded guilty to an indictment charging you with felonious assault in that you did, on the twenty-first day of January last, shoot and wound with a firearm one Virgil Settle, a citizen of this county. Have you anything to say why the sentence of the law should not be pronounced upon you?"

Only eying him steadfastly, the confessed offender shook his head.

"It is the judgment of this court, then, that you be confined in the state penitentiary for the period of two years at hard labor."

A babbling murmur ran over the room—for his sins old Press Harper was catching it at last! The prisoner's big hands gripped the oaken rail until his knuckles and nails showed white, and it seemed that the tough wood fibers would be dented in; other than that he gave no sign, but took the blow braced and steady, like a game man facing a firing squad. The sheriff inched toward him; but the judge raised the hand that held the blue-wrappered paper as a sign that he had more to say.

"Pressley J. Harper," said the judge, "probably this is not the time or the place for the court to say how deeply it regrets the necessity of inflicting this punishment upon you. This court has known you for many years—for a great many years. You might have been a worthy citizen. You have been of good repute for truthfulness and fair dealing among your neighbors; but you have been beset all your life with a temper that was your abiding curse, and when excited with liquor you have been a menace to the safety of your fellowman. Time and time again, within the recollection of this court, you have been involved in unseemly brawls largely of your own making. That you were generally inflamed with drink, and that you afterward seemed genuinely penitent and made what amends you could, does not serve to excuse you in the eyes of the law. That you have never taken a human life outright is a happy accident of chance.

"Through the leniency of those appointed to administer the law you have until now escaped the proper and fitting consequences of your behavior; but, by this last wanton attack upon an inoffensive citizen, you have forfeited all claim upon the consideration of the designated authorities."

He paused for a little, fumbling at the bow of his spectacles.

"In the natural course of human events you have probably but a few more years to live. It is to be regretted by all right-thinking men that you cannot go to your grave free from the stigma of a prison. And it is a blessing that you have no one closely related to you by ties of blood or marriage to share in your disgrace." The old judge's high voice grew husked and roughened here, he himself being both widowed and childless. "The judgment of the court stands—two years at hard labor."

He made a sign that he was done. The sheriff edged up again and touched the sentenced man upon the arm. Without turning his head, Harper shook off the hand of authority with so violent a shrug that the sheriff flinched back startled. Then for the first time the prisoner spoke.

"Judge, Your Honor," he said quietly, "jest a minute ago you asked me if I had anything to say and I told you that I had not. I've changed my mind; I want to ask you something—I want to ask you a mighty big favor. No, I ain't askin' you to let me off—it ain't that," he went on more quickly, reading the look on the judge's face. "I didn't expect to come clear in this here case. I pleaded guilty because I was guilty and didn't have no defense. My bein' sorry for shootin' Virge Settle the way I did don't excuse me, as I know; but, Judge Priest, I'll say jest this to you—I don't want to be dragged off to that there penitentiary like a savage dumb beast. I don't want to be took there by no sheriff. And what I want to ask you is this: Can't I go there a free man, with free limbs? I promise you to go and to serve my time faithful—but I want to go by myself and give myself up like a man."

Instantly visualized before the eyes of all who sat there was the picture which they knew must be in the prisoner's mind—the same picture which all or nearly all of them had seen more than once, since it came to pass, spring and fall, after each term of court—a little procession filing through the street to the depot; at its head, puffed out with responsibility, the sheriff and one of his deputies—at its tail more deputies, and in between them the string of newly convicted felons, handcuffed in twos, with a long trace-chain looping back from one pair to the next pair, and so on, binding all fast together in a clanking double file—the whites in front and the negroes back of them, maintaining even in that shameful formation the division of race; the whites mainly marching with downcast heads and hurrying feet, clutching pitiably small bundles with their free hands—the negroes singing doggerel in chorus and defiantly jingling the links of their tether; some, the friendless ones, hatless and half naked and barefooted after months of lying in jail—and all with the smell of the frowsy cells upon them. And, seeing this familiar picture spring up before them, it seemed all of a sudden a wrong thing and a very shameful thing that Press Harper, an old man and a member of a decent family, should march thus, with his wrists chained and the offscourings and scum of the county jail for company. Then, too, all there knew him for a man of his word. If old Press Harper said he would go to the penitentiary and surrender himself they knew he would go and do it if he had to crawl there on his knees. And so now, having made his plea, he waited silently for the answer to it.

The old judge had half swung himself about in his chair and with his hand at his beard was looking out of the window.

"Muster Sheriff," he said, without turning his head, "you may consider yourself relieved of the custody of the defendant at the bar. Muster Clerk, you may make out the commitment papers." The clerk busied himself with certain ruled forms, filling in dotted lines with writing. The judge went on: "Despite the irregularity of the proceeding, this court is disposed to grant the request which the defendant has just made. Grievous though his shortcomings in other directions may have been, this court has never known the defendant to break his word. Does the defendant desire any time in which to arrange his personal affairs? If so how much time?"

"I would like to have until the day after tomorrow," said Harper. "If I kin, I want to find a tenant for my farm."

"Has the commonwealth's attorney any objection to the granting of this delay?" inquired the judge, still with his head turned away.

"None, Your Honor," said the prosecutor, half rising. And now the judge was facing the prisoner, looking him full in the eye.

"You will go free on your own recognizance, without bond, until the day after tomorrow," he bade him. "You will then report yourself to the warden of the state penitentiary at Frankfort. The clerk of this court will hand you certain documents which you will surrender to the warden at the same time that you surrender yourself."

The tall old man at the rail bowed his head to show he understood, but he gave no thanks for the favor vouchsafed him, nor did the other old man on the bench seem to expect any thanks. The clerk's pen, racing across the ruled sheets, squeaked audibly.

"This consideration is granted, though, upon one request," said the judge, as though a new thought had

just come to him. "And that is, that between this time and the time you begin serving your sentence you do not allow a drop of liquor to cross your lips. You promise that?"

"I promise that," said Harper slowly and soberly, like a man taking a solemn oath.

No more was said. The clerk filled out the blanks—two of them—and Judge Priest signed them. The clerk took them back from him, folded them inside a long envelope, backed the envelope with certain writings and handed it over the bar rail to Harper. There wasn't a sound as he stowed it carefully into an inner pocket of his ill-fitting black coat; nor, except for the curiously light tread of his own steps, was there a sound as he, without a look sidewise, passed down the courtroom and out at the doorway.

"Mister Clerk," bade the judge, "adjourn the May term of this court."

As the crowd filed noisily out, old Doctor Lake, who had been a spectator of all that happened, lingered behind and, with a nod and a gesture to the clerk, went round behind the jury-box and entered the door of the judge's private chamber without knocking. The lone occupant of the room stood by a low, open window, looking out over the green square. He was stuffing the fire-blackened bowl of his corncob pipe with its customary fuel; but his eyes were not on the task, or his fingers trembled—or something; for, though the pipe was already packed to overflowing, he still tamped more tobacco in, wasting the shreddy brown weed upon the floor.

"Come in, Lew, and take a chair and set down," he said. Doctor Lake, however, instead of taking a chair and sitting down, crossed to the window and stood beside him, putting one hand on the judge's arm.

"That was pretty hard on old Press, Billy," said Doctor Lake.

Judge Priest was deeply sensitive of all outside criticism pertaining to his official conduct; his life off the bench was another matter. He stiffened under the touch.

"Lewis Lake," he said—sharply for him—"I don't permit even my best friends to discuss my judicial acts."

"Oh, I didn't mean that, Billy," Doctor Lake made haste to explain. "I wasn't thinking so much of what happened just now in the court yonder. I reckon old Press deserved it—he's been running hog-wild round this town and this county too long already. Let him get that temper of his roused and a few drinks in him, and he is a regular mad dog. Nobody can deny that. Of course I hate it—and I know you do too—to see one of the old company—one of the boys who marched out of here with us in '61—going to the pen. That's only natural; but I'm not finding fault with your sending him there. What I was thinking of is that you're sending him over the road day after tomorrow."

"What of that?" asked the judge.

"Why, day after tomorrow is the day we're starting for the annual reunion," said Doctor Lake; "and, Billy, if Press goes on the noon train—which he probably will—he'll be traveling right along with the rest of us—for a part of the way. Only he'll get off at the Junction, and we—well, we'll be going on through, the rest of us will, to the reunion. That's what I meant."

"That's so!" said the judge regretfully—"that's so! I did forget all about the reunion startin' then—I plum' forgot it. I reckon it will be sort of awkward for all of us—and for Press in particular." He paused, holding the unlighted and overflowing pipe in his hands absently, and then went on:

"Lewis, when a man holds an office such as mine is he has to do a lot of things he hates mightily to do. Now you take old Press Harper's case. I reckin there never was a braver soldier anywhere than Press was. Do you remember Brice's Crossroads?"

"Yes," said the old doctor, his eyes suddenly afire. "Yes, Billy—and Corinth too."

"Ah-hah!" went on the old judge—"and the second day's fight at Chickamauga, when we lost so many out of the regiment, and Press came back out of the last charge draggin' little Gil Nichols by the arms, and both of them purty nigh shot to pieces? Yes, suh; Press always was a fighter when there was any fightin' to do—and the fightin' was specially good in those days. The trouble with Press was he didn't quit fightin' when the rest of us did. Maybe it sort of got into his blood. It does do that sometimes."

"Yes," said Doctor Lake, "I suppose you're right; but old Press is in a fair way to be cured now. A man with his temper ought never to touch whisky anyhow."

"You're right," agreed the judge. "It's a dangerous thing, licker is—and a curse to some people. I'd like to have a dram right this minute. Lew, I wish mightily you'd come on and go home with me tonight and take supper. I'll send my nigger boy Jeff up to your house to tell your folks you won't be there until late, and you walk on out to my place with me. I feel sort of played out and lonesome—I do so. Come on now. We'll have a young chicken and a bait of hot waffles—I reckin that old nigger cook of mine does make the best waffles in the created world. After supper we'll set a spell together and talk over them old times when we were in the army—and maybe we can kind of forgit some of the things that've come up later."

. . . . . .

The noon accommodation would carry the delegation from Gideon K. Irons Camp over the branch line to the Junction, where it would connect with a special headed through for the reunion city. For the private use of the Camp the railroad company provided a car which the ladies of the town decorated on the night before with strips of red and white bunting draped down the sides, and little battle-flags nailed up over the two doors. The rush of the wind would soon whip away the little crossed flags from their tack fastenings and roll the bunting streamers up into the semblance of peppermint sticks; but the car, hitched to the tail end of the accommodation and surrounded by admiring groups of barelegged small boys, made a brave enough show when its intended passengers came marching down a good half-hour ahead of leaving-time.

Considering the wide swath which death and the infirmities of age had been cutting in the ranks all these years, the Camp was sending a good representation—Judge Priest, the commandant; and Doctor Lake; and Major Joe Sam Covington; and Sergeant Jimmy Bagby, who never missed a reunion; and Corporal Jake Smedley, the color-bearer, with the Camp's flag furled on its staff and borne under his arm; and Captain Shelby Woodward—and four or five more. There was even one avowed private. Also, and not to be overlooked on any account, there was Uncle Zach Matthews, an ink-black, wrinkled personage with a shiny bald head polished like old rosewood, and a pair of warped legs bent outward like saddle-bows. Personally Uncle Zach was of an open mind regarding the merits and the outcome of the Big War. As he himself often put it:

"Yas, suh—I ain't got no set prejudices ary way. In the spring of '61 I went out wid my own w'ite folks, as body-servant to my young marster, Cap'n Harry Matthews—and we suttinly did fight them bluebellies up hill and down dale for three endurin' years or more; but in the campaignin' round Nashville somewhars I got sort of disorganized and turn't round someway; and, when I sorter comes to myself, lo and behole, ef I ain't been captured by the Fed'rul army! So, rather'n have any fussin' 'bout it, I j'ined in with them; and frum then on till the surrender I served on the other side—cookin' fer one of their gin'els and doin' odd jobs round the camp; but when 'twas all over I come on back home and settled down again 'mong my own folks, where I properly belonged. Then, here a few years back, some of 'em turn't in and done some testifyin' for me so's I could git my pension. Doctor Lake, he says to me hisse'f, he says: 'Zach, bein' as the Yankee Gover'mint is a-passin' out this here money so free you might jest as well have a little chunk of it too!' And he—him and Mistah Charley Reed and some others—they helped me with my papers; and, of course, I been mighty grateful to all them gen'l'men ever since."

So Uncle Zach drew his pension check quarterly, and regularly once a year went to the reunion as general factotum of the Camp, coming home laden with badges and heavy with small change. He and Judge Priest's Jeff, a small, dapper black person of the second generation of freedom, now furnished a touch of intense color relief, sitting together in one of the rearmost seats, guarding the piled-up personal baggage of the veterans.

Shortly before train-time carriages came, bringing young Mrs. McLaurin, little Rita Covington and Miss Minnie Lyon—the matron of honor, the sponsor and the maid of honor respectively of the delegation. Other towns no larger would be sure to send a dozen or more sponsors and maids and matrons of honor; but the home Camp was proverbially moderate in this regard. As Captain Woodward had once said: "We are charmed and honored by the smiles of our womanhood, and we worship every lovely daughter of the South; but, at a reunion of veterans, somehow I do love to see a veteran interspersed here and there in among the fair sex."

So now, as their special guests for this most auspicious occasion, they were taking along just these three—Rita Covington, a little eighteen-year-old beauty, and Minnie Lyon, a tall, fair, slender, pretty girl, and Mrs. McLaurin. The two girls were in white linen, with touches of red at throat and waist; but young Mrs. McLaurin, who was a bride of two years' standing and plump and handsome, looked doubly handsome and perhaps a wee mite plumper than common in a tailor-made suit of mouse-gray, that was all tricked out with brass buttons and gold-braided cuffs, and a wide black belt, with a cavalry buckle. That the inspired tailor who built this costume had put the stars of a major-general on the collar and the stripes of a corporal on the sleeve was a matter of no consequence whatsoever. The color was right, the fit of the coat was unflawed by a single wrinkle fore or aft, and the brass buttons glittered

"I Want to Go by Myself and Give Myself Up Like a Man"

like molten gold down the front. Originally young Mrs. McLaurin had intended to reserve her military suit for a crowning sartorial stroke on the day of the big parade; but at the last moment pride of possession triumphed over the whisperings of discretion, and so here she was now, trig and triumphant—though, if it must be confessed, a trifle closely laced in. Yet she found an immediate reward in the florid compliments of the old men. She radiated her satisfaction visibly as Doctor Lake and Captain Woodward ushered her and her two charges aboard the car with a ceremonious, Ivanhoeish deference, which has come down with them from their day to this, like the scent of old lavender lingering in ancient cedar chests.

A further martial touch was given by the gray coats of the old men, by the big Camp badges and bronze crosses proudly displayed by all; and finally by Sergeant Jimmy Bagby who, true to a habit of forty years' standing, was wearing the rent and faded jacket that he brought home from the war and carrying on his shoulder the ancient rusted musket that had served him from Sumter to the fall of Richmond.

The last of the party was on the decorated coach, the last ordinary traveler had boarded the single day-coach and the conductor was signaling for the start, when an erect old man, who during all the flurry of departure had been standing silent and alone behind the protecting shadow of the far side of the station, came swiftly across the platform, stepping with a high, noiseless, deerstalker's tread, and, just as the engine bleated its farewell and the wheels began to turn, swung himself on the forward car. At sight of two little crossed flags fluttering almost above his head he lifted his slouch hat in a sort of shamed salute; but he kept his face turned resolutely away from those other old men to the rear of him. He cramped his great length down into a vacant seat in the day-coach, and there he sat, gazing straight ahead at nothing as the train drew out of the station, bearing him to his two years at hard labor and these one-time comrades of his to their jubilating at the annual reunion.

As for the train, it went winding its leisurely and devious way down the branch line toward the Junction, stopping now and then at small country stations. The air that poured in through the open windows was sweet and heavy with Maytime odors of blossoming and blooming. In the tobacco patches the adolescent plants stood up, fresh and velvet-green. Mating redbirds were darting through every trackside tangle of underbrush and weaving threads of living flame back and forth over every sluggish, yellow creek; and sparrowhawks teetered above the clearings, hunting early grasshoppers. Once in a while there was a small cotton-patch.

It was warm—almost as warm as a summer day. The two girls fanned themselves with their handkerchiefs and constantly brushed cinders off their starched blouses. Mrs. McLaurin, buttoned in to her rounded throat, sat bolt-upright, the better to keep wrinkles from marring the flawless fit of her regimentals. She suffered like a Christian martyr of old, smiling with a sweet content—as those same Christian martyrs are said to have suffered and smiled. Judge Priest, sitting one seat to the rear of her, with Major Covington alongside him, napped lightly with his head against the hot red plush of the seatback. Sergeant Jimmy Bagby found the time fitting and the audience receptive to a recital of his celebrated and more than familiar story of what on a certain history-making occasion he heard General Breckinridge say to General Buckner, and what General Buckner said to General Breckinridge in reply.

In an hour or so they began to draw out of the lowlands fructifying in the sunlight, and in among the craggy foothills. Here the knobs stood up like the knuckle-bones of a great rough hand laid across the peaceful countryside. "Deadenings" flashed by, with the girdled, bleached treetrunks rising, deformed and gaunt, above the young corn. The purplish pink of the redbud trees was thick in clumps on the hillsides. The train entered a cut with a steep fill running down on one side and a seamed cliff standing up close on the other. Small saplings grew out of the crannies in the rocks and swung their boughs downward so that the leaves almost brushed the dusty tops of the coaches sliding by beneath them.

Suddenly, midway of this cut, there came a grinding and sliding of the wheels—the cars began creaking in all their joints as though they would rack apart; and, with a jerk which wakened Judge Priest and shook the others in their seats, the train halted. From up ahead somewhere, heard dimly through the escaping of the freed steam, came a confusion of shouted cries. Could they be nearing the Junction so soon? Mrs. McLaurin felt in a new handbag—of gray broadcloth with a gold clasp, to match her uniform—for a powder-rag. Then she shrank cowering back in her place, for leaping briskly up the car steps there appeared, framed in the open doorway just beyond her, an armed man—a short, broad man in a flannel shirt and ragged overalls, with a dirty white handkerchief bound closely over the bridge of his nose and shielding the lower part of his face. A long-barreled pistol was in his right hand and a pair of darting, evilly disposed eyes looked into her startled ones from under the brim of a broken hat.

"Hands up, everybody!" he called out, and swung his gun right and left from his hip, so that its muzzle seemed to point all ways at once. "Hands up, everybody—and keep 'em up!"

Behind this man, back to back with him, was the figure of another man, somewhat taller but as like him in garbing as a blood-brother, holding similar armed dominion over the astounded occupants of the day-coach. This much, and this much only, in a flash of time was seen by Uncle Zach Matthews and Judge Priest's Jeff as, animated by a joint instantaneous impulse, they slid off their seat at the other end of the car and lay embraced on the floor, occupying a space you would not have believed could have contained one darky—let alone two. And it was seen more fully and at greater length by the gray veterans as their arms with one accord rose stiffly above the level of their heads; and also it was seen by the young matron, the sponsor and the maid of honor as they huddled together, clinging to one another desperately for the poor comfort of close contact. Little Rita Covington, white and still, looked up with blazing gray eyes into the face of the short man with the pistol. She had the palms of both her hands pressed tightly against her ears. Rita was brave enough—but she hated the sound of firearms. Where she half knelt, she was almost under the elbow of the intruder.

The whole thing was incredible—it was impossible! Train robberies had passed out of fashion years and years before. Here was this drowsing, quiet country lying just outside the windows, and the populous Junction only a handful of miles away; but, incredible or not, there stood the armed trampish menace in the doorway shoulder to shoulder with an accomplice. And from outside and beyond there came added evidence to the unbelievable truth of it in the shape of hoarse, unintelligible commands rising above a mingling of pointless outcries and screams.

The Sergeant Was Going Through the Motions of Loading and Aiming and Firing His Ancient Rusted Musket

"Is this a joke, sir, or what?" demanded Major Covington, choking with an anger born of his own helplessness and the undignifiedness of his attitude.

"Old gent, if you think it's a joke jest let me ketch you lowerin' them arms of yourn," answered back the yeggman. His words sounded husky, coming muffled through the handkerchief; but there was cold, grim threat in them, and for just a breathless instant the pistol-barrel stopped waving and centered dead upon the major's breast.

"Set right still, major," counseled Judge Priest at his side, not taking his eyes off the muffled face. "He's got the drop on us."

"But to surrender without a blow—and we all old soldiers too!" lamented Major Covington, yet making no move to lower his arms.

"I know—but set still," warned Judge Priest, his puckered glance taking toll sideways of his fellow travelers—all of them with chagrin, amazement and indignation writ large upon their faces, and all with arms up and palms opened outward like a calisthenic class of elderly graybeards frozen stiff and solid in the midst of some lung-expanding exercise. Any other time the picture would have been funny; but now it wasn't. And the hold-up man was issuing his further orders.

"This ain't no joke and it ain't no time for foolin'. I gotter work fast and you all gotter keep still, or somebody'll git crippled up bad!"

With his free hand he pulled off his broken derby, exposing matted red hair with a dirty bald spot in the front. He held the hat in front of him, crown down.

"I'm going to pass through this car," he announced, "and I want everybody to contribute freely. You gents will lower one hand at a time and git your pokes and kettles—watches and wallets—out of your clothes. And remember, no monkey business—no goin' back to your hip pockets—unless you wanter git bored with this!" he warned; and followed up the warning with a nasty word which took an added nastiness coming through his filthy rag mask.

The fellow's glance flashed to the right, taking in the quivering figures of the two girls and the young woman. "Loidies will contribute too," he added.

"Oh!" gasped Mrs. McLaurin miserably; and mechanically her right hand went across to protect the slender diamond bracelet on her left wrist; while tall Miss Lyon, crumpled and trembling, pressed herself still farther against the side of the car, and Rita Covington involuntarily clutched the front of her blouse, her fingers closing over the little chamois-skin bag that hung hidden there, suspended by a ribbon about her throat. Rita was an only daughter and a pampered one; her father was the wealthiest man in town and she owned handsomer jewels than an eighteen-year-old girl commonly possesses. The thief caught the meaning of those gestures and his red-rimmed eyes were greedy.

"You dog, you!" snorted old Doctor Lake; and he, like the major, sputtered in the impotence of his rage. "You're not going to rob these ladies too?"

"I'm a-goin' to rob these loidies too," mimicked the thief. "And you, old man, you'd better cut out the rough talk." Without turning his head, and with his pistol making shifting fast plays to hold the car in subjection, he called back: "Slim, there's richer pickin' here than we expected. If you can leave them rubes come help me clean up."

"Just a second," was the answer from behind him, "till I git this bunch hypnotized good."

"Now then," called the red-haired man, swearing vilely to emphasize his meaning, "as I said before, cough up! Loidies first—you!" And he motioned with his pistol toward Mrs. McLaurin and poked his hat out at her. Her trembling fingers fumbled at the clasp of her bracelet a moment and the slim band fell flashing into the hat.

"You are no gentleman—so there!" quavered the unhappy lady as a small, gemmed watch with a clasp, and a silver purse, followed the bracelet. Bessie Lyon shrank farther and farther away from him, with sobbing intakes of her breath. She was stricken mute and helpless with fear.

"Now then," the red-haired man was addressing Rita, "you next. Them purties you've got hid there inside your shirt—I'll trouble you for them! Quick now!" he snarled, seeing that she hesitated. "Git 'em out!"

"I c-can't," she faltered, and her cheeks reddened through their dead pallor; "my waist—buttons—behind. I can't and I won't!"

The thief shifted his derby hat from his left hand to his right, holding it fast with his little finger hooked under the brim, while the other fingers kept the revolver ready.

"I'll help you," he said; and as the girl tried to dodge away from him he shoved a stubby finger under the collar of her blouse and with a hard jerk ripped the lace away, leaving her white neck half bare. At her cry and the sound of the tearing lace her father forgot the threat of the gunbarrel—forgot everything.

"You vile hound!" he panted. "Keep your filthy hand off of my daughter!" And up he came out of his place.

(Continued on Page 38)

"On Est Mieux Ici Qu'en Face"

By LEONARD MERRICK

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

"What a Misfortune That the Moon Is Shining!"

ON THE Quai de Passy, in Paris, stands an unattractive little café with a witty window. A faded announcement in the language of the land informs the observant that "One is Better Off in Here Than Opposite." And when one glances opposite the alternative is the river.

Let us eavesdrop at this humble café. Let us hearken to the discourse held among three customers. Let —— But first let us accompany two of them on the way there.

At nine o'clock on a summer's evening, in his lodging off the Avenue du Maine, Xavier Mariquot bade farewell to the world. On the table, explaining the motives for his suicide, lay an epistle that he had been revising for some hours. It was directed to a friend, but as Mariquot was a literary aspirant it was intended primarily for the press. Now that it was finished and sealed, the cheerfulness induced by its composition deserted him; he reflected wistfully that he himself would never see his pathetic letter in print and regretted that it could not appear before he died. He wondered whether the public would do justice to his metaphors. Also he wondered whether the news would be headed Suicide of a Novelist or Lovers Drown Together. He hoped for the former.

The artistry of Mariquot had moved him to make such a host of alterations in the letter before the fair copy was finally accomplished that the floor was strewn with the rough drafts. He collected these, and having burned them carefully—all of us would wish our letter written on the brink of suicide to be regarded as spontaneous—took his hat from the accustomed peg.

"For the last time!" said the young man thoughtfully. He cast a backward glance at the room and slammed the door.

A full moon shone over Montparnasse and life did not look repellent to him. He couldn't avoid remembering that this double tragedy had been the suggestion of the lady whom he was walking very slowly to meet, and that when he dramatically agreed to it he had, so to speak, been "rushed." Originally it had been her Southern temperament plus her Southern beauty that enslaved him, but at that time he had not foreseen his father wrenching him from literature and Paris and convulsing two kindred souls. In view of his inexorable parent, perhaps a gramme or two less temperament in the lady might have made for good. To be sure, a career of commerce in Rennes would have been disgusting, but the river would be very deep. And he was touchingly young to die!

Well, all Paris would say as much when they read his letter in the newspapers. The reflection encouraged him. "So young! Poor boy!" Boulevardiers would shake their heads compassionately over their *apéritifs;* lovely women would utter his name in salons: "Xavier Mariquot, evidently a genius, gone to his grave!" Yes, he was going to create a sensation at last. Still, he wouldn't be here to enjoy it.

"There's always something!" sighed Mariquot, glowering at the heavens.

She was waiting for him by the Bullier-Nouveau. She wore a simple frock of black, and though she usually affected hats with a sweeping brim she had donned a toque for this occasion. She was on the stage—when she got engagements—and realized the kind of garments becoming to a heroine on the road to drown. In the glitter of the entrance, to which happier couples were hastening with their pumps wrapped in copies of La Patrie, her oval face was very pale; there was perhaps a tinge of indecision in her somber eyes. She slipped her arm through his without speaking, and he said politely: "I hope I am not late?"

His affinity shook her head and they turned slowly to the Boulevard St. Michel.

"*Enfin* the night has come, Xavier!" she said in contralto tones.

"It has come!" echoed the young man in the bass. "We have danced our last measure in there, you and I." And with a transition to the minor he continued: "Do you recall our first polka, Delphine, the evening that we first met? It was a wet Saturday ——"

"A Thursday," she murmured; "a gala night—the Thursday before the Réveillon."

"I think it was a Saturday," he dissented, "because I remember vividly that I had gone to be shaved late in the afternoon, with the idea of making it do for the morrow as well and saving a copper or two. I remember, also, how dull I had found the ball, and that I had intended to say sarcastically in leaving: 'Le Bullier-Nouveau you call it? You should call it Le Bullier-Mort!' And then my path crossed yours, and epigrams were forgotten and coppers were as naught!"

"How it comes back to me!" she said pensively. "I was talking to Gustave Tricotrin when I noticed you staring at me. You were standing by the punching machine. Is it not strange how a woman's instinct prognosticates? Mysteriously I knew that Fate did not mean us to be strangers long."

"To me it seemed that Fate would forbid me ever to address you. How haughty you looked—how disdainful! Nine times I meandered round the balcony to beg you for a dance, before I found the pluck to say a syllable."

"I began to think you must be a foreigner who knew no French. And then the *bouquetière* came by with her basket—do you remember?—and you stuttered: 'Do you like violets, mademoiselle?' And next it was cherry brandy, and next it was the polka, and next it was our love. Oh, Xavier, if the *bouquetière* had not come by with her basket we might not now be on our way to die!"

"Do you regret?" demanded Mariquot, kindling with hope.

"For myself, no!" she affirmed. "What could existence yield to me if we were parted? But to you? I have wondered in harassed moments whether the years might not bring happiness to you." Her clasp on his arm tightened eagerly. "I would not be selfish, sweet ideal. It is all your bright young future I am aiding you to sacrifice, all the glorious promise of your flowering youth. If time could teach you to forget me in my wretchedness, to find joy without me, I would steel myself even now to bear the martyrdom of life alone."

"The way you put it amounts to asking me whether I have been deceiving myself all along?" objected Mariquot. "Am I a ridiculous boy, to mistake a passing fancy for the great passion of a lifetime? Have my vows been bosh, is my *chef-d'œuvre* pickles—my realistic study of my devotion for you, throb by throb, from that first Saturday or Thursday, whichever it was? No, Delphine, I cannot acquiesce to that! Yet," he went on persuasively, "there is this to be said: You, too, have the promise of flowering youth—to you time might grant compensations which would be denied to me. To me it could afford nothing save a comfortable salary from a permanent source—by degrees a solid income, a cozy *appartement* in a pleasant quarter, a sound Bordeaux with my dinner. What are such things worth? Are you aiding me to sacrifice anything for which you might be severely censured, for which you might reproach yourself bitterly if age had endowed you with more wisdom and self-control? But to you! Who shall say to what effulgent heights your beauty and your histrionic powers might not elevate you? I can see you crowned with laurels if you are but patient to endure a while. I see you reigning at the Français! I see you gliding through the Arc de Triomphe in your car! I see these sights with thrilling clearness. My adoration must not blind me to my duty. If you could be strong to wait for laurels without me I would even now be man enough to submit to the Philistine plenty that my father offers in Rennes."

The hand upon his coat sleeve trembled somewhat; there was a brief pause. Then she returned a shade sullenly: "In plain French, you suggest that I have been making a mountain out of a molehill—you ask me whether my resolve to drown myself was anything more serious than a fit of hysterics! I am no more a sentimental idiot than you are!"

Their progress for some distance was made silently, if one omits to count Mariquot's groan. Each contemplated the climax with increased disaffection, but each felt the loophole indicated by the other to be undignified.

With relief they noted that the quays were not deserted at this early hour, and they wandered aimlessly along the Boulevard du Palais. On the Pont au Change the girl suddenly halted—her face upturned, then bowed.

"Not here!" panted Mariquot—"what are you thinking about? Look at the people!"

"I am only fancying," she told him. "How the Seine calls to me—how it calls, Xavier! Look down, beloved; below the quiver there is peace."

"Peace!" concurred Mariquot, clenching his teeth to stop their chattering.

"One plunge together and then—oblivion!"

"You will suffer first, my own," he muttered. "You will flounder frightfully."

"You also," she darted; "your tortures will be atrocious. Yes, it will be excruciating for both of us. Yet, speaking for myself, better death together than life apart! You feel that, too, Xavier?"

"Do I feel it?" stammered Mariquot. "Do I feel it?" No impressive termination presenting itself to him, he repeated: "Do I feel it? If I bewail anything other than your loss of the triumphant future that you might know it is just this," he added: "Paris may never understand how violently I reciprocated your devotion—people may not grasp the true inwardness of my tragedy. The fact is that, in the few last words that I have scribbled to a comrade, I touched upon the detail that the publishers have rejected all my work. If by a fatal mischance the letter should be profaned by print it may lead shallow thinkers to regard me as a despairing novelist rather than as an anguished lover. I know how proud you are, and it is poignant to me to reflect that, after you have cast away your exquisite young life solely because I am all in all to you, the world may fail to realize that you were all in all to me. I writhe in recognizing that multitudes may say you bestowed a more single-hearted passion than you aroused." Again he regarded her expectantly. "I do not even disguise from myself that you have the right to resent my alluding to my literary ambitions with what may be termed my last breath. No, I do not deny it! Your indignation would be justified—you are entitled, perhaps, to declare that I have slighted you, to pronounce me unworthy of the splendid sacrifice you are about to make for me!"

Delphine frowned darkly—her displeasure was plain; and some seconds passed in which encouragement held him breathless.

"My king," she said at last tartly, "the grandeur of your soul compels me to admit a similar slip on my part. I, too, have scribbled a few last words, and by some wandering impulse I referred to the managers' having overlooked my abilities as an actress. If by any abominable indiscretion the letter gets into the papers it may appear that my suicide was due to my professional afflictions rather than to my idolatry of you! Your self-respect is more precious to me than my own; my blunder wrings my heart when I reflect that, after you are dead and gone, people may conclude that you were incapable of inspiring a love as absorbing as you gave. In my turn I am open to reproaches. In my turn I am defenseless if you proclaim me to be unworthy of your death!"

Mariquot had listened to this rejoinder in profound despondence. Twice he had opened his mouth to interrupt her, and when he spoke his voice had distinctly an angry ring: "Look here! If you figure to yourself that I am going to be the first to back out you are vastly

mistaken!" he exclaimed. "I am every bit as keen on dying as I was when I consented to it."

"If you imagine that I am going to sing small first you had better think again!" retorted the girl scornfully. "It would take more than a drop into the Seine to make me look a fool. If you don't want to climb down why do you keep talking about it so much? I'm ready."

"Well, suppose we get a move on us then?" he said with a scowl.

They lagged from the bridge glumly, arm in arm no longer and their eyes averted from each other. Viewing the lights of the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt, Mariquot was reminded of a performance that he had witnessed there, with an order, in blither days, and he reflected that suicides, in relation to oneself, were less gorgeously gratifying than in the masterpieces of the dramatists. Delphine's gaze dwelt upon the lamps of the Châtelet, and memory reanimated an engagement—agreeable if undistinguished—that she had once fulfilled on its stage as a fairy. Now she could not aspire to become even a fairy again!

The Quai de la Mégisserie was also populous.

"*Peste!* People again!" cried Mariquot. "We should certainly be rescued! What a misfortune that the moon is shining!"

"I fear," she responded feverishly, "we shall be obliged to wait a long time. See, couples everywhere! It would have been less wearisome if you had made an appointment later."

"I had no private intimation that all the idiots of this quarter were to select the quays to spoon on this evening," he growled. "We should find it lonelier much farther on. Would it fatigue you to walk?"

"Probably," she said. "But we shall have a long rest!"

Their promenade offered few distractions. By the time they had trudged as far as the Quai de Passy the lovers paused simultaneously. The coincidence occurred in the glimmer of a café window, and Mariquot remarked with a dry mouth: "Do you know, I am inclined to think that we might enter this place. Providentially I have a franc on me. We can make our *consommations* last till all is quiet enough for us to do the deed."

"You may be right," Delphine acknowledged. "Our last glass together, so be it!"

The little café boasted no more than one other customer, a youth who sat writing ardently, his intellectual brow supported by a restless hand. The blond beauty of his locks commended itself to the brunette's attention almost before she had drunk half her beer at a draught, and when in moments he raised his head to seek inspiration of the ceiling the melancholy countenance that he displayed was so engaging that she would have welcomed a continuous view.

Meanwhile Mariquot had been prompted to contemplate the last franc that he was ever to finger, and as he did so disquietude assailed him. The franc was bad!

"Have you by chance any cash in your purse, Delphine?"

"I have not even a purse," Delphine replied. "I left it carefully in my lodging, directed to my family! Why should I drown with purses in my pocket?"

"Permit Me, I Pray You, Monsieur, to Come to the Rescue"

"I made the same reflection myself. Well, the only coin that I did bring is a bad one—and we have drunk the best part of our bocks. I foresee trouble."

Unwittingly he had drawn the waiter's eye to them, and when their impecuniosity was manifest the trouble became acute. At this juncture the youth, who was observing the discussion, rose and approached them. Extending a five-franc piece, he said: "Permit me, I pray you, monsieur, to come to the rescue."

"Oh, monsieur!" ejaculated Mariquot, embarrassed. "It is princely—it is unparalleled! But at the same time ——"

"You need feel no hesitation!" insisted the stranger. "To me the coin is valueless, for I am at the point of leaving France."

"There are always money-changers," mentioned Mariquot.

"In the land for which I am bound," returned the other with a dreamy smile, "there is neither money-changer nor money."

"Oh, *mon Dieu!*" gasped Mariquot, jumping. "What, you too?"

In the breathless instant succeeding this double revelation, which held three customers spellbound, the waiter picked up the five-franc piece.

"'Too,' you said!" murmured the youth, finding his voice at last. "So you and I are fellow travelers, monsieur? And—and madame?"

"Madame is leaving with me."

"You are blessed." His protracted glance at Delphine proclaimed it no empty compliment. "I go loveless and alone." With a deep sigh he continued: "My few last words have just been scribbled, and I have nothing to do until I drown myself at twelve o'clock. May I beg you to join me in a bottle with the change? Waiter, the wine list!"

The pathos of his situation stirred Delphine deeply and she broke in now: "But, monsieur, cannot we induce you to revoke your rash resolve? Do not think me presumptuous, but might not our counsel serve you in this crisis? So young!" she whispered to Mariquot.

"He is no younger than I am," said Mariquot shortly.

"Alas! I have already pondered the matter in all its bearings, madame," replied the youth with folded arms. "My resolution is inexorable—and at midnight there will be in Paris one novelist less."

"'Novelist,' did you say?" gibbered Mariquot.

"Yes, monsieur, I am called Théodoric de Jacquemin. Tonight the name is not significant, but it is soon to figure largely in the papers!"

(Concluded on Page 44)

What's Panama to the Middle West?

By A. C. LAUT

DECORATION BY W. H. FOSTER

"WHAT'S Panama to us?" a senator from the Middle West demanded when the matter of canal tolls was being vigorously discussed this spring in Washington. "I'd see Panama filled with mud to the brim before I'd vote for the country's spending another cent on it."

Such sentiments could be set down as belonging to the realm of comic opera if it were not that you find them being diligently and steadily circulated all through the Middle West. I met the secretary of a business men's league in one of the largest cities in the Middle West, who poked his hands down into his trousers pockets, gazed loftily at the ceiling and actually opined that he didn't know his organization wanted to see free tolls for Panama—"Why should the Middle West be taxed to pay for advantages to the seaboard?" In fact, he wasn't sure—this the very loftiest of all—that all this reduction of freights to the seaboard wasn't going to prove a bad thing for the Middle West by attracting jobbing and manufacturing back to oceanfront away from the Middle West!

I looked at him twice to see if he was talking in his sleep. He wasn't. He was only very young; and he had evidently been a diligent reader of the publicity stuff being fed out from New York to the effect that the Middle West will go to eternal ruin if interior freight takes to water instead of rail.

The thing would be a joke if the fear had not become so pervasive that it has been used to bolster up a sort of unspoken antagonism to Panama. "Opposition to free tolls has developed in the Middle West based on the erroneous assumption that any reduction in freight rates between coasts will give coast cities an advantage over Middle West cities," says the minority report of the interstate committee on Panama.

Is there any ground for the fear? Will coast cities gain an advantage in rates over the Middle West? Has the Middle West no dollars-and-cents interest in Panama apart from a somewhat doubtful and very jealous patriotism?

If coast cities that are from three thousand to four thousand miles from Panama—Prince Rupert, Seattle, San Francisco, Boston—can afford to spend hundreds of millions of dollars in anticipation of the advantages to accrue from Panama, what is the matter with the cities of the Middle West that are only from twenty-six hundred to thirty-five hundred miles from Panama?

Only forty per cent of the total traffic on the continent comes from the seaboard—twenty per cent from each side. The other sixty per cent—or, to be meticulously accurate, fifty-seven per cent—comes from the Middle West. Why are the two coastal fronts staking millions on Panama while the Middle West sits inert if not hostile?

"What's Panama to us?" Is it worth anything? Does this question represent the sentiments of the people or is it largely based on ignorance? In the first place, having cost four hundred million dollars, Panama represents a charge of over four dollars a head of the population, or twenty dollars a family, for every man, woman and child in the Middle West. Are they going to get anything back for it? About the time you ask that question the Middle Westerner gets either hot or inert, according to temperament. In other words, is it going to pay the Middle Westerner better to enforce a toll bringing in a yearly revenue of fifteen million dollars—which means a yearly revenue of sixteen cents a head—or to give Panama unhampered right-of-way and get a reduction of fifty per cent in freight on what the Middle West eats and wears and sells and buys and ships?

You know the man from Missouri—"Show me!" Can the Middle West possibly get that reduction directly or indirectly from Panama? In a word, is there anything in Panama for the Middle West besides a blow-off of patriotism?

I'll answer that by quoting a St. Louis man whose crank hobby is cheaper rates by water. I'll not give his name for reasons you can guess if you follow what one or two of the railway managers have been foolish enough to say about Panama's going to cut out cities that have water competition, and that sort of foolishness, as though this country were not fifty years past the blind-man's-buff stage of development.

"Before the Atlantic ports counted on diverting Middle West traffic to salt water they should have corked up the Mississippi and the Missouri and the Ohio and the Great Lakes, and a few trifling fishpools of that sort. Do you suppose, while the coast cities have been howling their heads off, that we fellows inland have been sitting here doing nothing? Look at the map! Here are New Orleans, Memphis, Cairo, St. Louis, Kansas City, Omaha, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Duluth, Milwaukee, Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland, Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Louisville—every one of them cities on a waterfront, a navigable waterfront; cities with populations of two millions, and seven hundred thousand, and five hundred thousand, and so on.

"If your coast cities had gone ahead as some of these inland cities have in the past twenty years they would be howling to split the welkin. You don't suppose they 'just growed,' like Topsy, do you? What made these cities? Traffic, I know; but what centered traffic at these points? The water competition that insured reasonably fair rates. Oh, yes; I know you'll say that you spent a week in New Orleans trying to get a boat to come up the river, and that you waited in vain—that our river is dead. Don't fool

yourself! It is only asleep; but because it is there—though asleep—we get the rates that have built up St. Louis; and one of these days this river of ours is going to wake up. The same of Chicago! The same of Cleveland! The same of Milwaukee and Buffalo! You get down to the cause that has built up each city—waterfront, insuring equitable rates—a boom in traffic! Do you know we can ship by water at a cost of one mill, or a tenth of a cent, a ton a mile? And on one of the Southwestern roads, where there is no possibility of competition by water, the rate is 1.02 cents a ton a mile—just about ten times as high. Do you find big cities growing up along that line? There is not a city on the line of more than seventy thousand, except at its terminals on the waterfront!

"Do you know that we have the cheapest system of transportation in the world on the Great Lakes? Let me give you some figures to show you the result of that cheap transportation: More traffic passes through the Soo than through Suez. Last year forty-one million tons of shipping, chiefly products of the soil, mine, forest and farm, passed through the Soo. Over and above that, the Great Lakes carried fifteen million tons of traffic that did not pass through the Soo—one and a half times as much traffic as is expected for Panama. You pay a dollar a ton to carry coal not much over one hundred miles by rail. We can ship a ton of coal one thousand miles on the lakes for ninety cents. Western inland points pay from eleven to sixteen cents a hundredweight to ship their wheat a few hundred miles to lake ports. We can ship wheat one thousand miles on the lakes for one and a half cents a bushel. Iron ore used to cost two dollars and a quarter a ton for rail freight to Eastern factories. Now we can ship it by water for from sixty to eighty cents."

How the Middle West Plans to Give and Take

"OF COURSE we have spent—spent enormously—improving harbors and channels to bring this about. Over three hundred million dollars have been spent by the whole nation in improving navigation on the Great Lakes. Before the improvement, say in 1861, it cost eleven cents a bushel to ship wheat from Chicago to Buffalo. So late as 1886 the rate was twelve cents. Then by 1902 it had dropped to one and a half cents. In 1906 it was as low as three-quarters of a cent a bushel. That is why three hundred and fifty million bushels of grain passed over the Great Lakes in 1896 and 1898 and thereabouts. And please point out the fact and emphasize it—all this has not hurt the railroads one bit! Cities have sprung up where before were only villages. Cheap rates brought traffic and multiplied business. The Lake Shore is one of the most prosperous roads in the country; and, compared to the 1.02 rate a ton a mile of that Western road where there is no water competition, its average rate is only three and a half mills—only a third of the non-water-competition road. Cheap rates, by building up adjoining communities, made the Lake Shore.

"The East spent the money to improve navigation on the Great Lakes. Now the Middle West must bear its share of Panama. Why, I remember the days when Toledo Channel had to be straightened; when it used to take an hour to work in and out of Detroit harbor, and Milwaukee was only a mudpuddle three and a half feet deep. Today Milwaukee has a harborfront of twenty-five miles. In a year it ships forty to fifty million bushels of grain. Steamers ply up and down past Milwaukee with three hundred thousand bushels of grain that have been loaded in less than a day, or five thousand tons of ore that are unloaded in a few hours. One lake steamer will carry four hundred thousand bushels of grain, or an amount equivalent to twenty-one million loaves of bread. One steamer will take a cargo of eight trains in ore or grain.

"What has all this to do with Panama? Look at the map! We have spent three hundred million dollars in improving navigation on the Great Lakes. The state of New York has spent one hundred million dollars on a canal to connect the lakes with the Atlantic seaboard. On the Mississippi, Missouri and Ohio have been spent one hundred and fifty million dollars more, not counting the fifty millions spent on Chicago's big ditch. Doesn't that make pretty nearly an island of the eastern belt of the Middle West and doesn't it give the western belt a waterfront from St. Paul to New Orleans?

"In the Middle West is one-half of the population of the United States. What is Panama to us? China and Japan need two million bales of our cotton a year. Do you think it will continue to cross half the continent and then go round half the world? Panama is going to bring that cotton straight south to the canal—down our rivers to the Gulf. From Chicago down the Mississippi to the seafront is 912 miles, and from the Middle West to New York is 912 miles. Which way do you think that cotton will go? From Duluth to New York is 1390 miles; from Duluth to New Orleans is 1337 miles. Now seven-tenths of all the iron ore mined in the United States comes from the upper lake region. South America is now, and is going to be more and more, one of the biggest buyers of iron and steel manufactures in the world. Before the panic of 1907 St. Louis did not stretch out very much for foreign markets; but since that crisis drove us to relieve a congested surplus many firms here not only send circulars to South America, but keep resident agents on the spot in Panama, Brazil, Argentina, Mexico and Central America. We are already selling tremendous quantities of hardware, drygoods, shoes, wire rope, tramways, mining machinery, water-power plants, farm implements, street cars and American furniture in South America.

"St. Louis and Pittsburgh are building the watergates of the Gatun dam in Panama. Over forty-eight carloads of inland material are now on the ocean, headed south, to finish that one contract. If the gates are finished by June the canal can open by August; so the Middle West thinks it has had a good deal to do with that part of Panama. This last February St. Louis sent a party of one hundred people on chartered train and ship to Panama to report on trade conditions to the twenty-seven hundred manufacturers we have here who are entering on an aggressive campaign for Latin-American trade. We are now considering the establishment of a foreign-trade bureau here to maintain agents at St. Louis' expense in Central and South America, and to keep a staff of trade translators—French, Spanish, German and Portuguese. You know, of course, that we issue a Spanish bulletin similar to New Orleans'. Like New Orleans, we expect to have our river line going sometime in June.

"Now, then, what does Panama do for us? It moves South America fifty days nearer. Which way do you think this trade will be shipped out? Omaha is 1455 miles from New York, 1070 from New Orleans. St. Louis is 1060 miles from New York, 695 from New Orleans. Which way do you think our trade will go? Kansas City is 1335 miles from New York, 878 from New Orleans. Do you think it likely that Brazilian coffee for Kansas City is going to come in by the Atlantic or by the Gulf ports? Do you think Kansas City is going to pay extortionate rates for her citrus fruits, or river rates that will be just half? Chicago is sending millions of dollars' worth of agricultural implements to Australia and South America through Atlantic ports. Which way do you think they will go when Panama opens, cutting the distance in half and doubling the certainty of delivery in good condition and with promptness?

"At present the delays by way of Suez and the downright loss are things to make angels weep. I know of a cargo of hospital chairs and tables that lay over in Belgium until they were sold for storage—and there was no redress for the Cleveland shipper. Illinois has shipped as much as thirty million tons of coal in a little over a year, Indiana and Iowa as much as ten million tons—I am giving you the figures roughly and from memory. When South America buys her coal from us rather than from the Welsh collieries she will save the expense of carrying it four thousand miles. We can send coal down in tow and on barges, which will bring back to us nitrates, sugar, coffee, rare hard woods and rubber. Fleets of coal-barges have passed Louisville carrying forty thousand tons—that would fill a couple of thousand cars—bound for Central America. Panama will give the coal of our Middle West access to South America as well. Instead of a railroad rate of three to four dollars on coal, these river ports can get a water rate of fifty-seven cents to one dollar to the seaboard.

"'What's Panama to us?' The man who asked that ought to be sent back where he came from—some backwoods school. You might as well ask 'What is flour to Minnesota,' or 'steel to Pittsburgh,' or 'iron ore to Lake Superior,' or 'coal to Ohio,' or 'leather to St. Louis,' or 'beer to a German?'"

The Cheapness of Water Routes

"BUT doesn't all this presuppose boats to convey the traffic of the Middle West down the Mississippi River to the seaboard?"

"Both yes and no; the fact that Middle West cities are on rivers that might give a better rate than rail has kept railroad rates down to an equitable basis which has really built up these cities. Otherwise there would be no reason why St. Louis should be bigger than any inland town. Let me give some examples prepared by our traffic expert:

St. Louis to New Orleans by rail, first-class	$ 6 90
St. Louis to New Orleans by water, first-class	60
St. Louis to Galveston by rail, first-class	1 47
New York to Galveston by water	65
St. Louis to Galveston by water	50
St. Louis to Dallas by rail	1 47
New York to Dallas by water and rail	1 47
St. Louis to Savannah by rail	1 [illegible]
St. Louis to Savannah by water	90
St. Louis to Atlanta by rail	1 21
St. Louis to Atlanta by water and rail	1 [illegible]
St. Louis to Amarillo by rail	1 47
St. Louis to Amarillo by water and rail	1 47
St. Louis to Pacific Coast.	
Cotton Goods by rail	1 60
Cotton Goods by water	70
Saving per ton	18 00
Boots and Shoes by rail	2 [illegible]
Boots and Shoes by water	1 [illegible]
Saving per ton	22 00

"On the other hand, while our riverfront keeps rates down, water rates would save still more to shippers and buyers."

So the business men of St. Louis have organized their steel-barge line to New Orleans—a company with a capital of four hundred thousand dollars, raised entirely by popular subscription, to put on three steel barges of seventy-five carload capacity each—a line which St. Louis expects to see running, ready for Panama traffic, before the canal opens. Curiously enough, when you look over the list of subscribers you find, besides ten-thousand-dollar checks promised by the big corporations, subscriptions of three thousand and five hundred and two hundred dollars by women! Women are always told they know nothing about the fearful and awful intricacies of freight classes. They are never told that they don't know anything about freight when asked to pay sixty dollars a ton on dress goods or

(Continued on Page 40)

THE JINGO

By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

XXVI

But it was Bolted

THE Princess Bezzanna passed through the busy general offices on her way to visit Jimmy, wondering dully why she should feel so conscious of her spiritless appearance before a big roomful of employees, too rushed to notice her anyhow. About her rose the hum of a score of typewriters, and added to these was the intensity of nervous energy emanating from half a hundred Jimmy-imitating clerks; and the atmosphere was so distressing to her already tired nerves that she almost wanted to run for the haven of Jimmy's door. When she reached it she was so anxious to shut out all this tensity that she went straight in without stopping to discover whether he had a conference or not; but, to her dismay, Jimmy was not there.

She hesitated a moment and then tried the knob of a big door which led directly from the private office into a department of the experimental shop—but it was bolted; and she sat in his big revolving chair, thankful for its roomy comfort. Somehow it reminded her of Jimmy himself.

A copy of that afternoon's paper lay on the desk, slightly crumpled, and the first thing that met her eye as she picked it up was the announcement of her engagement to the prince, a largely displayed article, with portraits of herself and Onalyon. She had not yet seen the paper and she read the article carefully through; then she turned wearily from it to read, with increasing bitterness, the diplomatically framed lie of Birrquay's death. He had been shot by an accidental discharge of firearms. Somehow, she felt responsible for this falsehood too; and she was filled with the resentment of undeserved shame.

Her brow contracted as she realized that Jimmy had been reading this engagement notice. She did not like to think of that. Her going away would be a tremendous blow to Jimmy, and a reminder of this sort would hurt him. He would miss her dreadfully, she knew—as she would him. It wasn't a thoroughly perfect world, after all—and she had always thought it so gay and happy!

The door of the experimental shop opened at last and Jimmy came abstractedly in, locking the door behind him.

"You're so mysterious about it that I shall have to see what you're hiding in there," she called to him, resolved to be her old gay self again. She was to be with him such a little time. As he turned, however, the bright smile, with which she had meant to greet him, faded instantly, for he was so haggard that he startled her.

"Can't let you in there, Betsy," he returned with jauntiness equal to her own. "It's a state secret and a surprise for you—and a shock for the natives. There's nothing like shocking the natives now and then—it keeps them looking for another one."

"That sounds like an American idea," she laughed, studying his countenance with panic-stricken anxiety. Was he ill? Or was he just so very sorry that she was going away by-and-by? She preferred to think the latter. It gave her nearer a thrill of happiness than she had believed possible for her ever to know again.

The telephone bell rang and she made a move to vacate his chair, but he motioned her to sit still; and leaning on the desk with one elbow he answered. He was near enough for her to touch him, almost without reaching out; but she did not. He was so busy that she did not care to disturb him. His coat was spread upon the arm of the chair and she put her hand upon that and pa' ed it gently, listening with pride meanwhile to the brisk and masterful way in which he disposed of the questions of business policy so important that only he could answer them. His face, however—that was what fascinated her. She tried to keep her eyes from it and the concern out of them; but when he turned he caught her searching gaze and smiled reassuringly.

"I have a slight headache today," he told her.

"You need rest," she chided him. She felt stirring within her the mother instinct to make him go and lie down and let her cover him up for a nap. He looked very worn; and it hurt her.

"I have been working rather hard," he confessed, taking a basket of letters from an entering boy; "but the only way to keep from worrying about overwork is to work a little harder. Do you mind if I call in my stenographer and get off two or three rather important letters?" And he reached for a button on his desk.

"If I may stay," she smiled. "I didn't come on any particular errand. I just wanted to be with you a while."

"You can't come often enough or stay long enough," he assured her as he pressed the button.

"I feel timid about bothering you, since your business interests have grown so enormous," she chatted, absorbed in a new distress. Was it possible that she saw some gray hairs over his temples or was it just a reflection of the light? She wanted to reach up to see, but she decided not to do so.

"A man who can't conduct a business and entertain a lady at the same time wouldn't get past a clerkship in America," he stated. "If the lady interferes with his business he gives up the business."

Confound it, why did Bezzanna keep staring at him so? She was not looking so chipper herself that she need pay so much attention to his fagged-out appearance, and he was afraid she might discover something which he wished to keep hidden from her forever. It would do no good to her or to him under the circumstances, and her eyes were so very penetrating! He was afraid of her.

A lanky boy came in with a notebook in his hand and hesitated when he saw the princess; but, seeing that he was expected to take dictation, he drew up his chair to the side leaf of the desk, and Jimmy, poking his hands into his pockets, frowned intensely at the boy; for he was out of patience with certain of his correspondents.

The savage manner in which he lit into those luckless persons and flayed them alive with sarcasm and irony was a joy to Bezzanna; but she was surprised, when he was through, to hear him order the letters typed and held until morning.

"I thought you were in a hurry to get those out tonight," she puzzled.

"Out of my system," he amended. "I always dictate my especially sassy letters just before closing time. In the morning I tone them down before I send them."

"That's like the old Jimmy," she laughed.

He winced and walked away to look out of the window. He seemed so forlorn, so alone and hopeless as he stood there that she could not bear it any longer. She was compelled to comfort him; and walking across to him she laid her hand on his shoulder.

"Jimmy!" she said softly.

He turned to her with eyes full of agony; and reaching up to his shoulder he took down her hand and held it, stroking it gently.

"Don't be so unhappy," she pleaded. "I need you to be jolly and smiling, and your bright old, cheerful self."

"I can't," he said. "I try to, but I can't, Bezzanna. I'm doing my best to be your reliable Jimmy; but I'm sure you're going to a life of endless distress—and it is too much to ask me, knowing that, to be happy."

"No one has any right to suppose that I'm going to a life of endless distress," she reproved him, practicing on a pose she would have to assume before the rest of the world, but failing miserably in her first attempt. "Oh, Jimmy, tell me I haven't made a mistake! Tell me that I have done the right thing! You said yourself that you didn't want a war; and you ought, for my sake if for no other reason, to approve of what I have done. You want me to marry the prince, don't you?"

"I'd be Furiously Angry With You if I Didn't Love You So Much"

"No!" he thundered, overcome at last by the storm of protest which had raged so furiously within him; and in the eyes which he bent down upon her there glowed the fire which he had so long repressed.

She had been about to ask him a faltering reason—but, looking into his eyes, she could not; and suddenly there flamed into her own, born of the knowledge she had deliberately hidden from herself for a year, an answer to that fierce, unspoken appeal.

For a long space they stood so, breathless in the revelation which had come to them; then, with a sigh which would have been a groan had he not held it in check with his splendid will, he bent his head down to her hand and kissed it tenderly and lowered it gently to her side.

She was shaken to the very depths of her soul, and she stood for a moment in absolute bewilderment, overwhelmed by the flood of emotion which had burst in upon her; then suddenly she turned and fled. And Jimmy did not call after her or follow her.

She hurried out through the offices and across the yard into the gardens; and as soon as she was safely hidden from view she ran. She did not know where she was going, or care. She wanted to be alone—all, all alone to fight out this great, wonderful battle!

Some drops of rain fell about her, but she did not pay any attention to them or notice that the sky had become heavily overcast since she had gone into the office. Nothing mattered to her now but the great, overmastering fact that she loved Jimmy—loved him with all the strength of her fervid soul; loved him better than all the world put together; loved him so that she would rather die with him than live without him! She had always loved him—she knew that now—even before he came to her out of the storm; and the great, the glorious, the overwhelming thing about it was that Jimmy loved her in the same deathless fashion—loved her with all his gentleness and all his strength.

It was a glorious world! A world full of dazzling delight; a world of singing and laughter, and dancing and music; of flowers and of birds, and of sunshine, and of shaded groves, with long avenues of bended trees where lovers might walk.

XXVII

DINNER was late that night at the palace, for this had been a day of much excitement; and, even when it was announced, the king and Aunt Gee-gee and Teddy were the only ones to respond to the summons. The king looked about the table disconsolately. It seemed so very empty.

"The Princess Bezzanna is probably asleep," he suggested, turning to watch the rain pelting against the windows; "and if she is I would not have her disturbed; but Jimmy mustn't cheat the rest of us in sleep."

"I beg your pardon, but Mr. Jimmy is in his office," advised old Amyah from his confidential station behind the king's chair. "He telephoned some time ago, begging to be excused, as he was extremely busy."

"Very well," replied the king resignedly. "You might ask Bezzanna's maids if she is awake."

"I do not think the Princess Bezzanna is in her apartments," ventured Amyah with a look of distress. "I went up myself to announce dinner and the maids told me she had not been in since before the storm."

"She may have slipped into one of the many vacant rooms to be alone, as she sometimes has a fancy to do, and may have dropped asleep," suggested Aunt Gee-gee.

"I know where she is, I'll bet," declared Teddy. "She's with Jimmy. She probably intended to come across to the palace when he telephoned, but the storm has increased so frightfully that he very likely made her stay. Did you send any lunch over to Jimmy?"

"Yes, sir," replied Amyah.

"Were there any pickles with it?"

"Yes, sir; pickles and American pie."

Listening With Pride to the Brisk and Masterful Way in Which He Disposed of the Questions

"Then she stayed!" exulted Teddy. "I'll prove it."

He went to the 'phone himself. A very tired voice answered him.

"If Bezzanna's with you tell her we're having some ice-cream," said Teddy.

"Bezzanna has not been here since five o'clock," answered Jimmy more animatedly. "Where do you suppose she is?"

"She's probably asleep somewhere," replied Teddy.

She was not, however. A thorough search of all the chambers failed to reveal her; and amid the growing anxiety which ensued Teddy had another brilliant idea.

"She's over to Toopy's," he confidently asserted and started to find out.

"Don't 'phone," warned Aunt Gee-gee. "She would have sent us word if she had intended to remain there."

Teddy looked at the telephone hesitantly.

"I must find out where she is," he insisted, and started again toward the 'phone.

"Let me do it then," offered his aunt. "I am equally anxious; but I scarcely think it wise to alarm the neighbors with a hint of her disappearance on a day when her engagement has just been announced." Then she called up Toopy.

"I want you to come over tomorrow and find a minute to talk with me alone," she said. "I want to get up a little surprise for Bezzanna."

"I'll come over tonight," offered Toopy at once, fairly gasping with eagerness and curiosity.

"You mustn't come in this storm, child," laughed Aunt Gee-gee very naturally indeed. "I wouldn't have an opportunity to tell you tonight anyhow."

"What's it to be like?" inquired Toopy, her voice high-pitched with anticipatory excitement.

"I mustn't tell you over the 'phone."

"Oh, I see," returned Toopy, almost whispering in aid of secrecy. "Bezzanna's likely to pop in on you! Will nine o'clock in the morning be too early?"

"I'm afraid I don't get my thinking cap on before ten," replied Aunt Gee-gee in despair, already scrambling for a clever idea in the surprise line.

When she came back from the 'phone both the king and Teddy were on their feet.

"Not there?" guessed the king, reading her face. "Then unless she is in the cellars, the gables or the tower, she is outside somewhere. She may have been hurt!" And the frantic search began.

Teddy had just come bounding down from the tower when the telephone bell rang.

"Is Betsy there?" snapped the anxious voice of Jimmy.

"No!" blurted Teddy, on the verge of tears. "She's lost!"

A sharp click in his ear was the only answer he had to that and he knew that Jimmy was on his way out into the rain.

His conjecture was flawless, for Jimmy had not even paused to snatch his raincoat and cap on the way to the door, outside of which he found himself in the midst of one of the wild equinoctial storms that frequently raged at that season. Before he had crossed the workshop yard a score of lights were bobbing about the palace grounds, for the king was now thoroughly alarmed and had started everybody available upon the search. The Palace Park itself was of enormous extent, thickly wooded in portions and covered here and there with underbrush. At the rear the park ran back into the mountains, where occasionally, even yet, were caught some of the small panthers which had originally infested Isola. There were many summer houses in the grounds in which Bezzanna might find refuge, and among the rocks were numberless little nooks and overhung shelters; and it was to these that the king first directed the search.

Their shouting and the intensity of their voices struck dismally on the ear of Jimmy, for he fancied that he knew better than any of them the reason of her disappearance; and his conscience tore fiercely at him as he struck off across the gardens, avoiding the lights of the searchers as much as possible, since there was no use in re-searching already traversed ground.

He had not kept faith with himself. He had been miserably weak when he meant to be strong. He had let out the secret he had meant to guard so carefully and had surprised Bezzanna into a knowledge of her own heart, which had far better have been left undiscovered, since nothing but misery to both of them could come from the revealment. He was a traitor—and, worse than that, a cad! There was no depth of self-revilement he did not touch as he breasted that raging storm. He was glad that the rain beat fiercely in his face, that the wind whipped angrily at his garments, that the lightnings crackled and flared at him, and that the thunders rolled in mighty peals from one end of the vault of heaven to the other, as if they were bent upon the destruction of the very firmament itself; for these things fitted with his own Titanically tormented mood.

The pent-up love which had been so long repressed in him had burst its dam and surged its mad course through his virile body and his virile mind and his virile soul, in full sweep and sympathy with this lawless riot of the elements. For hours he had writhed in an agony of spirit, possessed by a great want, which had cried out to him to overturn, to destroy—to slay, if need be—to have his will; and to take as his right that great gift which Nature had so evidently designed for him. He had paced the floor of his office with the mad feeling that its walls alone bound him in from the possession of all that his whole being craved, craved with a force which must destroy him if it were denied. He had sat at his desk, with his head bowed upon it and his arms outstretched, and his fists clenched until the nails had sunk into his palms, trying to stem the resistless flood of love that had surged upon him.

He had not succeeded, however. He had only intensified the great longing which had well-nigh driven him mad; and it had brought upon him a delirium of emotions in which he alternately cursed and exulted. Yes, he had been a traitor to her, to himself and to his present world; but, on the other hand, he loved and was loved—and that was the defiant answer to anything—to everything!

So it was that his spirit mocked at the storm, exulted in it, welcomed it, and recognized in it a brother to his own great rage. If the Princess Bezzanna were out in it, well and good. She was no weakling, to be either injured or frightened by an upheaval of Nature such as this, so filled with the untamed wildness to which so much within both Bezzanna and himself answered with leaping blood. He hoped and believed that she had taken refuge from her own cataclysm in the abysm of this tempestuous night, and that he would find her in it.

Buffeting the storm fiercely, he had passed through the gardens, not knowing whither he was bound or paying any attention to his direction; and now he found himself among winding, rocky declivities, rushing waters leaping about his feet, madly thrashing branches battling overhead, and fitful gusts of rain-pelting wind dashing at him from every direction and swirling about him in miniature cyclones as they were diverted from their course and turned and twisted and baffled by the many facets of the surrounding rocks.

It looked an unpromising way, but he had no thought of turning back; and so he strode on, his feet slipping now and then along the insecure footing, until a low, sullen roaring apprised him, at last, of where he was—in the ravine leading down through the cliffs to the sea. He had been blind not to have known this path before; but, now that he recognized it, he urged his already hastening footsteps until he emerged upon that wonderful panorama of the storm-tormented reefs, miles upon miles of rolling and foaming froth, leaping here and there in tortured, white-capped columns under the fitful glare of the lightning, as if in a mad effort to escape from the agony of being battered and beaten and slashed amid the tangle of sharp and cruel rocks through which he had come alive!

He smiled exultantly as he looked upon this furious commotion; and, running along the dangerous cliffside ledge with no more care than if it had been a level path, he leaped to the rock-strewn beach and hurried along it toward the forbidding Point, which breasted its sharp edge to the violent sea.

He even laughed as he ran toward it, for he knew now that, as unconscious of her destination as he, she would, in the overwhelming bewilderment of the knowledge which had flooded upon her, hasten by blind instinct to be alone with this great mystery and herself in the place where she had found him on a night like this just a year ago.

As he turned the knifelike edge of that impregnable rock, which rose straight up from the sea, clasping its inequalities with all the strength of his hardened muscles, a great flare of lightning overspread the sky, and in its vivid blue glow he saw, above the shelving beach and in the black mouth of the low cave, a flash of white.

"Betsy!" he called; and the vibrant timbre of his voice would have carried through the commotion of a dozen tearing storms and raging seas such as this.

"Jimmy!" called an exultant voice in answer; and then, as he scrambled quickly to the beach and gained the edge of the ledge below the cave: "Oh, Jimmy—you've been so long coming!"

XXVIII

WHAT time they spent in that first long embrace, lips to lips and breast to breast, they could not know; but when the first transports of their ecstasy were passed and the peaceful calm of a child that has been forgiven and soothed had come upon them, they looked toward each other in the darkness with grave eyes as the dawning of realization came to them.

"Now what are we to do?" asked Bezzanna, surprised that she should be so little worried about the disasters which hovered over them; and she pressed all her fingertips successively on his cheek.

He caught that hand and kissed each of those soft fingertips; then drew them in a little bunch and kissed them all together.

She immediately held up the other hand.

"Well, to begin with," he said, between pauses of performing that new duty, "of course you can't marry the prince."

"Certainly not!" she happily agreed, pulling down his ear to blow in it. "I'm so glad that's settled. And we are not to have any war. You'll fix that some way."

Jimmy drew a mighty breath.

"To be sure!" he promised. "When there's any little trifle like that you want done just mention it."

She laughed lightly and nestled against him, burrowing energetically with her shoulder until it just fitted under his armpit. She was silent for a little while just enjoying her joy and looking out at the tumbling white breakers

(Continued on Page 53)

He Saw, in the Black Mouth of the Low Cave, a Flash of White

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers in Canada—By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Single copies, five cents. Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions $3.25. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 15, 1912

Reform in Platforms

BEFORE us lie two moldy heaps of literary junk. One is labeled Democratic Platform; the other is labeled Republican Platform. Both are dated 1908 and make ghastly reading. How little relation they have to anything that has happened in the last four years may be inferred from the circumstance that the Republican platform promises tariff revision; "encouragement to American shipping"; legislation to prevent overissues of stocks and bonds by railroads; enforcement "without reservation in letter and spirit" of the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth amendments to the Constitution; amendment of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law; and currency reform—but it is silent on Canadian reciprocity and direct election of senators. Republicans modestly describe themselves as "this great historic organization that destroyed slavery, preserved the Union, restored credit and gave to the nation her seat of honor in the councils of the world." Democrats reaffirm their "belief in and loyalty to the principles of the party"—when everybody knows the party has no principles, but only the single principle of tariff for revenue. As a matter of course, the Administration of the time is unreservedly lauded in one document and unreservedly damned in the other.

Both parties talk much of reforming various things. We wish both would reform themselves by leaving the rot out of their platforms. Let both take it for granted that each has a past more glorious than the other's, and then get down to brass tacks with a few clear-cut, unequivocal promises of what they will do if placed in power.

Wrong Income Tax

AT A SPECIAL session of the Wisconsin legislature resolutions were introduced in both houses asking the governor to call another special session for the purpose of repealing the brand-new income tax. It is impossible to say how much public opinion supports these resolutions; but the income tax, so far, has been a failure in every state that has adopted it. The main reason lies on the surface. The only way an income tax can be satisfactorily enforced in this country is by taxing the income at its source, on the English plan; and no state has power to do that. A citizen of Wisconsin, for example, may derive a large income from Steel stock or New York Central bonds. If he pays a state tax on that income it will be because he chooses to. The state cannot compel a corporation of New Jersey or New York to disclose the dividends and interest it disburses in Wisconsin. Or a Wisconsin capitalist may escape the tax by the simple expedient of taking up residence across the state border. Most of the larger corporations operate in many states and, to avoid an income tax in Wisconsin, can reincorporate elsewhere. A number of corporation removals have been reported already.

The income-tax measure adopted by the House of Representatives this spring is subject to the same objection. It ignores all recent experience in taxing incomes and, with a few unimportant exceptions, makes no attempt to tax the income at its source. It relies upon the statement of the taxpayer—which means, broadly speaking, that everybody taxes himself. That a tax so applied puts a premium upon falsehood and a handicap upon honesty is perfectly patent. Other objections to the measure—as that it makes no distinction between earned and unearned incomes, or between the head of a family and a bachelor—have been mentioned already. The measure is a whole generation behind the times. When we have an income tax let us start right and abreast of the procession instead of two or three decades in the rear.

Socialism as It Is

THE Socialists are great surveyors. They insist we must always get at the facts in a case before discussing it. Naturally, then, it is especially annoying to them that, though everybody discusses them, hardly anybody even attempts to get at the facts about them. A standard form of political diversion consists in defining Socialism as whatever one does not like and then discussing it as though the definition were true. "Socialist," for example, is the term of reproach that Roosevelt's enemies oftenest throw at him; but there is no figure in the public eye—not even Chancellor Day—whose doctrines cause real Socialists more constant and acute pain. If the Arch Anti-Socialist were to be chosen by popular ballot undoubtedly Roosevelt would get the unanimous Socialist vote; in fact, to the outsider, keeping track of a movement that has so many phases in so many countries is not easy. Very appropriately a leading Socialist, William English Walling, has made an up-to-date survey and published it in an interesting volume called Socialism as It Is.

The main fact disclosed is the rather definite breaking away from mere state Socialism—mere Government ownership of railroads, telegraphs, lodging houses, steel mills and biscuit factories. All that exists now in a most high and palmy state of capitalism; and leading authorities whom Mr. Walling quotes regard it not as Socialism, but as the acme and perfection of capitalism. Without knowing Mr. Walling's authorities, we have suspected the same thing, because for some time it has seemed highly probable that Government ownership of railroads, for example, so far from being an advantage to labor, would be a decided disadvantage. And on general principles we should regret to see Socialist philosophy tending to Government ownership. We prefer to have it remain the light that never was on sea or land; but we do wish more people would find out what it is before talking about it.

Compulsory Arbitration

A FEW years ago opinion appeared to be setting toward compulsory arbitration as the readiest means of avoiding the tremendous loss and inconvenience arising from strikes; but of late we seem to be moving away from it rather than toward it. Chancellor Lloyd-George told the London Bankers' Association the other day that labor was strongly opposed to it, and that he had been much impressed by the "suspicious attitude" of workmen toward interference by the state.

In 1905 a resolution looking to compulsory arbitration was introduced at the annual labor congress in England and defeated by barely a hundred thousand votes out of a million and a half. In the four succeeding congresses similar resolutions were introduced and defeated by increasing majorities, until in 1909 there was an adverse majority of a million votes. At last year's congress a bill for compulsory arbitration that had been introduced in Parliament was denounced by a unanimous vote.

It is very clear, in short, that labor will not accept any sort of state intervention as a substitute for its right to strike. Perhaps some light upon labor's attitude in this respect may be derived from Great Britain's first experience under the Minimum Wage Act, which was passed to facilitate settlement of this year's great coal strike. The act provides for district arbitration boards, empowered to establish minimum wages. The Welsh board—consisting of a representative of the mine owners, a representative of the labor unions, and Lord St. Aldwyn—was first to act. By Lord St. Aldwyn's deciding vote it established a minimum wage of three shillings a day, with certain percentages that would bring the wage to about four shillings six pence—or a dollar and nine cents—a day. The miners, of course, are profoundly dissatisfied with the award.

Progress in Politics

POLITICS is no better this year than it was last—nor will it probably be better next year; but those who argue from this that there is no progress in politics should take a longer view. Compare, for example, the means now employed to set up an Irish Parliament with the wholesale bribery by which the Irish Parliament was abolished in 1800.

Cornwallis—who, as lord lieutenant, supervised the details—wrote: "Nothing but the conviction that an Union is absolutely necessary for the safety of the British Empire could make me endure the shocking task which is imposed on me. . . . I despise and hate myself every hour for engaging in such dirty work. . . . How I long to kick those whom my public duty obliges me to court!" Grattan declared that, of about one hundred and fifty members who carried the act for union through the Irish House, not more than seven were unbribed. To buy over great borough owners and leading politicians, sixteen Irish peerages were created, six Irish peers were made peers of England, and twenty other Irish noblemen were raised a step in the peerage. Seventy-two members of the House drew pensions or salaries from the government; and the austere Pitt purchased outright eighty Irish boroughs that were virtually private property, paying twelve hundred thousand pounds for them, in government funds, of course.

Every long view shows progress. Anybody who sees a golden age anywhere in the past has had his spectacles made to order for the purpose.

The Presidential Term

CERTAINLY the framers of the Constitution were sufficiently fearful both of despotism and of demagogism. They were constantly haunted by the idea that any system they set up might either be overthrown by an autocrat or degenerate under "mob rule" into a sort of anarchy. Their fears are expressed in the elaborate "checks and balances" they contrived—among which the great defects of the Constitution have developed. A more sanguine outlook on their part would have given us a better system of government; but even the timid framers several times rejected a proposal to limit the president to one term—though when that question was fought out the presidential term had been fixed at seven years.

The amendment now proposed, limiting the president to one term of six years, contemplates grafting another check and balance upon a Constitution already superabundantly supplied with those features. It goes beyond the framers in doubting the capacity of the people to govern themselves. The Constitution needs amending forward, not backward. The proposal to impose a new check upon the people of the United States in the matter of choosing their chief executive, coming in the same year when a republic was proclaimed in China, sounds very odd.

Recall in Arizona

NATURALLY the Arizona legislature at its first session has submitted a constitutional amendment for the recall of judges. The resolution passed the lower branch of the legislature unanimously, and in the upper branch only two votes were recorded against it. That the amendment will be adopted by the people seems a foregone conclusion.

The people of Arizona, it will be remembered, put a provision for recall of judges into their original constitution. President Taft refused to admit them into the Union on those terms and they obligingly struck it out; but now that they are a sovereign state they will have their own way. Arizona judges who betray the people that elected them, or are more interested in agreeing with Lord Coke than with the pressing needs of the community in which they live—if such judges there should be—will be cast out like any other unprofitable public servants. Free government will not be overthrown; anarchy will do no stalking abroad, except now and then on the editorial pages of newspapers; peaceable citizens will be as secure of their throats and their chattels as elsewhere. A certain gentleman with a far-famed judicial temperament may be temporarily annoyed; but he can console himself with the reflection that, at any rate, he made the people of Arizona go to a great deal of trouble and expense.

Children and Horses

THE following testimonial is condensed from a bulletin issued by the Illinois Bankers' Association:

"In a certain district the farmers decided to improve the breed of their horses. They formed a company and paid three thousand dollars for a very fine imported animal. Realizing that so valuable a horse ought to have intelligent care, they employed a good man at seventy-five dollars a month to look after him. Three members of the horse company comprised the school board for the district. Their most important duty in connection with the school consisted of selecting a teacher. The one they hired was a slip of a girl who hardly knew enough to boil water without burning it; but she had one qualification that proved irresistible to those directors—she was willing to work for thirty dollars a month."

The only way to abolish the thirty-dollar-a-month teacher—the bulletin adds—is to abolish the thirty-dollar-a-month school. Of late years much effort has been expended to raise the quality of public-school instruction by raising the qualifications for a teacher's certificate. In some states the examinations for a certificate of the lowest grade would make many a college professor perspire; but all that goes less than halfway. Salaries should be raised also. There is not a rural school district in the United States that cannot pay fifty dollars a month for a teacher. There is not one that ought not to be ashamed to pay less.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Curry à la Tularosa

SUPPOSE some eager little seeker after information should call you up and ask you—biff!—bang!—hurry, please: "What is the curse of this country?"

Nobody would blame you if you demanded time. There are at present so many curses of this country that it takes a most expert curse-classifier to separate the cursory curses from the cunctipotent curses—especially with our politics in a stew. To ask for a quick decision would not be fair. It is a subject for consideration.

Some persons would say the curse of this country is one thing, and some would say it is another. Other countries have definite, fixed curses. There's Scotland, for example. Everybody knows the curse of Scotland is the nine of diamonds. Over here, however, there is so much territory to be covered, and so much opportunity for curses to creep in and grow to full maledictorial strength before we realize we have them in our midst, that this question of what is our real, calamitous curse is not to be settled offhand.

However, as in all subjects of deep concern, there is a general trend in one direction—a sort of a curse consensus, as you might say—and that is, that though we have plenty of good, culpable curses, our greatest curse is our lack of repose, our nervous activity that wears us out before our time, our strenuous manner of chasing the dollar and being chased for it, our squandering of vitality in the mad rush for whatever we are rushing for, from luncheon to love—in short, there is excellent authority for saying our genuine curse is this incessant restlessness and hustle and rush and worry and struggle for action.

A great many people have remarked this. You can buy admonitions based on the text "Be perfectly calm!" in every known form of literature and in many forms that are not literary. It seems we all know we are living too excitedly and most of us write warning things about it; but the hustle goes on just the same.

Wherefore it is indeed refreshing to run across a man who has led a perfectly peaceful, quiet, reposeful, uneventful life; who has been calm in word and deed; who has never been jarred from the even tenor of his way, nor has jarred others from theirs—a man, I may say, in whose life not a leaf has been stirring from the tranquil days of his childhood until the serene and unruffled, the sedate and placid hours of his middle age. Not only is it refreshing, but it is remarkable. Hence I take occasion to remark it.

I call your attention to George Curry, a member of Congress from New Mexico, hailing from Tularosa, which is a melodious place to hail from—only one would think he ought to hum from it instead of hail from it; but perhaps he has no ear for music. Anyhow, George Curry is a man who hasn't had a bit of excitement in his life—not a quiver! You can tell that by looking at him. He has seen no turbulent times, nor has he lived in any period of disturbed days. Life with George has been one grand, sweet monotone, peaceful as a summer morn. It rarely befalls one of us to exist in such an atmosphere of serenity.

George was born in Bayou Sara, Louisiana, and passed an uneventful boyhood, killing alligators and fighting cotton-mouthed moccasins. He removed to New Mexico when he was sixteen and got a job as a cowboy, as uneventful an occupation as can be imagined, especially in those days in the territory. Sedately passing the time in shooting up the trading posts, rounding up the herds and chasing up the Indians, he presently sought even quieter channels for his endeavor and became a post trader at Fort Stanton, where he calmly and dispassionately dealt with the redmen, the cowboys who came in to shoot him up, and such other tranquil visitors as happened along.

Then Nothing to Do Till Tomorrow

THEN he went into the stock business himself, and his imperturbable manner of handling the rustlers who had designs on his cattle was noted all through that country. Still, he early realized there was too much excitement in the cattle business and he looked for a less frenzied means of livelihood. So he picked out the job of sheriff, which, as is well known, is as peaceful a position as there is in a new country. The duties of his new place were exacting, but not exciting. All he had to do was to shag after outlaws, train-robbers, cattle-rustlers, murderers and other dispassionate people, calmly put them under restraint, and calmly bring them in. It was a cloying, an unruffled occupation.

Time passed slowly and sedately. George merely vegetated in his job. There was hardly anything doing. It palled, even on his even temper. So he took up politics and went to the legislature, where he placidly punched the peons when they disagreed with him and manhandled the Mexicans. Though he was made president of the territorial senate, everything was smooth and serene or he made it so—smoothly and serenely—which kept him right in line with his mode of life. Even when the senate was deadlocked, and the president of it broke the deadlock and a few heads with a chair, it was all done in a collected and composed manner.

Notwithstanding, George had come to the opinion there were too many elements of excitement in New Mexico, and he determined to seek a more peaceful scene of operations. The Spanish War came opportunely. Here was his chance. He left public life and enlisted in the Rough Riders as a lieutenant. He became a captain in a few months and was mustered out in September of the same year, having been in whatever was going on in Cuba. Then they told him they had a particularly placid job as sheriff of Otero County, New Mexico; he took it and dawdled through a year or so of inactivity and quiet in that place.

"George," said a friend, knowing Curry's penchant for the simple, calm life, "why don't you go to the Philippines? I hear there's absolutely nothing stirring over there, and all is peace and quiet in those fair isles of the sea."

No sooner suggested than snagged. He became a lieutenant in the Eleventh Volunteer Cavalry and reported to General Lawton, in some abiding place of the little brown brother. Lawton assigned Curry to the regimental scouts of the Eleventh, and Curry commanded the scouts at the battle of San Mateo, where Lawton was killed, which, as will be remembered, was a most pacific engagement; and Curry was in the midst of the most tranquil periods. He led this sort of a non-frenzied existence until the Eleventh was mustered out, at which time he was in command of Troop K, a most noteworthy gathering of young men who detested strenuous affairs.

Mr. Taft was then governor-general of the islands, and he had full knowledge of Curry's aversion to excitement. So he made Curry governor of the province of Camarines, almost entirely populated by sedate bolomen. Curry served for a space; but it was soon discovered there was in Manila an opportunity for his well-known peaceful proclivities, and they brought him there and made him the first American chief of police that city had. Absolutely nothing was required of him save that he clean up the city and police it—absolutely nothing. As can easily be seen, that took little of his time and left him ample opportunity for rest, reflection and the pursuit of his calm ideals.

After Governor Wright came, Curry served as governor of Isabela and then as governor of Samar—both nice, quiet, hospitable sections of our possessions in that neighborhood. "Huh!" said President Roosevelt. "Curry cannot possibly like it over there. He wants quiet." So The Colonel brought Curry back to this country and made him governor of New Mexico—also a restful place.

And now he is in Congress, where everything moves serenely except when some statesman calls another statesman a liar or suchlike, and Curry bids fair to round out his uneventful career there. It may be, of course, that we Americans do live too feverishly, do seek excitement, and are too hurried and wasteful of our energies; but for all that I again call your attention to Curry. Nothing ever happened to him—not a single, solitary thing!

PHOTO BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Now He is in Congress, Where Everything Moves Serenely

The Heart of a Birdman

AN OLD negro who had seen Curtiss fly approached him at New Orleans and asked timidly if he could feel his arm.

"Surely," said the puzzled aviator as he stretched forth an arm.

The old darky ran his hand up and down the biceps carefully, then said disappointedly:

"'Tain't true. You ain't got no mo' wing-sprouts than I is."

"No," said Curtiss seriously; "but I always make it a point to eat a pint of birdseed before I take a flight."

Lords in the Making

ALLAN DAWSON, a New York editor, says he was in London when the question of making five hundred new lords was agitating England, and that he happened to be in the press gallery of the House of Commons when the subject was under discussion.

"It was an exciting time," said Dawson. "A list of names was under consideration. I listened until the House had disposed of three and had elected their titles.

"The first man decided upon was General Booth, of the Salvation Army. It was set forth that his title was to be Lord Saveus. The next was Mr. Patterson, the big baggage and express man of London, and his title was to be Lord Deliverus. The third was Mr. Pink, who owns the largest jam factory in England. They fixed his title as Lord Preserveus. Then I came away."

Boosting in Boston Style

AN ENTERPRISING business organization in Boston city has had to struggle against century-old tradition, as the following incident clearly shows:

Some of the younger members of the association had arranged a group of civic songs to be sung at one of the first banquets. While they were examining the printed copies a member of the chamber, who was likewise a descendant of one of the first families, happened in. His eye caught the title of a song which read, Everybody Boost Boston. He was much horrified and quickly asked: "Can't you substitute the word 'elevate' for boost?"

It was too late, for the programs had been printed. Yet that night, at the dinner, it was noticed that the complaining member led the singing of the boost song; and never afterward did he protest against the use or practice of the word.

Billings' Landscape Gardener

A GOOD many years ago C. K. G. Billings, who made his millions in Chicago gas, bought a good-sized plot of ground on the heights overlooking the Hudson River at the upper end of Manhattan Island. Some time later he put up a house which still remains the pride of "Seeing New York" guides.

When the land had been bought the question arose as to the best means of laying out a roadway up the steep and rocky hill, at the crest of which the house was to stand. Mr. Billings was puzzled. He wanted to make it as easy a climb as he could. He mentioned the problem to his friend W. C. Muschenheim, a New York hotel proprietor. Mr. Muschenheim, who was familiar with the hills and dales of that part of New York, gave the following advice:

"You aren't in any great hurry, so why don't you have it done right? Put one of your cows on that land, and give her time to lay out a path up that hill. Trust her to find the easiest and most comfortable grade."

Mr. Billings followed the suggestion, and, in the course of time, the cow made a path which has long since been developed into a permanent, winding, slowly ascending roadway.

SPEED AND LUXURY

By Edward Hungerford

DECORATION BY WILLIAM HARNDEN FOSTER

A RAILROAD traffic manager walked into the office of his president one day and spake to his boss after this fashion:

"Chief, we've got to have a new train up the main line—something that will make the run from here up to Millvale in two hours less than our Comet."

The president must have smiled quizzically as he replied:

"Comet's the fastest thing we have ever attempted over the main line. It costs money to run trains, my boy!"

And with that he began to fumble the pages of a little leather-covered book of costs and receipts that stood upon his desk—one of a row of books that were the fear and the despair of every one of his lieutenants.

"I don't see anything to justify another train," he finally said; "in fact, our January and February earnings are a trifle lower—if anything—than those of last winter."

"That's just the point, chief; if we don't take a quick tack our March earnings will never stack up against March of last year, April will be worse and May a calamity—and you'll be looking for my scalp before the end of the summer! Let's face the facts, boss. The Great Midland"—he was telling of the road's chief competitor up its main stem—"has us beaten thirty minutes into Millvale and they are getting a little deeper into us all the time. Their flier has been built up from earning eighty cents a mile to two-dollars-twelve—and you needn't show me that book again; I know the worst about ours!"

Any passenger-traffic man who reads this article knows what a tussle it is to get an additional train upon his time-card, even in sharply competitive territory. The coal expense; the income and depreciation accounts upon expensive rolling stock; the generous advertising appropriations necessary to make the new carrier known to travelers; the payroll of the elaborately officered train; the share of general operating expense that is charged against it by an unemotional auditing department, which seems fairly to revel in statistics—these things make the passenger man hesitate a long time before he carries the issue up to the Court of High Request. This traffic man, however, had counted all these things carefully—he was ready for the conventional reply of his chief with an unconventional answer.

Catering to the Rich Man

"I WANT to go on a new tack," said he. "I want to charge the man who makes the four-hundred-mile run from here up to Millvale two extra dollars for the two hours we are going to save him in the running! The kind of folks who are going to ride on our new train are men whose time is worth at least a dollar an hour on the average. If we can give the man who goes up to Millvale two extra hours he is not going to grumble at the extra charge."

He waxed expansive upon his own idea.

"Take two men—one rich, one poor—and imagine them starting, say, from Boston to San Francisco. They make several stops on the trip. The rich man, after the way of his kind, tarries in the fine hotels of two or three cities along the route. He pays five dollars a day for his room at these hotels and from two to four dollars apiece for each of his meals. The poor man stops in those same cities. He pays from fifty cents to a dollar for his lodgings each night and his meals will cost him nearer twenty-five than seventy-five cents each. Each of these men suits the necessities of his pocketbook and each finds suitable accommodations at the price he wishes to pay.

"However, the rich man and the poor man pay practically the same long-distance through fare—a trifle over two cents a mile—for the journey. Of course the rich man may have his drawing room in a smart train that is built up exclusively of Pullman cars, and the poor man may ride in day coaches and in free reclining-chair cars all the way; but the railroad's revenue is practically the same from each of them."

That traffic man knew whereof he spake. He knew that the difference in the entire cost of that transcontinental journey to the rich man and the poor man made practically no difference to the railroad company's income account. For the railroad companies of this land, with a few noteworthy exceptions, long ago bartered away one of the great functions of their passenger business for something dangerously like a mess of pottage. Great reticence is shown by the railroads in speaking of their contracts with the Pullman Company; but it is generally known that the company pockets the entire seat-and-berth revenue of its cars. In earlier days the railroads even paid it from three to five cents a mile for the haul of these cars.

It is hardly fair to scold the Pullman corporation for having driven a shrewd bargain years ago, when it was far-sighted, with a generation of railroaders, now almost past and gone, very near-sighted about the growing taste of Americans for luxury in travel. It is only fair, in addition, to state that it has been generally progressive in the maintenance of its service and equipment; it has been in the front rank in the substitution of the steel car—which the modern traveler today demands—for the wooden coach.

If the Pullman Company has moved slowly in the retirement of the somewhat barbaric scheme of upper and lower berths giving into a common center aisle, that, as we shall see in a moment, is not to be charged entirely against it. Meantime it remains a highly prosperous corporation, even in these days when transportation companies of every sort are under fire, and maintains its prosperity largely through a form of railroad earning that should go to the stockholders of every line over which a Pullman car is operated in regular service.

The success of several great systems, both in the East and in the Middle West—all of them important and representative—in operating their own sleeping and parlor car services has long since proved this statement. The stock argument in favor of Pullman service is its flexibility. It is urged that it can and does provide excess-fare cars for the Southern roads during their demands of winter tourist travel and for the Northern lines when folks are flocking to the summer resorts—as well as in times of special emergencies; but each of the exceptions to the rule just now cited meets the same seasonal and special emergencies with its own equipment. And it was only a little time ago that a great Eastern trunk-line system, finding its original contract with the Pullman Company expiring, refused to renew it upon the old conditions. It had the resources as well as the possession of a system of lines over which ran but few through sleeping cars from so-called "foreign lines"; and, by stoutly standing for its points, it was able to make the Pullman Company pay an annual rental—with three hundred and fifty thousand dollars as a reputed minimum—for the privilege of operating parlor and sleeping cars upon its popular and well-patronized trains.

To return to the excess-fare trains. They have become today almost the only way through for the majority of the steam railroads. Hemmed in on the one side by a constantly increasing cost of operation, and on the other by a refusal of various regulating boards to permit them to increase rates or fares without a betterment of service, their problem seemed hard. The incident with which this article begins is, of course, fictional; but it was in some such way that the first of the excess-fare trains was put into service.

The Success of Limited Trains

THE idea—once conceived—multiplied. Railroads, as business organisms, are uncommonly imitative. Railroad heads warmed to the idea of the excess-fare train; for, with its adoption, an astonishing fact came to light. The excess-fare train was not only popular with the men who were running the railroads but made a hit with the people who rode on them. An Eastern road established them between New York and Boston, charging through passengers an extra dollar for the one hour saved in running time in addition to the traditional charge of an extra dollar for the parlor-car seat. The trains were crowded from the beginning and have been crowded ever since. They are composed, as are practically all of these new and fast excess-fare trains, exclusively of parlor, sleeping, dining and buffet cars.

It is almost twenty years ago that the fast-running express was put into service between New York and Buffalo, and it was a railroad sensation. The fastest mile ever made on a railroad was accomplished by that train one fall day in 1893 west of Rochester. It was composed, save for one parlor car, entirely of day coaches; and, barring passes, about every sort of railroad transportation was accepted upon it without excess charge. It quickly became the most patronized railroad train in the world and a tremendous advertisement for the line that operated it.

Yet this popular train is now regarded by expert railroaders as a mistake. It is a mistake that would not be repeated today. One fast express, that was put on by one of the anthracite lines between New York and Buffalo as a competitor to the train just mentioned, has already ceased to carry day coaches and is in slight measure an excess-fare train, though the route it traverses is the longest of the five competing lines from the metropolis to the great lake port—for that is the trend of the times.

The two fast trains between New York and Chicago—scheduled first at twenty hours for the trip of between nine hundred and twelve and nine hundred and sixty-five miles and then speeded up to eighteen hours—have revolutionized the passenger travel between those two great cities.

The standard one-way fare between New York and Chicago is twenty dollars, based on the journey being covered in not less than twenty-eight hours. This is the fare charged by the New York Central and the Pennsylvania. Their somewhat weaker competitors—most of whom offer mighty attractive inducements to the traveler

who is not speed-crazy—are permitted to charge a fare of eighteen dollars, and so are known as "differentials." They and their connections may not carry passengers between the two cities in less than thirty hours. There again is the time value of one dollar for sixty minutes set by the great transportation companies for the American citizen, for the eighteen-hour trains charge thirty dollars for the New York-Chicago run; and, to show you that the time value is the absolute criterion, they will repay you one dollar an hour for each hour your train is delayed in reaching the terminal in either city. If the train should happen to be more than ten hours late, however, you will still have to pay twenty dollars—the standard fare of the two larger competing roads.

There, then, is the principle of the excess-fare train as established in Eastern territory. Men traveling on these trains between the great ports of the North Atlantic—Boston, New York, Philadelphia—and those two important traffic centers of the Middle West—St. Louis and Chicago—find that to gain an hour they must pay an extra dollar. The New York or the Philadelphia business man finds that he can leave his desk at the close of the working day and be in Chicago in time for a fairly full day's work there before he catches an eastbound eighteen-hour train that will bring him back in time for a full morning at his home desk. In these days of the multiplication of great enterprises, with branch offices and stores in dozens of cities, travel-hours saved mean more single dollars to highly paid executives. It is something for that busy Chicago man, who sits as commander of a great working force, to be able to leave his city at half past two in the afternoon, have the entire following afternoon in Boston, a full day in New York—and be back at his desk on the third morning. It is that something which has filled the berths and the rooms of the sleeping cars even beyond the fondest dreams of traffic managers.

. . . . . .

Over beyond the traffic man, however, sits his brother general of the operating department, and his joy over the success of the excess-fare trains is somewhat tempered, to say the least; for he knows what it costs the road to operate them and sticks to his belief even when he is shown the great income accounts they bring in the course of a twelvemonth. A single train earning three thousand dollars and upward a night is not to be despised by any department; but he is willing to meet the traffic enthusiast upon his ground at the outset and say:

"She may be doing all that—but how about the slower trains? Are we not robbing them to load the cars for this new flier?"

And at that he is giving no thought to the woes of the "differential" lines, whose through first-class passengers have been stolen from them by carloads.

The Dwindling Factor of Safety

The operating man can see other expenses uncharged against the excess-fare fliers. He knows the wear and tear they cause on the road. He wrinkles his brow hard at the first factor of railroading in which they raise a tremendous commotion—the prime factor of safety—safety to the passenger and the railroader. That is of itself a complicated question and will not be discussed here. It is enough here and now to say that the vital necessity of bringing these excess-fare, excess-speed trains through to the last terminal in safety has been enough to gray the head of more than one master railroader during the past decade. Some of them have finally turned from it and asked for branch lines to operate—where the strenuous conditions of modern railroading were lessened enough to compensate for reduced salaries.

The operating man discounts enthusiasm and knows hard facts. He knows the strain upon the hardworking and earnest-hearted men beneath him; he knows how nightly the train schedules of his divisions are disrupted—freight, the great money returner of the property in the long run, along with comfortable and well-established passenger trains of lesser dignity, sidetracked and delayed, that the excess-fare flier may make her port to the minute and maintain the dignity of the road. He knows how great new race-horse locomotives pound themselves to pieces that they may haul heavy trains of seven and eight steel coaches at sixty miles an hour through the long and rigorous reaches of a winter's night. The operating man knows the wear and tear upon the roadbed and the bridges—he knows the strain upon the steel rail.

A few years ago operating men were looking confidently at their long tangents of exquisite track and the greyhound-like passenger locomotives, and were giving assurance that the trip from New York to Chicago would be regularly scheduled at fifteen hours within the decade. They are silent now upon that. Some of them are already praying that the two great fliers between the cities be set back to twenty hours—at least during the winter months, when railroading in the North is both strenuous and dangerous. It is almost certain that, were they to be inaugurated today, they would be established at a minimum of twenty hours, even if that rule of a dollar an hour had to be varied; but, as it stands, it is always hard to set the clock back.

. . . . . .

The railroads west of Chicago, having come face to face with the problem of the excess-fare train, have begun to solve it in a fashion that in its originality is typical of the country. The speed plan was almost out of the question with them; for, with the exception of the Union Pacific, now almost completed from Council Bluffs to Ogden, there are few great stretches of double track west of the Missouri River. No operating man wants to assume the risk of running very high-speed trains over long reaches of single track—the margin of safety fades too quickly. And the big operators in that great territory have learned much as to the cost of excessive speed from their brethren in the East. Still, the Western railroaders were confronted with the problem of finding an excess-fare plan—their operating costs were multiplying in as lively a fashion as anywhere else.

Calls for Continental Comforts

They turned from speed to comfort—to luxury, if you please; but even there they were hemmed in. The Pullman folks cut their sleeping cars from the same pattern; even the cars of the independent companies we cited a while ago are so close to the Pullmans in type and detail as to be almost indistinguishable from them. They found that a generation which had demanded and succeeded in receiving a private bath with each and every hotel room also demanded some form of stateroom cars. It was beginning to turn up its nose at a form of sleeping car where a good part of one's toilet is accomplished shrouded only by a green curtain in a car aisle—a performance almost terrifying to the uninitiated.

Both England and the Continent are too close to the United States today for the American traveler of means to fail to demand that our home roads copy some of their night conveniences, even though that part of their business be relegated to a subsidiary company. The railroad traffic manager is ready for you, however, when you spring such a statement upon him.

"Are you willing to pay the price on this side—all of you travelers, I mean?" he demands blandly. "It costs you almost twice as much for a stateroom from Paris to Marseilles as from New York to Buffalo—two journeys of approximately the same length. Are you willing to stand for an increase in railroad rates instead of paying the European charges for railroad staterooms?"

You say quite frankly that you do not object to paying five dollars for a compartment from New York to Buffalo or even seven dollars for the slightly more luxurious drawing room. You remember that between Chicago and Minneapolis, and in some other sharply competitive traffic districts, you have ridden in cars made up entirely of compartments, with a narrow aisle running alongside, like the English corridor car—and that they represented the acme of luxury in railroad travel. The only difficulty is, under ordinary circumstances, that it is hard to obtain a compartment or drawing room without long notice being given in advance. The last-moment traveler is apt to find himself being driven into the horrors of an upper berth—particularly in territory where the competitive element is lacking.

"Then why don't you run more of those compartment cars?" you ask in turn of the big traffic man. You have asked precisely the question he wanted.

"There are nine staterooms in one of those cars," he says, "which means that

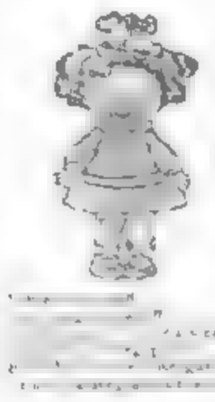
"Mother: I just love it!"

OF COURSE she just "loves" such a soup as this. For where is a youngster's heart at meal time? Or anyone else's, for that matter? And what satisfies this universal longing any better than one of

Campbells' SOUPS

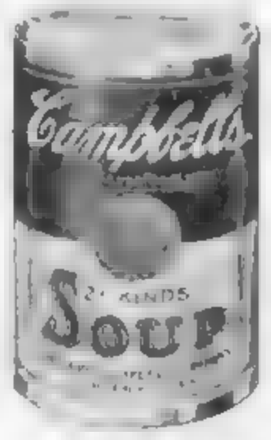
It may be the clear nourishing Bouillon or the more substantial Chicken Soup or Mutton Broth with its delicious full-flavored stock and tender meat; or any of the inviting Campbell "kinds." They are all appetizing and wholesome; all easy to digest.

Not only the children, but every one of us would sleep sounder, wake brighter, and work easier if we relied more on these perfect soups to complete the evening meal. Try one *tonight* and see.



21 kinds
10c a can

Asparagus	Julienne
Beef	Mock Turtle
Bouillon	Mulligatawny
Celery	Mutton Broth
Chicken	Ox Tail
Chicken Gumbo (Okra)	Pea
Clam Bouillon	Pepper Pot
Clam Chowder	Printanier
Consommé	Tomato
Vegetable	Tomato-Okra
Vermicelli-Tomato	



Look for the red-and-white label

When you picnic or camp, nothing "goes to the spot" like

SNIDER

Process

PORK & BEANS

They are an ideal food for the home table, the camping or yachting trip or the picnic hamper

Try This Test

Buy a can of Snider's Pork and Beans. If you do not think them the most delicious beans you ever tasted, return the can to your grocer and he will refund your money.

Snider's Tomato Catsup makes the picnic hamper complete and is a delicious relish on the home table

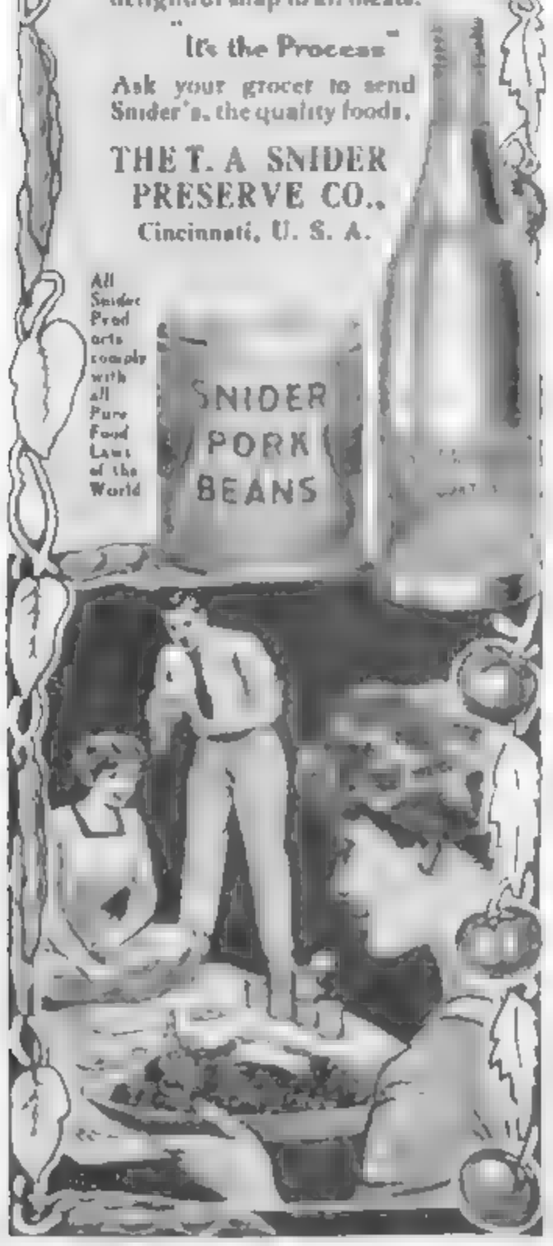
Snider's Chili Sauce gives a delightful snap to all meats.

"It's the Process"

Ask your grocer to send Snider's, the quality foods.

THE T. A SNIDER PRESERVE CO.,
Cincinnati, U. S. A.

All Snider Products comply with all Pure Food Laws of the World



under some circumstances we should have to haul a seventy-ton car, with its staterooms filled, more than four hundred miles, when perhaps nine tickets represented the full revenue of the car to us. There is not much profit in that sort of railroading. Why, we demand a minimum of twenty-five fares for the handling of a private car—and don't throw in the car!"

His argument seems incontrovertible—and perhaps it is. If the railroads had not long ago bartered away their sleeping-car business they might increase their revenues by increasing the cost of their staterooms and find but few complaints from their patrons. The New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad recently placed a high-speed train of stateroom cars in service between New York and Boston, made up almost entirely of compartments, with brass bedsteads; and for the extra luxury of this fine train it made a charge considerably higher than that of the ordinary compartment charge in the United States. In that way it compensated itself for the fewer fares that sort of car inevitably brings, but it also discovered there was an enormous patronage for that sort of train. You must remember, however, that the New Haven road owns its own sleeping cars; so that the entire revenue of the high-priced ticket it accepts both for fare and sleeping accommodation comes direct to its own coffers.

It is a matter of indifference with the Pullman Company what type of cars it furnishes to the railroads with which it has contracts. Its tariffs are filed, and these do not discriminate between trains of high or low degree. The charge for a lower berth from Chicago to New York is five dollars, whether you make the journey in eighteen hours or in thirty-six; and there is no radical difference between the standard sleeping cars that are furnished all the different roads and trains for their service. The so-called "tourist sleepers" that are so popular in the West charge approximately half the rates of the standard sleeping cars for berths; but there again the Pullman Company pockets all the revenue, so that the railroad has but little to lose or gain. It can view the situation only from the point of its revenues in fares; and so difficult is it to increase these that the traffic manager is apt to look upon the situation with something like despair.

Luxury at a Price

The Pennsylvania Railroad very recently has solved the problem of the compartment car between New York and Washington in an ingenious fashion. It has finally yielded to repeated demands for that bettered sort of night accommodation; but it has also demanded that the man who asks for himself the selfish luxury of an exclusive compartment must pay one fare and a half for the trip. And there are plenty of men each night who are willing to do that very thing, for we are living in a generation when men are willing to pay almost any price for comfort—provided comfort is given them in return. The remarkable success of the extravagant hotels and restaurants in the large cities proves that conclusively.

. . . . . .

So it is that the Western roads, turned from excess speed for excess fare by their physical limitations and the expense showings of their Eastern associates, have taken hold of the problem with a bold hand.

"We will put on a winter train from Chicago to Los Angeles and to San Francisco that will be de luxe in every sense of the word," said one road last summer. "We will have the best of train comforts—library, barber shop, ladies' maids, compartments aplenty—and we will charge twenty-five dollars excess fare for the use of that train."

Railroad men round Chicago received the news with astonishment.

"You don't mean to say," they gasped, "that you are going to guarantee to cut twenty-five hours off the running time between Chicago and the Pacific Coast?"

"We are only going to run the new train through in five hours less time than our fastest train today."

"Five dollars an hour—that's going some!" whistled railroad Chicago.

"Five dollars an hour—nothing!" replied the Santa Fe. "We are going to charge for luxury—not for speed. We are going to charge folks eighty-five dollars for the ride on the new train from Chicago to San Francisco instead of the standard price of sixty dollars; and we are going to have them standing in line for the privilege of doing it! They will come home and boast of having ridden on that train, just as folks come home from across the Atlantic and brag of the hotels that have housed them in the great cities of Europe. You never heard a man brag of having ridden in a tourist sleeper."

No Refunds for Delays

The same railroad also announced there would be no refund in case its fast new train was behind her schedule; that was perhaps the boldest part of its new stand.

The traditional foe of this road in the Far Western country also announced last fall that it would establish a de-luxe excess-fare train. It placed its excess charge at the more moderate figure of ten dollars, and it also announced that it would save a dozen hours in the running time between New Orleans and San Francisco; but, as in the case of the other line it made no refund for delay. These two services have been in operation throughout the entire winter and, so far, they have justified the promises of the traffic men who installed them. Another route—the Union Pacific—is now preparing to establish a similar ten-dollar excess-fare train from Chicago to San Francisco during the coming summer. It will be a daily service, in distinction from the earlier Western excess-fare trains that have been operated respectively upon a weekly and a semiweekly schedule. The new plan seems to spread. No announcements have yet come from the Hill roads in regard to it; but it is hardly likely that the old railroader of the Northwest is not watching every step of the progress of the new experiment.

. . . . . .

Here is decidedly the most significant step taken by the American railroad in more than a decade. Though the first of the excess-fare arrangements are somewhat crude and experimental, as can be seen by the variations in schedules and excess charges, the plan itself is going to be permanent. The next logical development of the plan will be the lengthening of minimum speeds by the Eastern trunk-lines and a consequential lowering of operating costs, together with a distinct widening of the margin of safety. Some of the money wasted in a high-speed competitive train service between large cities will perhaps be turned toward the possible development of side-line services in non-competitive territory, and the big railroads may then have a somewhat more pleasant time out of life. And in that same step the Eastern trunk-lines will try to abandon the practice of refunding money to their patrons in case of delays to their excess-fare trains.

In the next step the principle will be extended to the freight—almost always the great revenue returner of the American railroad. In the full development of that plan by the freight experts, a man can have a carload of bricks or one of coal sent through at the express speed of the perishable foodstuffs in the fast preference freights of today, if he wishes to pay the extra price for the extra service. The chief obstacle to that plan today for the railroads lies in the express companies, to which they long ago bartered away another of their great money-making possibilities; but they will find the way in that thing just as they have in this whole main principle.

. . . . . .

Extra pay for extra service—that is the new thought which has dawned upon the railroader today. It is already a recognized principle in a good many other successful businesses. To the railroader it is today something more than that. Hemmed in as he is by an irritated public feeling, harried by close watching and the restrictions placed by legislatures and their servants, worried by the increasing cost of conducting his own peculiar business, it is to him today the one way through.

What This Trademark Means to You

GO to a jeweler's today and see the South Bend Watch—the watch that this mark represents. Let the jeweler explain what it means to have a watch *in your pocket* that is equal to the "cake of ice test" which the South Bend Watch actually stands.

The South Bend Watch can be frozen in a cake of ice or placed in an oven and its time will not vary the fraction of a second in the extremes.

It can be carried in your pocket under the most trying circumstances and it will not vary, if regulated to your personality by the retail jeweler from whom you buy it. The reasons lie in the way it is made *and the way it is sold.*

"The South Bend Watch"

A South Bend Watch is often a full year in the course of construction—six months in the cutting and assembling of the parts and six months in factory regulation, adjustment, etc.

It is inspected 411 times in the process and must run accurately for 700 hours before it is deemed "Ready for Shipment." It's a *perfect watch* when shipped. But that isn't all we insure you.

We insure you a perfect jeweler's regulating service. The South Bend Watch you get is regulated to your personality so that it will keep perfect time for you. Ask a jeweler what that means to every watch. There are 15,083 South Bend jewelers—one in your town, probably.

Write us today for the free book, "How Good Watches Are Made," and we'll send at the same time the name of the jeweler nearest you. Here's the kind of letters we receive:

Windsor, Vermont, June 11, 1911.
South Bend Watch Co., South Bend, Ind.
Gentlemen: I hereby certify that I purchased a No. 261 movement, No. 570354, of Mr. George T. Winn, Jeweler, Windsor, Vt., on Sept. 7, 1910. This watch ran for six months and at the expiration of that time showed a variation of three seconds from standard time. E. M. TRIPP.

You will have a watch that will do just as well if it's a South Bend Watch. Write for the book NOW. (97)

The South Bend Watch Co.
6 State St., South Bend, Ind.

SECRET SHOPPING

COMPETITION between the great retail drygoods and specialty shops in some cities is so keen that a special department, sometimes known as the outside shopping department is an important feature of each establishment. The sole purpose of such a department is to keep accurate watch on the merchandise and values offered by other houses, and this is done by means of the so-called professional or secret shoppers.

To most people the terms "professional shopper" and "purchasing agent" are synonymous, but in reality the two professions have little in common. The purchasing agent, as most people know, makes a business of shopping for people who are out of the reach of the big shopping centers, or for those who find shopping for themselves fatiguing. She is usually a woman accustomed to good things herself, and therefore familiar with the wants of the society woman. She should also have good judgment and considerable knowledge of human nature and merchandise values.

The professional shopper, as few people know, makes a business of shopping for the shops themselves, of keeping them in touch with the other shops and conversant with their merchandise, values and ideas in general. She acts as a critic to the shop that employs her, and her work must be conducted entirely *sub rosa*, as the large shops are extremely jealous of their secrets.

The requirements of the successful professional shopper are many. Like her sister, the purchasing agent, she profits greatly by a knowledge of the proper thing. If she is a woman of birth and breeding the knowledge of clothes and house-furnishings that she will have derived from her own environment and the entrée she will have to the best shops will be a big asset in her work. Besides this she must possess imagination, plenty of energy, good judgment in merchandise values and, last but not least, a ready tongue, a good memory and plenty of nerve.

Glancing over the "Help Wanted—Female" columns of a Sunday paper some five years ago I saw an advertisement that read something like this:

WANTED. A woman accustomed to refined surroundings who is familiar with the shops, has a knowledge of clothing, interior decorations, and so forth, for position of trust. No experience necessary. S. D., Box 38.

Not very enlightening, to be sure, but just puzzling enough to arouse my curiosity! I answered the advertisement and informed S. D. that I was a city girl, born and bred, had always been accustomed to the best, was recently graduated from a well-known finishing school in town, and as to my knowledge of interior decorating, I could refer him to possibly the biggest decorator in town. A few years before, when he was not quite so famous, this gentleman had decorated our house, and I knew he would gladly give me the necessary reference. I had given up all hope of getting an answer to my application when one came on Thursday morning, asking me to call at the office of Mr. D., the manager of one of the best-known drygoods shops in town. When I sent in my card the following day I was shown into the manager's office, and as I seated myself he selected my letter from among a lot of others and asked me whether I had any idea what sort of a position I was applying for. When I told him that I had not, he explained to me the business of the professional shopper.

In the Enemy's Country

He told me of the keen competition between the eight or ten leading shops, of the various successes in this or that department, which made money for the various stores; and he said that the only way one could keep watch of other shops was through the professional shopper, who went about among them all and reported to her shop the many things she noticed. He explained to me that the shops were very jealous of each other and guarded their secrets well, and that to be successful and gain all possible information, the professional shopper had to present an absolutely unsuspicious exterior. By this time I had made up my mind that the position was not for me. The shopper, I learned, visited one department at a time in the various shops, and then reported how these departments compared with the corresponding department in her own establishment. Consequently it was necessary that her mission be unknown not only in the other shops she visited but also in her own store, for if the saleswomen in her own establishment knew she was there to report on their department they would do everything in their power to make the report a good one, while if she posed as the ordinary woman shopper and was not known to them she might detect many defects that would otherwise be concealed. Her mission was just as much to criticise her own shop as any of the others. For this reason her report had to be written out at the end of her day's work and mailed to the head of the department of professional shoppers, who would know her simply as Miss A. or Miss B. Her orders for each day would either be mailed to her at night or sent to her by a private messenger, the only one besides the manager to know her name and address.

Her services, I was told, were not needed every day, for she must not be seen about too much in the shops for fear of arousing their suspicions. Here I broke in to ask what would happen if she were detected and caught. I was informed that in such an event her full description would be furnished the salespeople, so that she would find it impossible to get any reliable information and her career as a shopper would practically be ended. The manager then asked me what I thought of the position and whether I should like to try it. I told him quite regretfully that I feared I should never be able to do it. He smiled and said that he disagreed with me and thought I should make a success of it.

Selecting Skirts for Aunty

I was nineteen at the time, and I looked like any one of a hundred other nineteen-year-old girls just graduated from a fashionable school. My suit was of the correct cut, my hat was smart and my furs were good. I certainly looked happy and carefree and like anyone in the world but a professional shopper—or professional anything else for that matter. Still I wasn't enthusiastic till he told me that I'd earn three dollars every time I was sent for, with my carfare and postage paid. I needed extra money, as my family had suffered some reverses, so finally with many misgivings I agreed to try the work. The manager laughed at my fears and said that instructions would be mailed to me that night and my first commission would follow in a day or so.

The following day I received copious written instructions. These went into great detail and explained the exact nature of the position and just how my reports were to be written each night. On the following morning I received my first commission by mail. I was to come into the silk-petticoat department of the store that employed me and look at black skirts ranging in price from five to ten dollars. When I got a good idea of them I was to do the same thing at three other prominent shops. If I found a duplicate of any of our skirts I was to buy it, and money for this would be sent me that day by messenger. I afterward found that the duplicates I bought were used to confront our buyer with. In instances where our rivals were offering better prices than our shop the buyer was asked how a competitor could afford to sell a skirt regularly for five seventy-five that we regularly sold for seven twenty-five. Clearly the reason must be that our competitor was buying from the wholesaler at better terms, and in consequence our buyer was in for a bad half-hour with the manager.

After visiting these shops, my instructions were to compare the departments, the size of stock, the variety of styles, and give my preference of shops and my reasons for such preference. Also I was to give an estimate of how much business each shop was doing and report on the attention I received. I started positively awed with the magnitude of the undertaking. In the first shop I explained that I was looking at skirts for my aunt in the country, who was horribly fussy. This, I hoped, would account for my very careful scrutiny, and I was able to write down a couple of prices with very meager descriptions. In the

SHERATON

"Now will I make them as beautiful as they are practical," said O. H. L. Wernicke—the father of Sectional Bookcases—when he became president of The Macey Company.

Macey

Book Cabinets

Do Not Look Sectional-

But They Are

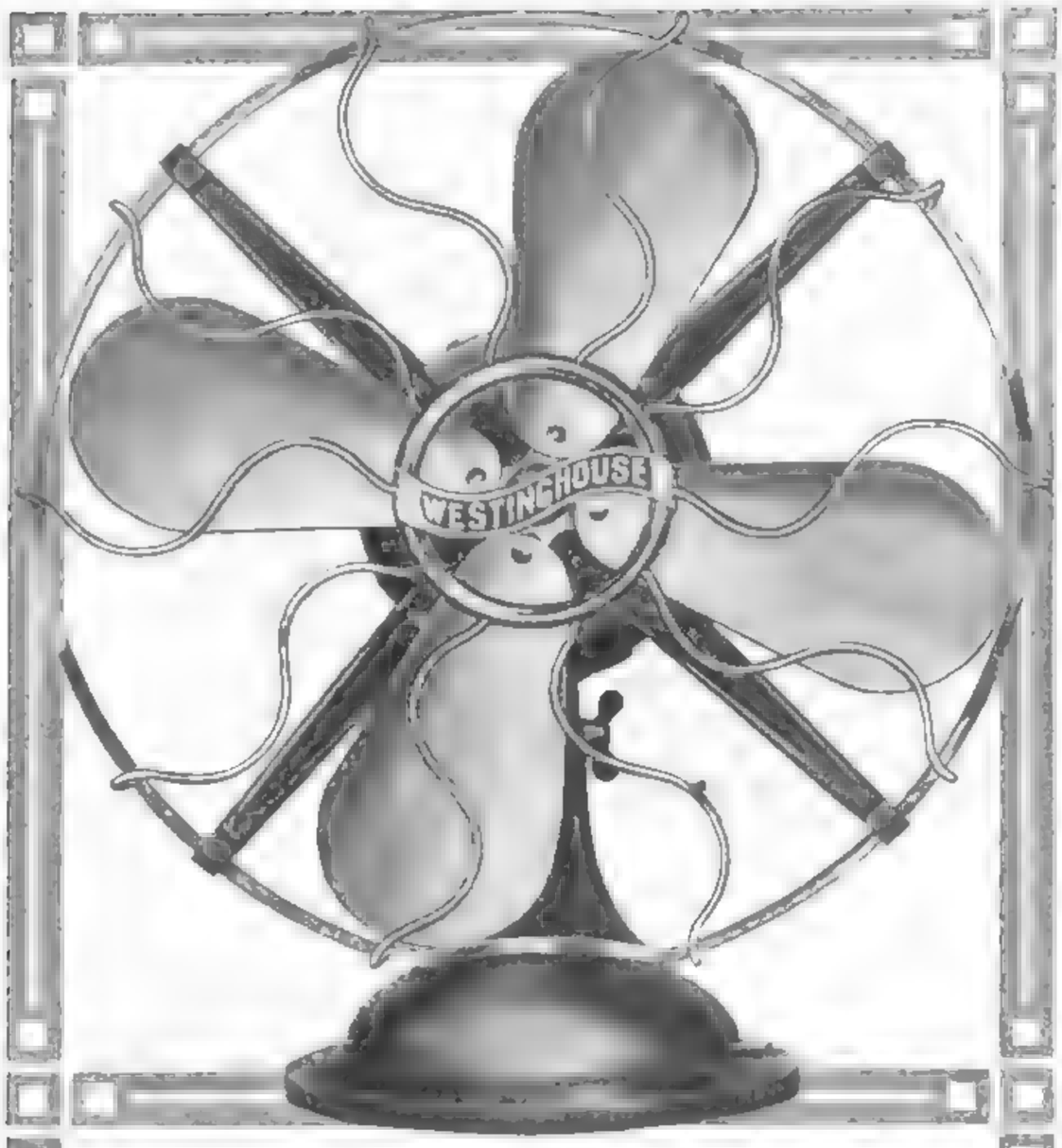
You would like them in your home!

They have the style of Old Master Furniture. You can see it yourself; it stands out so you can't help seeing it.

You may have them in Colonial, Chippendale, Sheraton, Artcraft or Mission design, any size; any finish; and they actually cost less than *ordinary* bookcases.

Macey Book Cabinets are on sale with merchants in every locality and are warranted to give complete satisfaction.

Our style book and price list is full of helpful and interesting facts for all book lovers, and contains some charming suggestions on home decorations by William Morris. Sent anywhere for the asking. Address—*The Macey Co., No. 940 S. Division St. Grand Rapids, Mich. "The Home of Good Furniture."*



WESTINGHOUSE Electric Fan

New Steel-Clad Model Gives More Breeze and Weighs Less

THIS is the fan office men are looking for. Keeps the office force, and you yourself, up to the top notch of efficiency during the hot weather.

The Westinghouse Fan with drawn-steel frame is a distinct advance in electric fan design. Moves a greater volume of air for the current it consumes than any other fan, size for size. A nickel runs the 8-inch size 24 hours; the 12-inch size 12 hours. One-third less weight than the old style fan with cast iron frame. Extremely quiet when running.

Patented joint makes fan adjustable to wide range of horizontal and vertical positions without tools or extra parts.

Westinghouse Fans Should Be In Every Corner of the Large Office to Keep ALL the Air Moving

They cost so little to run that it is false economy not to have plenty of them. Phone your Electric Light Company or a good electrical dealer in your vicinity and have them send you a Westinghouse Fan at once. If you have the slightest difficulty getting the fan, communicate with us direct and we will see that you are supplied.

Fine, fully illustrated catalog of Westinghouse Fans for every purpose will be sent you upon receipt of postcard bearing your name and address. Write to Westinghouse Fan Dept. P, East Pittsburgh, Pa.

Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Sales Offices in 45 American Cities Representatives all over the World

second shop my sister in boarding school was the one I was shopping for. I often look back and laugh at all those perfectly good stories wasted on saleswomen who are so accustomed to women who shop but do not buy that they forget a shopper in five minutes unless she makes the mistake of impressing them with a tale. How I got through the day I don't remember, but I was glad to find that my memory, fresh from school training, was quite dependable. That night I wrote what must have seemed a very detailed report on silk skirts, so afraid was I of skipping anything.

In the days that followed I was sent to investigate waists, suits, curtains and a host of similar things, and I gradually lost my timidity and learned to enjoy getting the information. Some of the work in connection with such uninteresting articles as sheets and pillow-cases and cheap domestic underwear was quite monotonous, but I have since learned that this really difficult work is a part of the training. If a shopper can report successfully on the qualities, makes and duplicates in this class of merchandise she is judged capable of doing something more interesting.

As the months passed I began to get more confidence, until one day I got a jolt that knocked most of it out of me. My store had sent me a dozen or more medium-priced embroidered centerpieces, with the instructions that I was to go to four houses and look specially for duplicates, and, should I find any cheaper than those in our store, I was to buy one and report on any others. I was afraid I couldn't remember all the patterns, so I grabbed a sheet of paper lying on my desk and drew tiny designs of the pattern of each one and noted the price.

The first and second shops were comparatively easy, as the patterns were fresh in my mind, but in the third one I saw a centerpiece that I was sure was a duplicate of one I had at the house, but whether cheaper or dearer I couldn't remember clearly. The only thing to do was to consult the paper. As the salesman left for a moment I did this, drawing the paper out of my bag and slipping it behind my muff. I found that the centerpiece I had at home was dearer, so I bought the one I had been examining and left for the final shop. I took a car to save time and decided to study my paper on the way down. I felt in my muff and I looked in my bag, but I could find no paper. My heart seemed to skip several beats, for I knew that ten chances to one I had dropped the paper in the department I had just left. I realized that if any salesman happened to pick it up I was lost, for not only would the little sketches and prices disclose my occupation, but in my haste I had made my notes on the back of an invitation on which my name appeared. I had given the salesman my name and address, and this, of course, coincided with the name on the invitation. I'm afraid the centerpieces I looked at in the other house were rather a blur, but I decided on the way home not to get needlessly excited over what had occurred.

Shadowing the Shoppers

When I came home on the following evening and asked whether a parcel from that particular shop had come for me and was told it had not, I almost collapsed. It was too late to telephone that evening and ascertain the cause of the delay, so I spent a wretched night. Bright and early the next morning, however, I was at the telephone with my heart in my mouth. If the shop people gave me some flimsy excuse or evaded the reason for non-delivery I should know why. However, I concealed my panic as best I could, and in my haughtiest tone asked for the complaint department, and stated that I had ordered a centerpiece two days before and couldn't understand why I had not received it. I was told to wait while the matter was looked up. It seemed hours instead of minutes before a voice begged my pardon and said the salesman had taken down the wrong address. I gave the correct one and said I wished the goods sent special to reach me before noon, for I knew that the messenger from my own shop would be calling for them. I was assured that I should have them, but I wasn't completely at ease till they actually arrived at the door.

By this time I knew quite a little of the methods of this very secretive department on the tenth floor of the shop that employed me. I had learned that there are two grades of professional shoppers, known as inside shoppers and outside shoppers. Those of the first class reported each morning to the store itself and were sent out on hurried errands, possibly to verify a rumor or to see how a much-advertised sale in a competitor's shop was drawing and whether the crowd was actually buying or only looking. There were eight or ten of these shoppers and they were often intrusted with regular commissions in addition to their special work. This, however, was in a large measure dangerous, for should a shop become suspicious of them by chance and have them followed, and should they be seen to visit the same department and look at the same class of goods in several shops and then enter their own shop and disappear in the elevator above the public floors, this would be evidence enough to render their services almost useless ever afterward. The shops watch carefully for professional shoppers from other establishments, and if they think they detect one the suspected individual is immediately followed, even if the chase finally leads to her home. Her description is carefully noted by the store detectives, and upon her next visits to the shop she is watched and followed. If the same suspicious circumstances occur and it is decided that she is a professional or secret shopper, sad is her lot, for this is what happens:

The Retort Courteous

She visits a shop to see whether the suits advertised in the morning papers are as remarkable values as the advertisement would lead one to believe. She has instructions to buy if this is so, and finding the suits better for the money than those she has seen at her own house, she buys one. The next morning a package is delivered at her house containing a totally different suit. If she is wise she immediately realizes that the chances are that she is caught. If she thinks she can brazen the thing out she returns the suit and makes a great fuss about it. Possibly the shop people are not altogether certain that she is a shopper, so they apologize and exchange her suit for the one she originally purchased—if there are any left. But they continue to watch her even more closely, and finally, of course, their suspicions are confirmed. From that moment she never gets what she buys in that particular house. She may brave the thing out a little longer, and she will still be met with apologies and exchanges; but sooner or later she will inconvenience her own house by delays in receiving the packages, and so soon as they realize the reason for this her days as a professional shopper are ended. This naturally happens more often in the case of the inside shopper, who works under greater difficulties. She is not paid so well as the outside shopper, but then her requirements are not nearly so many as those of the outside shopper. She need not be so well dressed or so well educated, for upon her return to the store she can tell her story and answer questions concerning her work, while the outside shopper must cover all the necessary questions in clear and concise English in her written report.

My second scare called for a lot more presence of mind and nerve than the first one. On this occasion a quick decision saved what, I am sure, would otherwise have been a day to be marked in black. It was a custom of my house to send a shopper only once each season to a department; this was done, of course, to prevent her becoming conspicuous. I had been sent in the winter to look at cloth one-piece dresses in a certain shop, and the following spring, not many months afterward, I was told to go there again to look for a certain class of lingerie frocks. Now on my first visit I had been waited on by a large, stout blonde, who gave me exceptionally good attention and showed me everything she had in stock. It was rather hard not to be suited, and I don't recollect just what excuse I gave at the time. However, I distinctly remembered that she was disappointed, and I knew it wouldn't do to take the chance of her remembering me and my having to disappoint her once more. Such action would leave a very bad and possibly a suspicious impression, which I wanted to avoid if I could. I arrived at the dress department some time round noon, hoping that my friend would be out, and in the first moment I did not see her. I spoke to the first saleswoman I met, who was on her way to lunch, it seems, for she said: "I'll get some one for you." To my dismay she returned, followed by my

blonde friend, who recognized me in an instant, as I saw from her frozen expression. There is no better exponent of the "frozen face" than your displeased saleswoman! I was right there with my pleasantest little nod and smile, and said I believed she had shown me some frocks a short while before. I then told her what I was looking for and she said she would see what she had, but apparently there was no thaw she was suspicious of me for some reason or other. I'd have to take decided measures to overcome her impression I realized that very clearly. She returned with an armful of frocks which she started to throw over a chair. I glanced at a few and saw that they were mediocre, and then as she continued to throw others on top of them I saw that all of them were in the same class. "I do not care for any of those," I told her. "Haven't you something prettier?" She raised her eyebrows a trifle, disdaining any other answer, and went to get a fresh supply. These proved even worse, if possible, than the first lot, and from the crumpled appearance of some of them I recognized that they were last season's stock left over. Now a good saleswoman in a first-class house will never show you last season's stock unless you look as though you didn't know the difference and she thinks it an opportunity to get rid of it, or unless you are looking for bargains. In the latter case she will tell you frankly that the goods are left over from the season before but are still in style. As I fitted neither of these descriptions, I could not understand her tactics, unless she thought I was a shopper and was determined that I should not see the best merchandise. I jockeyed round a bit and said I couldn't understand their not having prettier things, but she merely assumed an expression a trifle more bored and declined to search further. Occasionally I caught her looking at me with anything but a kindly glance, and I knew she thought she had my game blocked, whatever it was.

Now was the time for action. I was glad to feel a righteous indignation rising in me, for I knew the occasion demanded it. I rose, thanked her for her attention—the irony was not lost on her, I'm sure—and left. As I descended in the elevator I concluded to take a very definite step, and I rejoiced to find myself growing more indignant every moment. In this state I reached the office, about the windows of which quite a little crowd was clustered. Pushing my way to the front and raising my voice as high as I dared, I said: "Can you tell me whether it is possible to be waited upon in your gown department?" In a moment I had the ears of the entire little crowd of women, who immediately recognized the tone of my voice and expected to see something happen. A most solicitous clerk asked in a soft voice what was the trouble, and I said: "Frankly I do not know, but whatever it is, it seems to be impossible for me to see any but your last year's models and a few of this season's."

The Business Value of Bluff

"The balance"—I laughed—"for some reason or other were withheld from my view." He said he would accompany me to the department and see that I was attended to, and we left together. I fancy he wanted to get me away from that curious little crowd before I went into any further explanations, for naturally he did not wish my complaint to reach more ears than was necessary. On the way up I told him that this same saleswoman had waited on me before, and that I thought she resented my not buying and possibly thought I was there to see the styles or for some such pretext. I said I could see no reason why I might not see the stock, and of course he heartily agreed with me, apologizing and doing everything to smooth me down. I saw that the day was won, so I went on to say that I didn't care to have the same saleswoman wait on me.

As we entered the department I pointed her out to him, and she, busily waiting on some customers, turned positively green. She knew a good calldown was in store for her. The clerk summoned another saleswoman and told her to show me anything I wished to see. She, scenting trouble, gave me the best possible attention. I saw all there was to be seen and left without buying. However, I had accomplished one very important point—I had established an identity at the office, and one decidedly foreign to that of a shopper. This would be of no little value to me in the future.

After a couple of years' work, when I had become known to my establishment as a shopper to be trusted with delicate missions I was given one, the success of which I rather doubted. There was a certain dressmaking establishment in town noted for its exclusiveness. The proprietor, although an American, had spent his boyhood and early manhood in Paris studying designing, and later had become intimately acquainted with all of the large dressmaking ateliers in Paris. This knowledge enabled him to bring over models said to be quite exclusive and closely akin to the selection shown to the mondaines of the smart world of Paris. My house decided to see this collection—through my eyes. I was told to go to this exclusive shop and look the collection over, and, as I had already examined the collections in the various drygoods houses and the larger dressmaking establishments, I was to report whether this man's collection really was so superior. In addition I was to note the models, styles, and so forth, and give my people as much information as I could. Now this part was easy enough, and there was nothing I liked better than such gown work. In this case, however, I was warned by my house that I might see ever so many gowns, but that unless I could convince the establishment of my worth as a prospective customer I would not see the particular collection in question, which naturally was reserved for the inner circle.

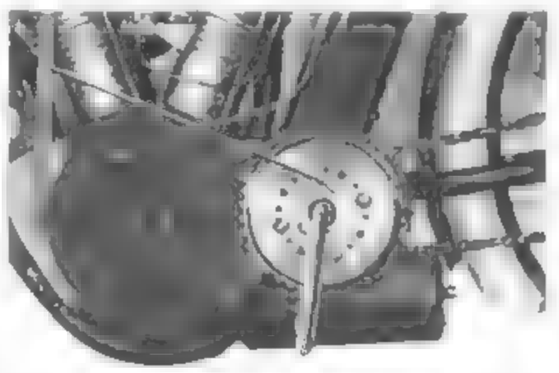
The White Badge of Courage

The morning that I received this commission I sat for a long time trying to arrange a complete plan of action that would bring the desired results, for just a few words in the commission had made me determined to see those gowns at all costs. My house had written: "It will be all right if you don't see them; just let us have all the information you can about those you do see." If they paid me the compliment of admitting that I would be able to know whether I had seen "the" collection or not, I was bound to see it somehow and show them my value. Also, I was looking for an increase of salary about then. Finally I worked out a plan that seemed feasible—if my acting was good enough. I looked, as I have said before, like many other girls of my age round town—well groomed, happy and carefree. I had been careful always to wear smart hats, well-cut simple suits, and good shoes and gloves, not forgetting such small details as correct neckwear. Unfortunately I had an ugly spot right in front of the coat of my suit that did not at all tone in with the part I intended playing, so on the way downtown I bought a few gardenias, which besides covering the spot gave me extra courage, as flowers or a few strains of lively music nearly always will. It was none the less with a quaking heart that I rang the bell and was admitted to the quiet, unobtrusive house on a side street little given to business, just off the Avenue. I was shown into a Jacobean room, almost austere in its dignified furnishings of soft gray and dull dark green—just the background for the delicate beauty of a woman's gown. As I seated myself a willowy creature in black swept up to me and I became for the time being a perfectly natural, delightfully naive young girl, accustomed to the best but not used to shopping without an older person in attendance. I told her that I wanted to see something in a dinner frock that I might also use for restaurant and theater, and a few minutes later I informed her in a gush that the truth was I had been to my dressmaker's that morning, as I needed another frock in a hurry, and she had nothing in a model I liked and could not make me one before two weeks. I had heard my mother speak of this place, and I had determined to come round and see whether I couldn't find a suitable model which I might have altered in time for my party. As far as the story went it was all right. I saw she swallowed it whole and she began at once showing me models, but after I had looked at several I saw that, far from being out of the ordinary, many of them had been at the exhibitions I had attended round town.

I looked a little bored, and occasionally pronounced one decidedly too old, adding: "I know mother would never permit me to wear it." Finally I took the bull by the horns and said: "Oh, I'm so disappointed! I heard mother say that she must come here, for she heard you have such lovely things and so exclusive; but really I've seen most of these all over town." At this

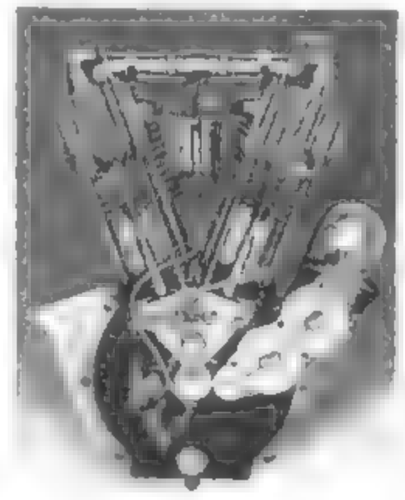
THE MECHANICAL PERFECTION OF THE *Indian* Motocycle

THE enormously increasing popularity of the ***Indian*** is due simply to its *mechanical perfection.* And this is why it leads the way in motorcycle design and construction each year. A few of the leading features of the 1912 regular models are given here with illustrations.



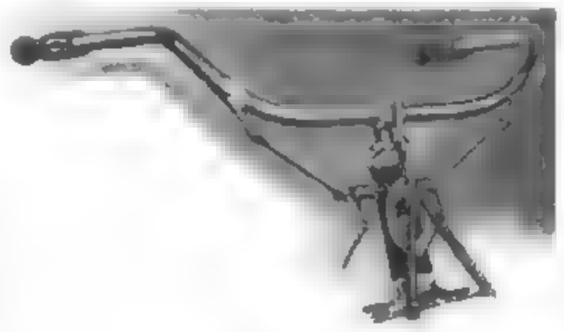
The Variable Speed and Free Engine Clutch

This feature, supplied without extra charge on all 1912 ***Indians,*** enables the rider to regulate his speed in the same way as an automobile, but with greater ease and variation. By easy manipulation, this clutch can be "slipped" and the motor kept running at its most effective speed over difficult places. This means that any speed from 4 to 60 miles an hour can be controlled by operating the clutch lever. Again, the free engine principle enables the rider to start anywhere—even on the steepest up grade—without pedaling. For riding amongst traffic and in cities, this feature is positively invaluable. Absolute control of the machine is assured at all times.



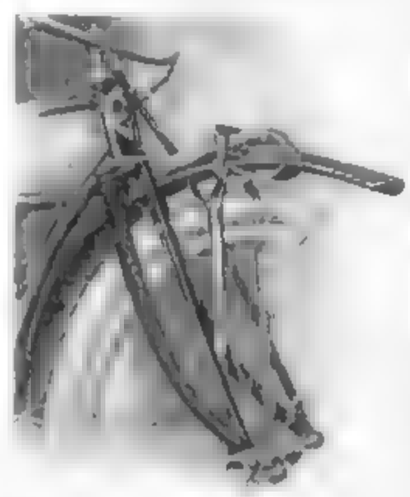
The Twin Motor

The Hedstrom Motor used on all ***Indian*** Motocycles is the most powerful, flexible and efficient in the world. For reliability and endurance this motor has been a leader for many years. In its 24 hour record, the Hedstrom Motor was running as smoothly and efficiently at the end of the trial as when it started. There was no sign of overheating, burnt-out valves and piston rings, loss of compression, or of any of the other common motor troubles. Only the finest gray cast iron is used to make the cylinders for Hedstrom Motors. They are accurately bored and ground absolutely true with a mirror-like surface. Special steel is used for the piston rods, main shaft and crank and wrist pins. Special phosphor bronze is used for the bushings. Easy accessibility of all parts is a notable feature of construction. Bore of Twin Motor: 3¼ inches. Stroke: 3 43-64 inches. Piston displacement: 60.92 cubic inches. Rating: 7 H. P.



The Double Grip Control

The ***Indian*** grip control, which was the original device of its class, places the control of the machine right in the hands of the rider all the time. *"A twist of the wrist"* does everything necessary for operating the machine and controlling its speed. The right grip switches the spark on or off and operates the exhaust valve. The left grip controls the throttle and instantly increases or reduces the power. No wires, chains or awkward levers are used. The ***Indian*** control principle is *safe* and ingeniously simple, consisting merely of a flexible shaft within each handle bar tube. The connections are so designed as not to interfere with the changing of the height of the handle bars, which can be done without any adjustment whatever of the control connections.



The Cradle Spring Fork

This easy riding device has been in successful use for three seasons. The long leaf spring has been found to give the strongest and smoothest action. The reversed, "C" shaped end of the ***Indian*** spring not only gives the effect of a longer spring but greatly assists in softening the rebound of the spring itself after shocks are absorbed. Highly tempered Chrome Vanadium Steel is used in the spring leaves. Its smoothness of action entirely absorbs all shocks from rough roads. A pair of bell crank levers, attached to the fork, carry the wheel caster fashion, which makes steering steady and easy. This construction prevents any twisting of the wheel or fork.

The above improvements and many others, including Magneto, supplied with all 1912 ***Indians*** without extra charge.

The ***Indian*** is the choice of the experienced rider. He has been educated by road usage to the fine points of motorcycle design and construction.

"Count the Indians on the Road!"

INDIAN SERVICE: 1200 ***Indian*** agents, distributed all over the United States and Canada, are always at hand and ready to assist ***Indian*** riders and tourists.

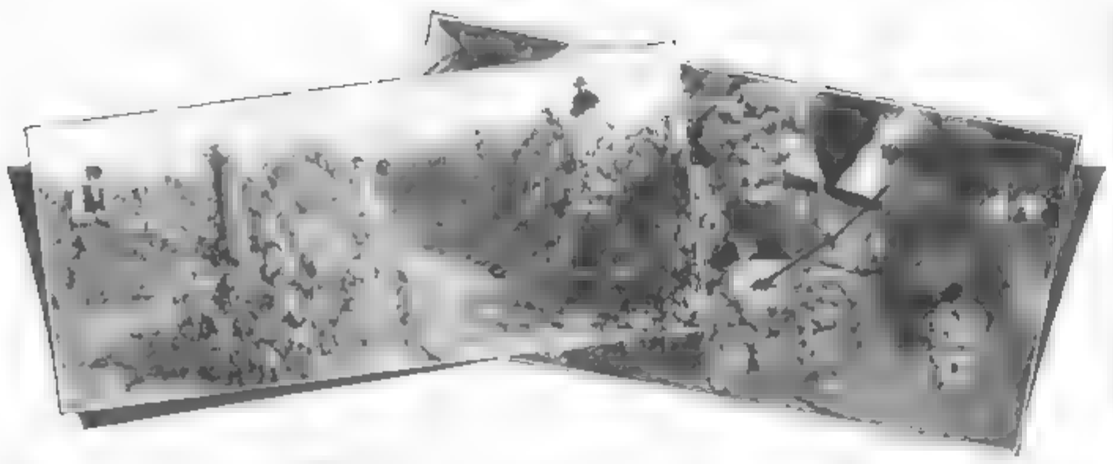
4 H. P. Single Cylinder, $200 **7 H. P. Twin Cylinder, $250**

NOTE: Send postal for free illustrated 1912 Catalog.

The Hendee Manufacturing Co., 839 State St., Springfield, Mass.

(Largest Motorcycle Manufacturers in the World)

Chicago Branch, 1251 Michigan Avenue — Pacific Coast Branch, 235 Van Ness Avenue, San Francisco — Denver Branch, 138 16th Street — London Depot, 284 Gt. Portland Street



Better Digestion—Better Appetite—Yours by Drinking Grape Juice

"Using a reasonably large amount of unfermented grape juice with a mixed diet is beneficial, digestion being improved, intestinal fermentation diminished. . . . . The agreeable flavor increases the appetite, a by no means unimportant consideration."—*Extract from Farmers' Bulletin 175, published by U. S. Department of Agriculture.*

THAT grapes are one of Nature's best aids to good health has long been recognized by Europe's skilled physicians.

Grape "Cures" are an established institution. Across the water thousands benefit by them yearly.

But the most convenient way to take advantage of their wonderful qualities is to follow the recommendation of Uncle Sam's expert given above—

—And drink with meals, and between meals, a "reasonably large" quantity of pure, rich grape juice—the grape juice that you insure yourself by always insisting on—

Armour's Grape Juice

The Family Drink

Bottled Where the Best Grapes Grow

Made only from luscious sun-ripened Concord Grapes, ready to burst with juice, Armour's Grape Juice is unsweetened and undiluted—just the pure, rich juice, preserved only by sterilization and air-tight bottling

Each day's picking goes to the press *that same day.*

Grapes are never held over to wilt and wither.

Armour's Grape Juice is sold by grocers and druggists at fountains, buffets and clubs. It will help you resist the enervation of long, sultry summer days.

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will send you a trial dozen pints for $3, express prepaid.

Address Armour and Company, Dept. 157, Chicago.

ARMOUR & COMPANY

she produced more along the same line, many of them beautiful frocks, but not the exclusive property of the establishment, by any means. I was beginning to despair, when I saw a tall man of distinguished appearance enter the room and stop to chat with another customer. I decided instantly that he must be the famous man, and that if I was ever to succeed in my mission this was the psychological moment. As he neared my chair I rose and said to the saleswoman: "You can't imagine how disappointed I am. The gowns are not at all what I was looking for; I did so hope to find something exclusive." Here I got his attention, and stepping up he inquired of the saleswoman what I wanted. I took the conversation in my own hands and half laughingly told him my story, ending: "Well, I guess I'm destined to wear an old frock, for I haven't been able to find anything I like that I haven't seen before or that isn't too old for me." I saw him sizing me up, and I thought: "Go ahead! The gardenias hide the spot, and otherwise I know I look and I hope I act the part." I guess he thought so, too, for he said to the saleswoman: "Let me see whether I can't find something for the young lady." This must have been a cue, for the saleswoman vanished into thin air and he led me to the second floor and showed me to a seat, meanwhile chatting in an easy fashion. He gave orders to some one in back of a curtained recess, and presently a beautiful model appeared with a delightfully girlish costume—and I knew I had succeeded and was seeing "the" things!

They were everything that I expected and almost all suitable to my needs. I said that I knew my mother would be pleased; possibly she might see something there herself, upon which, as I had hoped, he brought out some costumes more suitable for an older woman. You see I had been shown only young girls' frocks up to this time and I had to see the others, if possible. Here my knowledge of Parisian makers stood me in good stead, and in my best naive manner I glibly mentioned some of them by name. A hurried glance at my watch made me exclaim that I must hurry to keep my luncheon engagement with mother, and that when we returned that afternoon he must not forget to show her that yellow brocade. I made an easy exit and fairly flew home to write out my report before I forgot anything.

Among the secret shopper's tasks is one that is particularly distasteful to her. Whenever persistent complaints about some particular department are made by customers, a secret shopper of the establishment is sent to the department to make a report on the salespeople. She is instructed to put the salespeople to a lot of annoyance, to ask to see as many things as possible, and finally not to buy anything at all. In her report she must mention even the slightest discourtesy or inattention. She is also told to notice whether the customers are waited on promptly, whether the aisleman is indefatigable in looking after their wants and in seeing that they are waited on, and she is particularly told to listen for any derogatory remarks upon the goods or service from the customers.

Another and more pleasant task allotted the tried and successful professional shopper is that of departmental criticism in her own house. This takes a broadness of view and a knowledge of merchandise not easily gained. Take a cloak department, for instance. The last season's receipts show a deficit, and after considerable study a decision is reached at headquarters that something is vitally wrong with the stock and that the trade is going elsewhere. This is a serious problem, needing immediate and drastic measures. The point of view of the public is needed to solve the difficulty—Why doesn't it come there to buy as much as it used to? To the professional shopper who can answer this question the house is really indebted. Her assistance is asked and she undertakes to make an investigation of the department. Possibly before this she has watched the departments in several of the other houses and located one or two of these that are doing a specially large business. She familiarizes herself in a cursory manner with their stock, finding out what particular class of coats they seem to be selling the most of, and perhaps she buys one or two models. Then she visits the cloak department in her own shop. Here she finds a beautiful line of coats, perhaps, but too high-priced for general popularity; or she may find a poorly selected line. More often she finds that a particular style of coat that is well liked by women that season is absolutely missing from the stock. She then buys the best example and prettiest model of this that she can find in the city, and sends it in to her house with a criticism of the entire department.

The Senator's Secretary

LONG ago the present Congress decided its chief function was the regulation of every line of human endeavor and every phase of industry and enterprise, as well as the morals, habits, trends, tastes, temperaments and social conditions of the people.

They slipped a paragraph through in the Post-Office Appropriation Bill in the House of Representatives that causes great glee among the patriots up there. It forbids any publication the advantages of the second-class rate of postage unless that publication shall print in a conspicuous place the name or names of the managing editor or editors, the name of the publisher or proprietor, and the name or names of the owners of stock, bonds and other securities, to the amount of five hundred and fifty dollars or more, that have been sold and are outstanding. In the case of daily newspapers, publication of this information once each week will suffice; and all editorial or other reading matter published, for which money or other consideration is accepted by the publisher, shall be plainly marked "advertising," or be signed by the person or persons in whose interests the article is printed.

This paragraph embodies two of the favorite fictions of some politicians, whether they are in Congress or out of it. They think, or say they think the bulk of the publications of this country are owned and controlled by the interests, and that most of the matter appearing in newspapers and publications, which happens to express opinions contrary to those of the complaining politician, is bought and paid for. You never hear a politician complaining that anything favorable to him or the cause he may be laboring for is venal. Not so. It is only the opposition stuff that is corrupt. Anything that favors him is predicated on high moral principles, a patriotic regard for the exigencies of the situation, and stands for the welfare of the dear people.

These politicians are convinced that if the big newspapers and periodicals of this country are compelled to print a list of their stockholders there will be an amazing display of Standard Oil and J. P. Morgan and Steel Trust and other octopusial ownership. Also they are positive that, when an editor points out in his paper just how much of a sham the Hon. William J. Beegin is, it will be discovered the article was written in the behalf and on the payment of the Hon. Charles K. Magoosh, who is the political opponent of Mr. Beegin, or that the space was bought by some iniquitous corporation for the purpose of eliminating Mr. Beegin from public life. Of course they won't find out any such thing, for the situation they are seeking is largely imaginary.

This talk about the control of newspapers and periodicals by corporations or corporate interests is largely bogus. Few publications in this country are controlled by anybody but their legitimate stockholders, and fewer still have editorial or other opinions for sale. If the lawmakers doubt this the quickest way to find out would be to try to buy a little opinion in some paper or periodical of standing, or to try to buy anything besides plain advertising space, which is for sale to all decent comers. It is quite likely that no publication of standing will have the slightest objection to printing the names of its responsible editors and publishers—most of them do now—or a list of its stockholders—except for the reason that it will waste valuable space. The lawmakers think they have helped themselves by this provision, but, in order that they might not lose votes by putting restrictions on class publications, they carefully exclude "periodical publications published by or under the auspices of fraternal or benevolent societies or orders or trades-unions."

Over in the Senate Mr. Heyburn, of Idaho, who is of the opinion that the only

reading matter this country needs is the Congressional Record at one dollar a year, continued his plan for regulating the press by the introduction of a resolution that will, if it passes, exclude the representatives of any paper that publishes a report of proceedings of executive sessions of the Senate—or what purport to be reports of proceedings of executive sessions—from the privileges of the press gallery.

The War on the Galleries

Senator Heyburn has conducted a long fight against the newspaper correspondents at Washington. Nobody has yet learned just what is the matter. Either the correspondents do not take the senator seriously enough, or they take him too seriously. Several times he has inveighed against the reports of his speeches sent out by the Senate press gallery and has called the correspondents jokesmiths and frivolous persons; but only a short time ago he was vexed—and said so—because no reporters were in the gallery to hear him exude a few tons of language about one of his pet abhorrences, the Forest Service. There seems to be no way that the reporters can please the senator.

It will be interesting to observe the workings of the senator's resolution if the Senate shall pass it. There never has been a time since executive sessions began and newspaper reporters were in Washington that the newspaper reporters and other writers have not been able to print everything vital about the proceedings of the Senate in executive session. Inasmuch as there is but one other person in an executive session of the Senate besides the senators themselves, and that one person is the executive clerk, who is sworn to divulge no secrets and always is a gentleman of honor, it follows that the reporters must get their news of what happens in executive sessions from the senators themselves.

That is exactly what occurs. There are ninety odd senators now, and there are possibly not half a dozen of the lot who will not tell what was done in executive session. Some of them will go so far as to take notes for friends among the corps of correspondents. I do not mean that every senator will tell every reporter what happened, but that some senator will tell some reporter or some reporters, and in that way a good general idea is always obtained. Most of the senators consider the inhibition on publication of the proceedings of executive sessions more of a joke than anything else. And it isn't very often that anything happens in executive session that is important enough for publication anyhow. A fictitious value is placed on the news because the doors of the Senate are closed and the session is supposed to be secret.

Every man in the writing business in Washington, who has to do with congressional affairs, has a senator or two on whom he can rely for the news of executive sessions. The senators are perfectly willing to tell. I remember once when I printed a long story of the proceedings of an executive session. It was a circumstantial story of a rather sensational and important debate that took place behind closed doors and a tabulation of a vote or two. Next day some Heyburn of that period arose in the Senate to inquire how it came that this report was printed. It disclosed secrets of the executive session. It was a scandal and a reproach, a blot on this sacred institution, and so forth. This earnest inquirer was followed by another senator, who agreed with him perfectly. He, too, thought the practice of the newspapers in disclosing executive-session secrets was highly reprehensible, and he deprecated it, and wondered if something might not be done to prevent a recurrence of this violation of one of the rules of the Senate. He made a warm speech. It was very impressive, especially to me, for he was the man who had furnished the information used in the article complained of, and the man who had kept the tally of the vote for me on a regular Senate tally-sheet.

The Government's Press Agents

Another phase of the business was assailed by Representative Nelson, who was conducting a beef-inspection inquiry. Mr. Nelson desired to look into the employment of press agents by the Government. That is a subject for inquiry that will keep Mr. Nelson busy for a long time if he goes exhaustively into it. There isn't a department of the Government of any importance that has not a press agent. The Government is doing all sorts of work in all sorts of fields of endeavor. Much of this work is of great importance to the public.

Mr. Nelson wasn't hitting this practice so much as he was the practice the Government has of sending its own reporters to hearings like the beef-inspection hearings, and preparing reports that are sent to the correspondents and out into the country. The Government is trying to protect itself. The hearings are open and any reporter can go in. But that isn't the point. The growth of the personal and departmental press agent has been rapid in the past ten years. The men who are sending out the press bulletins from the various departments have been overshadowed by the personal press agents who have been employed. There are shoals of them.

The hills show how well your lubricant suits your car.

With the wrong oil your motor must overcome both the hill and the faulty lubrication.

You will find that the correct oil carries you much more easily over the hills at high speed. On heavy roads the correct oil will yield more power, and give freedom from pounding and over-heated motors.

Different types of motor demand different grades of oil. By a thorough analysis of various cars, we have prepared a complete lubricating schedule (printed in part below). It gives the grade of oil that will yield the greatest power from your motor. It will be sent you on request.

In power-engineering circles these recommendations from us would be accepted as authoritative. You may feel assured that, [illegible], the oil specified on the chart set a world standard.

They are put up in barrels, half-barrels, and in 5 and 1 gallon sealed, white cans.

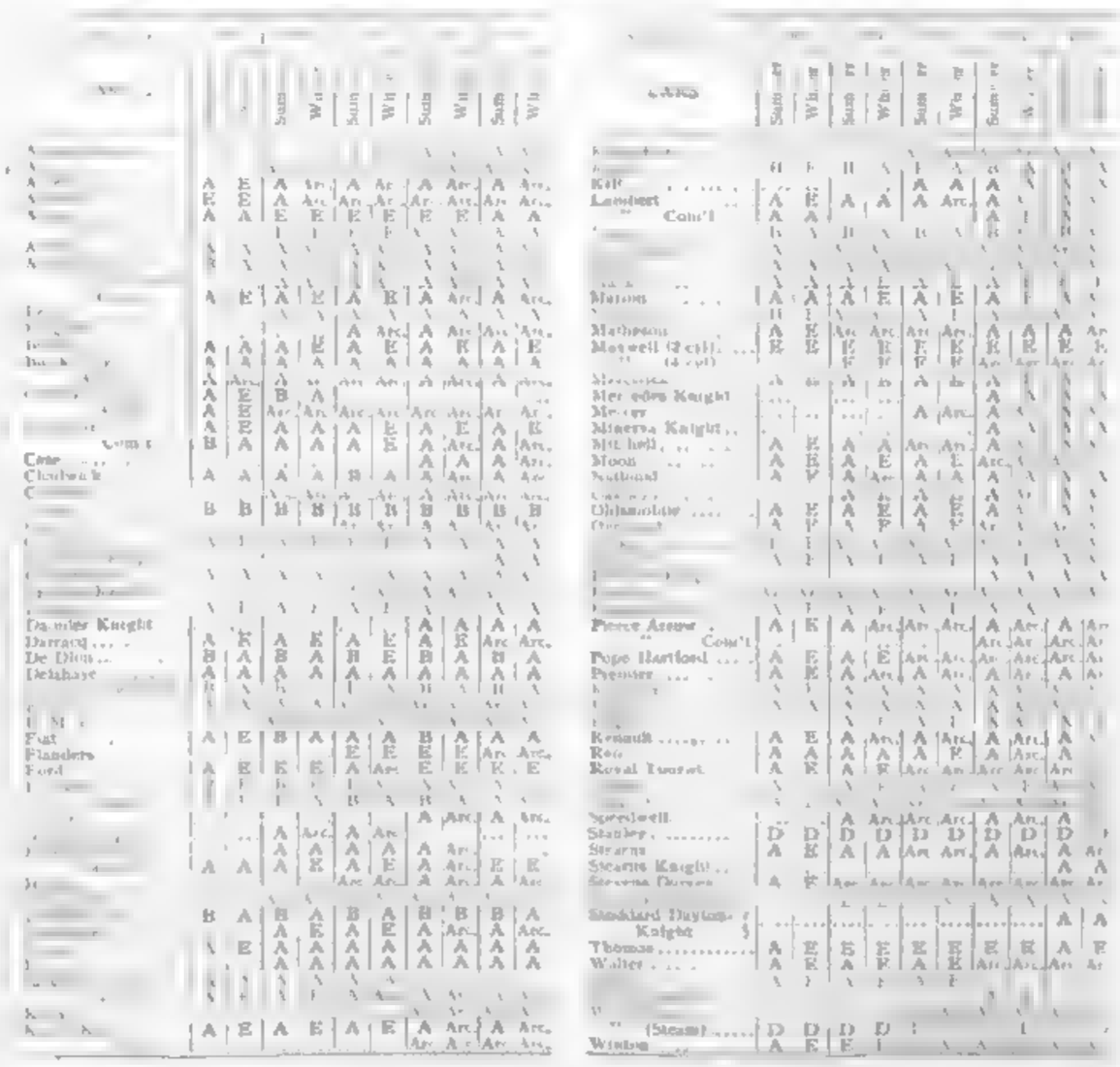
The oils (refined and filtered to remove free carbon) are named:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "D"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic."

All are branded with the Gargoyle, which is our mark of manufacture.

A guide to correct Automobile lubrication

Explanation: In the schedule the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil that should be used. For example, "A" means "Gargoyle Mobiloil A." "Arc." means "Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic." For all electric vehicles use Gargoyle Mobiloil A. The recommendations cover both pleasure and commercial vehicles [illegible]



VACUUM OIL CO., Rochester, U. S. A.
General Sales Offices, 29 Broadway, New York City.
Distributing warehouses in the principal cities of the world.

System in Business

IN ADDITION to auditing and accounting, the work of the accountant includes systematizing. In the days of Andrew Carnegie's active participation in the steel industry, the systematizer was known as the cost accountant; but cost accounting has given way to scientific management.

Notwithstanding the fact that in all lines of accounting work there has been a progression of knowledge, it is nevertheless true that the work of few of our modern efficiency experts has stood the time test as well as the work of the cost accountants of Mr. Carnegie. Of all the factory systems installed during the past few years, a great majority of them have been thrown out bodily or used only to a very limited extent.

The fault in many of these cases can be directly attributed to the system itself; for, though the system in its general aspects may have been a model one—and it is unfortunately true that most systems, at least professional ones, are modeled systems, patterned directly after some other which has been used as a standard, embodying its faults along with its advantages it has seldom been taken into consideration that this model could not possibly be adapted to the specific needs of every management or every employee, or for other than those for whom it was first devised. Temperament, environment and previous experience can neither be measured nor weighed; and any system, to be of value, must have that subtle something which grapples the vital attention of those left in charge and enlists the enthusiasm of those whose work is to be brought in harmony therewith.

The development of systematizing has brought forth the system salesman, and this development indirectly has been the cause of the failure of many of the systems installed. In the pioneer days the head cost expert of Andrew Carnegie was called upon by other concerns to systematize their plants because of the work accomplished by Mr. Carnegie's company; today most systems, as installed, represent not so much the ability and ingenuity of the systematizer as the selling ability of the system seller. The salesman, of course, learning his lesson well, talks most effectively of efficiency, scientific management, elimination of waste, the advantage of the bonus system over the old piecework wages, and so on. Then, proper interest being aroused, a flat price is made for the systematizing of the business solicited, the price and the major features of the system being based in many cases upon the particular one of the three or four classes into which all concerns are divided, the basis being not the need of that particular factory and not at all on the intangible difficulties of temperament, environment or previous training of the management and employees, but on the volume of sales for that particular class of business.

Upon obtaining the work, the real or so-called "expert" visits the plant, gathers such data as to him may seem essential and forwards the same to the home office. With this information and with a large number of standard sheets and instructions and forms from previous jobs to draw upon, together with perhaps an original form or two, the report is quickly made up.

This is a Columbi

Tell your dealer you want the "Lyric," a on 6 double-disc records, the whole out

records and all, for $28.90 and at $5

This price covers everything. No interest to add, no extras of any sort. No conditi limit—July 31st. And your money back if you believe the outfit not equal to our

WE have arranged with over 7500 Columbia dealers all over the country to deliver this "Lyric" Columbia to local inquirers, with 6 double-disc Columbia Records (two selections on each disc); with you long enough for you to decide whether to keep it or have the dealer call for it.

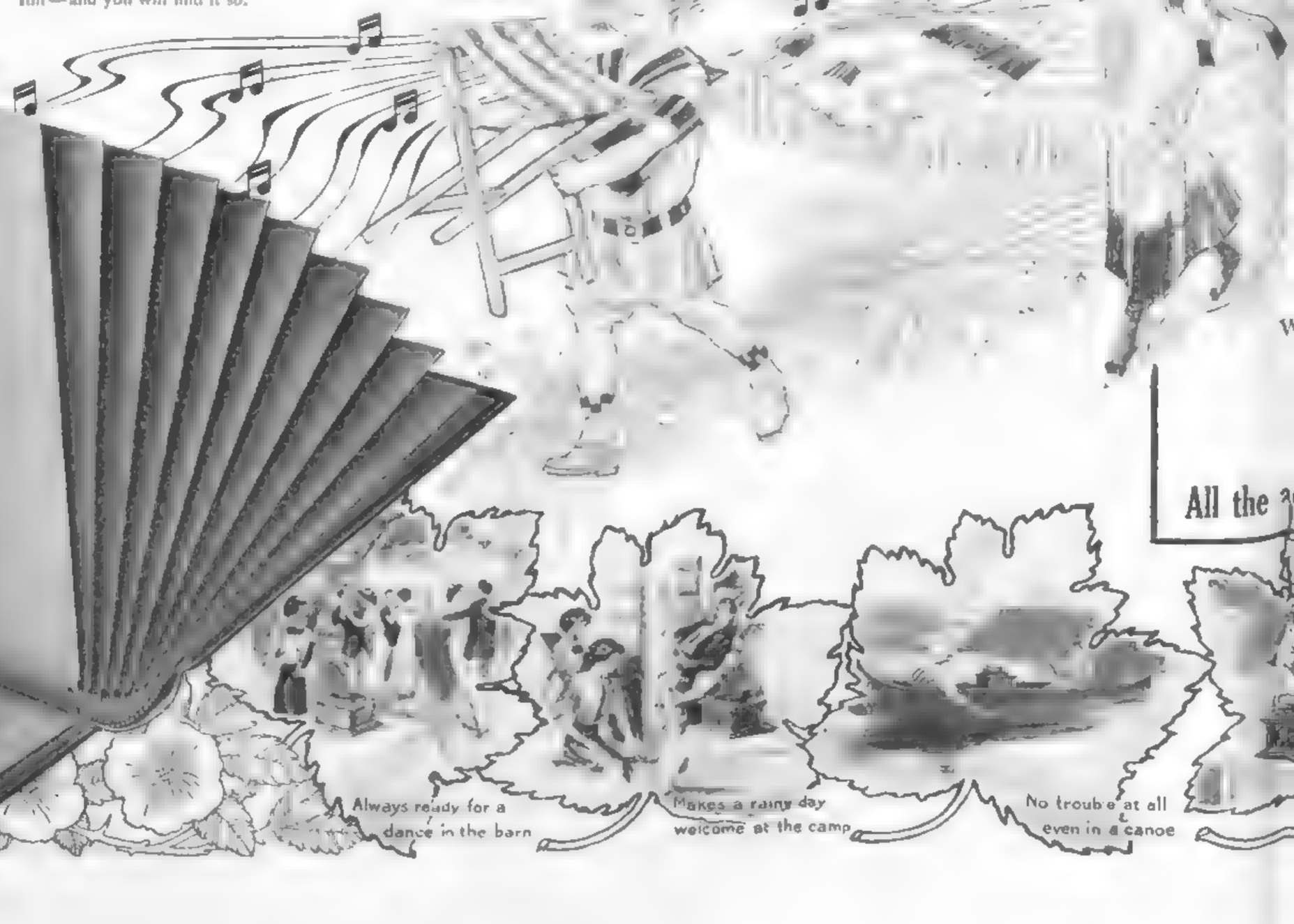
When the instrument is before you, check up every feature that your money is paying for: The "Lyric" is first of all *portable*, condensed, compact; the cabinet is 13½ inches square and 7 inches high, built of quartered oak throughout. Its *quality* of tone is beyond improvement and its *volume* of tone is surprising, until you realize that it has a perfect reproducer and a correct tone-chamber, just like that of the high-priced instruments. **Insist on seeing that tone-chamber before you order. No other low-priced, small hornless "talking-machine" has this Columbia feature. The uninterrupted and acoustically perfect tone-chamber of the "Lyric" is shown clearly enough in the diagram.** But if you once *hear* the two types of instruments you won't need any diagram. "Hearing is believing."

The reproducer gives a round, full, natural tone. The motor is a soundless, double-spring drive, running three records at one winding, and can be re-wound while playing. Speed regulator, start-and-stop lever—nothing left out, everything *right*. The instrument plays either 10 or 12 inch disc records (any make, Columbia or other).

Even if you already own an instrument that cost you $200—or whether you do or not—you can get $28.90 worth out of the "Lyric" the first time you are away from the house and want good music. You can stow it away easily and carry it anywhere—boat, automobile, tent, barn, camp, lawn, or neighbor's veranda; and it will play any disc records you happen to have handy—Columbia or not Columbia. If you do not yet own a record-playing instrument, you will never have a better opportunity to provide yourself with "all the music of all the world." This "Lyric" is a splendid *outdoor* outfit, because it is *portable*; but in its tone, its finish and its general appearance, it is a worthy instrument for any home for all the year round. The double-disc records that complete this outfit cannot be equalled by any others in surface, in tone or in durability; and every Columbia record envelope carries that guarantee in plain English.

This is an extraordinary $28.90 worth. At $5 a month you will have it paid for in a little while—and "all the music of all the world" at your command in the meantime and always afterward. It's going to be the best part of your Summer's fun—and you will find it so.

No tent is half a tent without it
Makes any anchorage a better one
Special records for the "Fourth"
Record Album $1.50 Additional



a for all outdoors

nd he will deliver it, with 12 selections fit on approval,

a month

ons except the time representation.

Hornless to be left

The only hornless instrument under $50 that has a continuous tone chamber

Dealers in 4,880 towns are prepared to fulfil this offer. If your locality is not covered by a dealer, write to us; we will see that you are supplied with either information or outfit, according to your request. Be sure to see the complete catalog of Columbia instruments and double-disc records. Don't fail to have the dealer play for you your favorite music—sung by Destinn, Fremstad, Nordica, Garden, Slezak, Zenatello, Nielsen, Pasquali, White, Gay, Cavalieri, Bispham, or any other Columbia artist whose name is familiar to you or whose voice appeals to you.

Columbia Phonograph Company, Gen'l

Box 331, Tribune Building
New York City

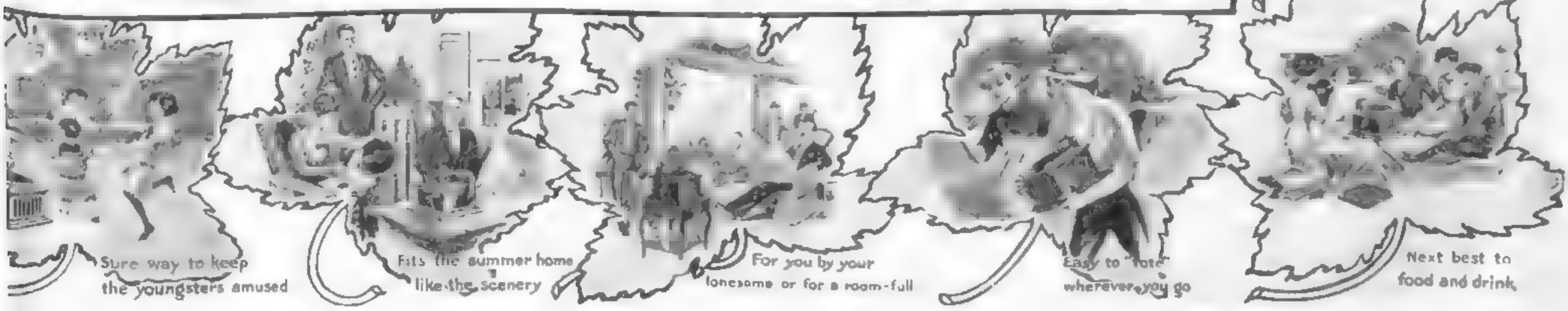
Manufacturers of the Dictaphone

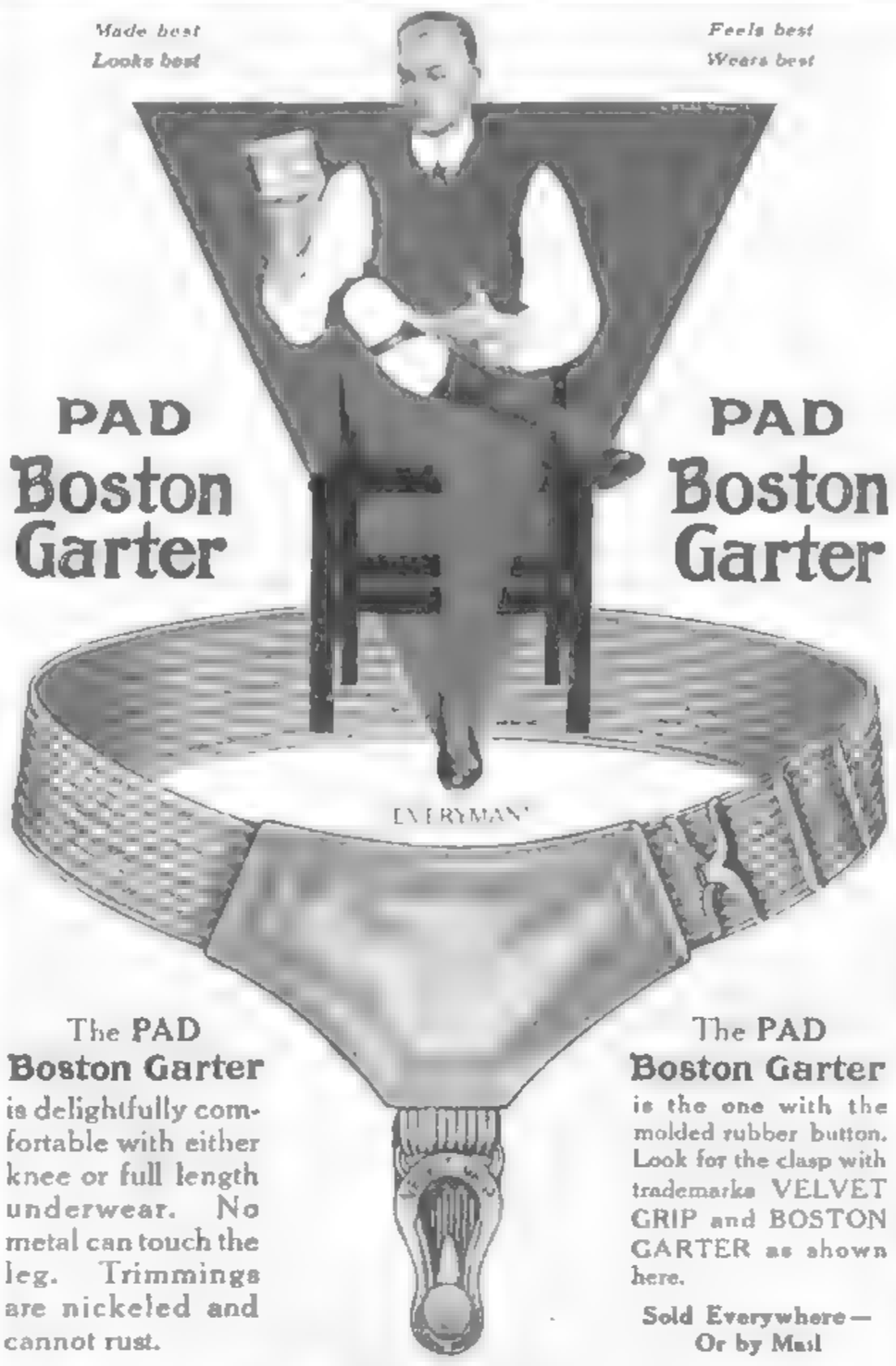
TORONTO: McKinnon Building.

LONDON: Earlsfield, S. W.

Creators of the Talking [illegible] Owners of the fundamental patents

tive dealers [illegible] more dealers can make money [illegible] exclusive selling rights


Sure way to keep the youngsters amused
Fits the summer home like the scenery
For you by your lonesome or for a room-full
Easy to "tote" wherever you go
Next best to food and drink



The PAD **Boston Garter** is delightfully comfortable with either knee or full length underwear. No metal can touch the leg. Trimmings are nickeled and cannot rust.

The PAD **Boston Garter** is the one with the molded rubber button. Look for the clasp with trademarks VELVET GRIP and BOSTON GARTER as shown here.

Sold Everywhere—Or by Mail

BUY BY FULL NAME

PAD

LISLE 25c SILK 50c

Boston Garter

Velvet Grip

Holds your sock smooth as your skin

GEORGE FROST CO., MAKERS, BOSTON

Also makers of the famous CORD BOSTON GARTER—the standard for 30 years

OXFORD

"The Underwear that Won't Stick"

It's *wearing the garments* that tells the true story—the straightforward good sense of

Roxford Knitted Summer Underwear

Roxford is the old-fashioned balbriggan idea in the *modern styles*—soft, easy-fitting—

***Ten styles* for Men and Boys—**

50c., 75c. and $1.00 a garment.

Ask any reliable haberdasher or department store. Write for the little *Roxford Book*.

Roxford Knitting Co.

Dept. I Philadelphia

EATING IN NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 13)

would have made Kuniyashi splash colors. All the stories came back to me which I had heard of Chinese and Japanese knights gathering about their lords in defeat and ripping open their bodies with long swords. It was very long. Everybody was very much impressed.

"But that was wonderful, Little Autumn Flower. What was it?"

He had begun to giggle again now. The show was over.

"Oh, it was nothing—only so small."

"But it was truly wonderful. Tell us about it. Was it the battle of the great gods in the earliest times for the souls of men?"

"No—no—nothing—only so small—a little small temple—the water go by—tinkle, tinkle, so—a little small lotus—he grow by the wall of the temple—it is the wind, the rain—the little lotus he is broken. It is the night—so—he lie down—we have it three thousand years old."

The Italian table d'hôtes have always seemed to me a type by themselves. They are so excessively gay. The vociferation and smile of Italy is in those packed rooms hung with cut paper like a barber shop at Christmas or with the grapevines of Pan. Sometimes the food is extremely good; sometimes it is somewhat or very bad. But the people who go to Italian cafés are almost universally having a good time. If the weird little relishes get up and walk about when you salt them this enterprise is greeted with the approval it deserves. The people one sees here are a motley gathering of every sort of product of offices, hall bedrooms, studios where fame is not yet, light-housekeeping flats—joy lovers and life lovers all, middle class without being vulgar, impecunious without being poor.

Some of these Italian table d'hôtes have been rather mysterious when they set up first in business—did not have a license; and when you rang at the basement door you were not admitted until the *padrone* had come to look at you through the iron grate and make sure that you were a friend or had come with one. You went through the kitchen to the little backyard, set out with tables and chairs under the sky, or built up into a room with a gallery. On any Sunday night in one of these places you may find a row of people standing along the walls waiting for a table. You think as you wait how disconcerting it must be to take one's striped sorbetti and coffee under the eyes of twenty people ready to spring forward at the last mouthful. You try not to crowd up too obviously or stare too fixedly, but lo! once you are seated you see this line no more.

What She and Herbert Said

The place has a rising note as the evening goes on; the haze of smoke thickens; the talk grows more vehement. Sometimes there is a fall of silence with laughter breaking into it. The tables are so near together that we can hear the eternal business of love being carried on on one hand and, on the other, talk in which one can scarcely refrain from joining.

HE: Did you go over to those silversmiths' on the other side of the river? Ripping to etch—fires on the white blouses and so on. We used to land back at the bridge about six always. Give me the Arno at evening for pure emotion.

SHE: True! It is the one place where I ever had a bunch of violets large enough to satisfy me.

HE: Your taste in these matters grows by what it feeds on?

SHE: Alas—no. I am one of those unfortunates. Men have never sent me candy and flowers. They always lend me books, sometimes five in an evening.

HE: It's one of the most heart-splitting avowals I've ever lent ear to. May I inquire the circumference of that one in Florence?

Interval in which the person at your right hand insists on your looking at a woman who makes him wish he had lived a better life. There never were such perfectly fitting clothes, such fitting gloves. The only explanation of them is that she has been melted and poured into them. And where could anything be found hot enough to melt her?

SHE: When you have disengaged yourself—a society for the dissemination of scandals about critics.

HE: Card-catalogue system, I presume, of scandals and those who know them. When you're having trouble with a man you could just drop into the society library and look up all his scandals.

SHE: There should be a meeting once a month, too, I should think, and every one tell all the scandals he knows. This society is for pleasure as well as profit.

HE: Certainly. These are good beans.

SHE: Beans! You never know what you're eating, Herbert. Tuesday you thought it was spinach.

HERBERT: There was a time when you let me call vegetables anything I pleased. Are you ceasing to care for me?

Interval in which you listen while your own table decides whether window breaking sets back universal suffrage twenty years.

HERBERT: When you come back I want to bring them in if you can find a day. They're the sort of relatives that can be depended on to admire what I tell them to.

SHE: It seems that I shall find them enchanting. What are they—men or women?

HERBERT: Almost equally divided—one of each.

The Music in the Moonlight

Of these Italian table d'hôtes I like best one kept by a retired officer of the Italian army. A reporter from the "best and wittiest paper" is very often there taking copy off of him as he sits in his loose white clothes and black skullcap puffing his cigarette. Caruso and Tetrazzini have been familiars of his little garden. He speaks of singers always as "the artists."

"The' comma me always with a letter from Italy—once the' come here evera day; but now the' reech—the' spek the English too——" he lifts his shoulders without resentment.

"My father he try mek me a priest but I no mek—I run always away and then the' fin' me washing the dishes of the hotel. In the army eet is the sem. Sometimes I mek a little dish. The' say to me always—'he cooka himself—he cooka us too.'"

All the pastry and spaghetti is "cooka" by his own hand. Maria his handsome wife often sets your soup before you to help out the boy, and talks of Florence as she comes and goes. Not more than a dozen to twenty people usually sit out here of a summer evening. If it comes on to rain an awning is drawn over our heads.

About ten o'clock one very hot night a woman in the back drawing room of the next house to this little garden began to play Grieg and Tschaikovsky very beautifully. We sat there in the rich, clear moonlight for two hours and listened to her. About eleven Maria came out with a diminutive watering can and sprinkled the flags. A dampness rose from them into the heat. Before we left the chill of midnight had already spread faintly upon the air. It was the sort of thing that stays in the mind forever. Up there in the darkness sitting at the grand piano with the moonlight in a long shaft on the floor beside her, her head dropped on her breast, she began—one of those people one never forgets—to play a great Beethoven sonata. Her spirit, as we sat listening, lifted its eyes to us like a physical thing. What was she, sitting up there with her heart melting and flowing within her as it must be to play as she played? Was she old? Was she happy? How far had she gone? What were the things that she strove for, that she had taken into herself and made into those phrases at once sumptuous and profound? The proprietor sat with his head hanging, his face very quiet. It was after midnight when we left. The streets were almost deserted of people; among those still out, that mysterious alertness and intimacy which walks a city by night.

"Queer old boy," said some one. "One of the sun worshipers."

The summer cafés are a whole species of umbrageous and seahorizoned places by themselves. Everybody goes to the Claremont and the Hermitage. They are both stop-overs for automobiles to which you get by automobile in fortunate phases of the moon; in the conjunction of Saturn, by 'bus or New York, New Haven & Hartford trains. Aperch of the Palisades is many a pavilion where one leans during dinner against a railing covered with honeysuckle, and looks

FASCINATING STORY BY A PIPE—FREE!

"A Pipe's Own Story," an Interesting Yarn—Inspired by Tempting "Edgeworth" Tobacco—Now Ready-Rubbed

JUST published—the most fascinating of pipe tales. It's "A Pipe's Own Story." It reveals the inside viewpoint of Mr. Pipe himself on the tobacco question. Fascinating as romance, absorbing as a character sketch by a master hand and full of interesting facts presented from a new angle.

Every smoker will enjoy reading this novel original little booklet, fairly pulsing with life. Let us send the whole series. But the offer is not open indefinitely, so send your name for "A Pipe's Own Story—No. 1" and we will mail it to you FREE of charge.

This booklet contains no more like advertising matter than the noted "Billy Baxter" letters were inspired by Edgeworth Tobacco, and comes to you in Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed all prepared for your pipe.

EDGEWORTH EXTRA HIGH GRADE READY-RUBBED

Smoking Tobacco, 10c

"Edgeworth" is the finest Burley-leaf the ground can yield. Thousands of pipe lovers sworn by it in sliced plug form.

We urge you to buy Edgeworth and tell your *friends* to try it in either form. And you, to whom Edgeworth is a stranger, it's time to get acquainted.

A pipeful of Edgeworth is the kind of smoke one dreams of. It's that real satisfaction you've longed for. It has the taste and fragrance of unmistakable quality, with never a bite for the tongue. It leaves behind a delightful flavor and a cool, comfortable feeling.

Send us 2c stamp for sample. Edgeworth is sold everywhere. We will refund the purchase price to any one not pleased. Ready-Rubbed 10c and 50c pocket tins; Plug 15c, 25c, 50c and $1.00. Mail parcels 4 cents extra. Write if your dealer has none. Write today for "A Pipe's Own Story," No. 1—FREE.

LARUS & BROTHER CO.
(Established 1877)
Also Manufacturers of Qboid Granulated Plug Smoking Tobacco
1 South 21st Street Richmond, Va.

across the peaceful summer stream to the city with her lights coming out like gold buttons buttoning her into a blue coat. The most charming of the Staten Island places is out somewhere near Quarantine. You see the big boats come in and the little boats steal out to meet them. You can have a swim before dinner, and when Coney is "a stately pleasure-dome" of fire on the horizon you sit down at table with a new and gay ardor all over you, as if your flesh were veined with quicksilver. And then there is the Casino in the park, expensive and agreeable, high and swept by breezes, all glass and plants, with insinuating little cabinets curtained off in old gold plush. A really beautiful Italian pergola behind the building is to be walked in after tea. But the great thing about the Casino is the cabs. About five o'clock of an August afternoon they drive up in quick succession and discharge their fares—a man and a girl, a boy and a woman, two men, two girls. And then they drive round the park and stand waiting—decorative, suggestive of romance as only a cab can be.

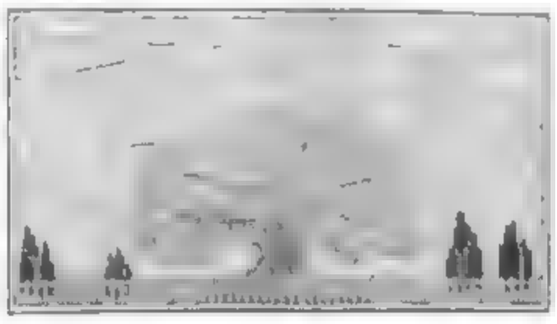
There remains of these caravansaries only that blithe, sun-swimming, breaker-swept little lean-to which is known among us as "the plank place." It is somewhat difficult to go to the plank place. First, it is desirable to pull together a party of some size for reasons which will hereafter develop. Secondly, one must have a full Sunday, breakfast to midnight—and then you must take stores packed in baskets and coerce men of the party into carrying the impedimenta. It is always being left behind on a pier or carseat, the idea being to prove oneself quite too irresponsible to be trusted with it.

When You Reach the Plank Place

The first stage of the trip is by water to Coney; the second is by trolley to Sheepshead Bay. From Sheepshead Bay the only way to go on to the plank place is to charter a launch, and this is the reason it is well to arrange a party unless privacy is so sweet that it cannot come too high. You plow the blue water and rock on the deep; the wind is in your nostrils; and you land at the plank place something before two o'clock with a hunger that is like the void of lost love. You select from the net the lobster that seems large enough, and when you have crunched the last claw and sucked the last bit of coral, and commiserated with those who took eels, you sit about dreamily on the sloping little porch for an hour; and then you stamp off across the quarter of a mile of sand dunes to the shore of the real ocean where "the great sea billows are." They roll up here with a bang which comes all the way from Dieppe. You dance on the beach. You sing. You shout and see which can jump farthest. You build a fire which spits wild colors from the brine in the driftwood, and about five you cook the contents of the baskets conveyed hither through so many vicissitudes and ask no better flavor for chops and potatoes than that they be at once half raw and burned to a crisp. Then two hours before dark you start on the five-mile walk along the beach to the railway station. The sand is hard as a shell road, the sun sinking in a moonstonelike haze of light. You fall very silent after awhile and trudge along full of thoughts, which reach out and cry out into the booming darkness. The lamps of the little town appear. The boardwalk begins.

You wait an hour and fifteen minutes in the dismal station for your train. On the way into town you fall asleep shamelessly like any child getting home from a party. Such is the plank place. Your heart seems the next morning to have been washed out. Your brain works like a steel trap.

"I like that place," comments Peter Cartier when we see him next. "Gives a man a feeling of space. Great thing for a man. Good show—New York. Good deal of it. What are you going to have first?"



The Hamilton Watch

The Railroad Timekeeper of America

Railroad Men buy their own watches. The extraordinary preference shown by 56% of the Railroad Men on American Railroads where Official Time Inspection is maintained is a tribute to the phenomenal accuracy of this great watch.

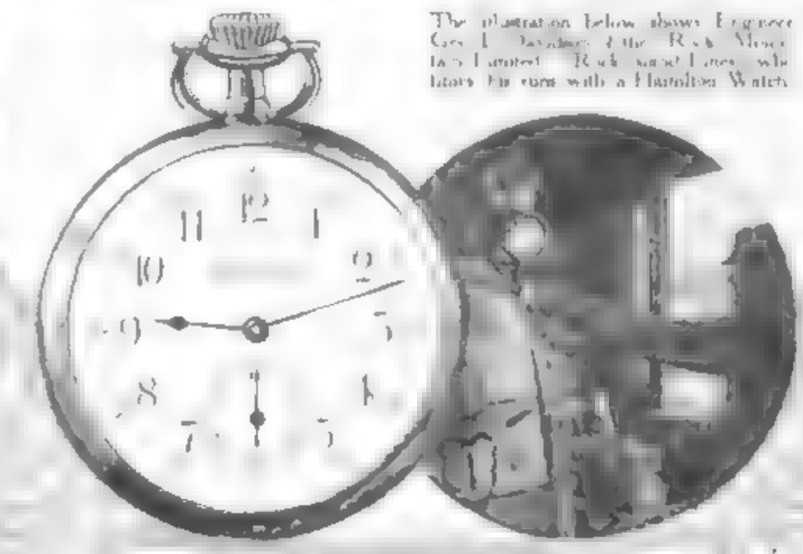
A Hamilton Watch, whether an 18-size for Railroad use or the thin model 12 size Timekeeper, shown here, has a rare and enduring beauty—a beauty indicative of mechanical perfection and durability.

Write for "The Timekeeper"

The Hamilton Watch in various adjustments, sizes, models and their prices are told of entertainingly in "The Timekeeper," a book that we are glad to send to any one interested in the purchase of a fine watch. Ask us for it.

Hamilton Watches are in cases and bracelets, priced from $38.50 to $125.00. Leading jewelers sell the Hamilton and can supply a Hamilton Watch to meet your personal wish or desire. Prices from $12.25 to $60. 12 size sold complete only.

HAMILTON WATCH COMPANY, Lancaster, Pennsylvania



The illustration below shows Engineer Geo. L. Stocker of the Rock Mountain Limited—Rock and Lines who letters his run with a Hamilton Watch

The Railroad Timekeeper of America

Actual Records prove that over one-half (about 56%) of the Engineers, Firemen, Conductors and Trainmen on American railroads where Official Time Inspection is maintained, carry Hamilton Watches.

25c For a Pair of Famous Tred-Ezy Slippers

Most comfortable bath and house slipper for Men and Women. All sizes. Flexible leather sole. Uppers [illegible]. Tan, Red, Blue and White. Send size and color. Order now.

SHINN MFG. CO., Paducah, Ky.

Waxit

MORE THAN JUST A POLISHER

A [illegible]

THE VAN TILBURG OIL COMPANY MINNEAPOLIS
Salesmen and Special Agents Wanted

Keep your feet cool!

The season calls for cool socks. And here they are—the lightest, sheerest, silkiest half hose you ever thought to buy at such a price

Iron Clad No. 598—25c
ONE OUNCE PER PAIR

[illegible] handsome feather-weight [illegible] which looks and feels like *pure silk* hose, and wears *far better*, because the heels and toes are double knitted of strongest "extra twist" Iron Clad yarn.

Provide yourself now with these cool, comfortable handsome socks. Ask your dealer—or send 25c to us direct for each pair, stating size and colors, we'll prepay special postage to introduce them to you. *Twelve beautiful colors*, Heliotrope, Ecru, Wine, [illegible] Tan, Navy Blue, Dark Gre[illegible], White, New Tan and Black.

Iron Clad

Our handsome new free book shows Iron Clads in *colors*. Write for it.

Cooper Wells & Co., 212 Vine St.
St Joseph Michigan

FOR AUTOMOBILES

Good oil gives you your money's worth from your engine; bad oil ruins it. Why take chances?

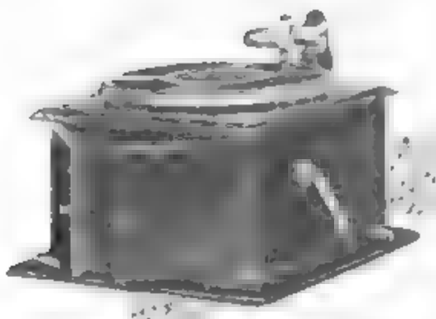
PANHARD OIL

Is the highest quality that can be produced. Insist on getting it. Look for the checkerboard mark on both cans and barrels.

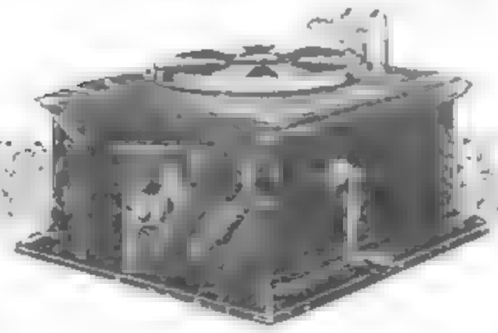
Our Booklet, "Motor Lubrication" contains valuable lubricating information. Sent in return for your dealer's name.

GEORGE A. HAWS, 76 Pine Street, New York City
Dealers: Write for "Help Sell" plan

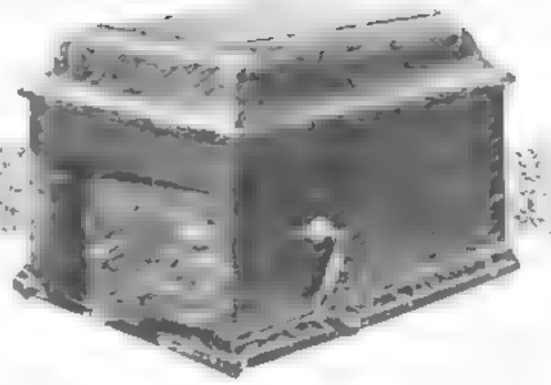
FOR MOTOR BOATS



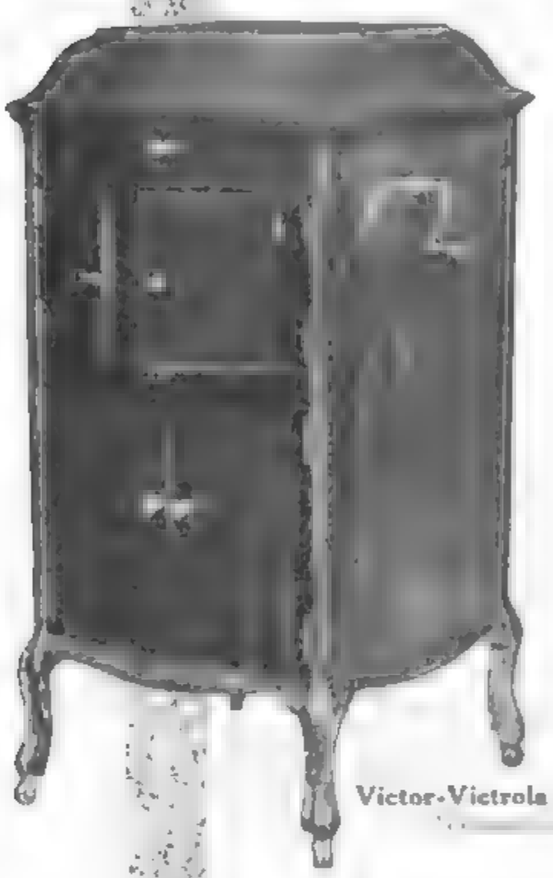
Victor-Victrola IV, $15
Oak



Victor-Victrola VI, $25
Oak



Victor-Victrola VIII, $40
Oak



Victor-Victrola XIV, $150

Every home should have a Victor-Victrola

because

this instrument satisfies the love of music that is born in every one of us; touches the heart strings and develops the emotional part of our nature; freshens the tired mind and lightens the cares and worries of every-day life.

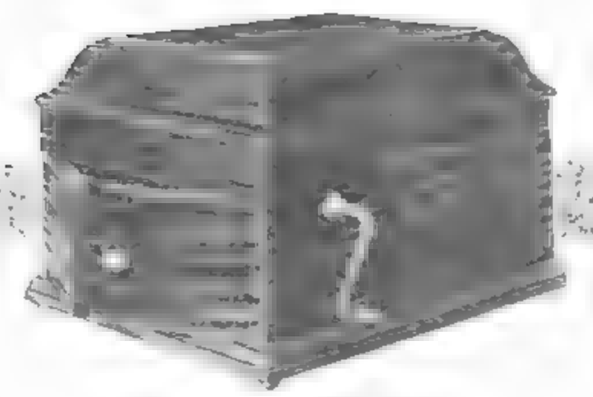
because

the Victor-Victrola brings to you the best music of all the world and gives you a complete understanding of the masterpieces of the great composers such as you can acquire in no other way.

because

the Victor-Victrola places at your command the services of the world's greatest opera stars, who make records exclusively for the Victor, besides a host of famous instrumentalists,

Victor-Victrola



Victor-Victrola IX, $50
Mahogany or oak

Victor-Victrola X, $75
Mahogany or oak

Victor-Victrola XI, $100
Mahogany or oak

Victor-Victrola XVI, $200
Mahogany or quartered oak

celebrated bands and orchestras, and well-known comedians and entertainers.

because

the Victor-Victrola is universally recognized as the world's greatest musical instrument, occupies a place of honor in homes of wealth and culture everywhere, and has awakened millions to a proper appreciation of music.

because

with Victor-Victrolas ranging in price from $15 to $200 and Victors from $10 to $100 no home can afford to be without one of these wonderful instruments.

because

any Victor dealer in any city in the world will gladly play any music you wish to hear and demonstrate to you the Victor-Victrola.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

Always use Victor Records played with Victor Needles—there is no other way to get the unequaled Victor tone.

New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month.

Victor Steel Needles, 6 cents per 100
Victor Fibre Needles, 50 cents per 100 (can be resharpened and used eight times)

Victrola

All Classes Profit Through Oliver Local Agencies

ONE of the most amazing things about the Oliver Sales Organization is the fact that it dovetails into so many branches of business, practically all the professions and innumerable occupations. The most valued asset [illegible] is its Oliver Typewriter Exclusive Agency franchise. [illegible] doctors whose Oliver Agency pays their office rent and all other professional expenses.

[illegible] salaried men who sell Oliver Typewriters in spare time [illegible] *more than forty cents.* More than 18,000 Local Agents [illegible]

The OLIVER Typewriter

The Standard Visible Writer

There is room for as many more. But we pick new men cautiously, carefully. Each must be an honor to the great Sales Organization of which he becomes a part. Each successful [illegible]

We have, at various times, published some very strong statements as to the value of our Exclusive Agency Franchise. The best evidence that we have not overstated the facts is found in letters like these. Thousands of [illegible] every year from the men [illegible] June. Note the diverse occupations, trades and professions represented by these Local Agents for The Oliver Typewriter:

Automobile Salesman Sells 80 Olivers

[illegible] V.—I have handled the Oliver as a [illegible] ng only a [illegible] for demonstrating [illegible] and have placed in the neighborhood of 80 [illegible] The unrivaled machine and the unequaled [illegible]

CLAS. A. MILLER, Smithtown Motor Car Co.

Village Jeweler Sells Oliver Typewriters

Brighton, Ontario—During the past seventeen [illegible] this I have sold nine Oliver Typewriters in this [illegible] and expect to sell three more in the next [illegible] selling typewriters is very [illegible]

WM. M. KETCHUM, Jeweler and Optician

Real Estate Dealer Sells Olivers in Spare Time

Alma, Kan.—I have been your agent here for several years. The treatment I have received at your [illegible] could ask for. Many Oliver [illegible] here than all other [illegible]

I. B. FELLOWS, Real Estate and Loans

Banker Profits by Local Agency

Story City, Iowa—It has been a pleasure to me to act as agent. I think the only new machines sold in this town since 1906 have been Olivers, and the best part of the whole proposition is that every customer is satisfied.

One thing I do not want to forget to mention and that is the assistance given a local agent by your traveling representatives.

H. T. HENRYSON, President First National Bank.

Lumber Dealer Sells Oliver Typewriters

Culbertson, Neb.—I have been representing The Oliver Typewriter in my territory for about three [illegible] The Oliver local agency plan is a grand [illegible]

J. BRANTLEY, [illegible] The Barn Lumber Company

A Postmaster's Success

[illegible] it offers greater possibilities to its Local Agent [illegible] any other vocation in life to the young [illegible] good, honesty and integrity are recognized [illegible] will forge to [illegible]

J. ROBARDS, Postmaster

Public Stenographer Wins as Agent

[illegible] times as many Olivers to use [illegible] of machines combined. ORA VAN [illegible]

Stenographer and Notary Public

Investment Company Makes Agency Pay

[illegible] MENT CO.

By M. C. REISMER, President

Stationery Firm Values Oliver Agency

Springfield, Vermont—The Oliver Agency is surely worth having, not only as a direct means of income [illegible] pay [illegible]

[illegible]

Stationery and Office Supplies.

Newspaper Editor Proud of Oliver Agency

Long Prairie, Minn.—Although our village is small and the sales opportunity therefore limited, the steady income from my Oliver business has been very pleasing [illegible] pushing the Oliver [illegible] The Leader which I own and [illegible] ADOLPH LEE, Editor The Leader.

Insurance Man Sells Olivers

[illegible]

CHAS. F. COLVIN & JONES, Insurance & Investments.

How to Apply for a Local Agency

Just tell us who you are and why you want the agency. We do not demand exclusive services or require previous selling experience, but the men we choose must measure up to a high *character* standard. Address

Agency Dept. **The Oliver Typewriter Co.** 390 Oliver Typewriter Bldg. **Chicago**

Practical Electricity
Steam Engineering School

Qualify as an expert electrician or high salaried steam engineer. Our students learn by actually running our great plant of boilers, engines, dynamos and electric apparatus. References: any of our 4000 graduates. If you are interested in machinery or electricity write for free catalog.

Hawley School of Engineering, Boston, Mass.

BEAUTIFUL MEXICAN **PARROTS**

[illegible] direct from Mexico [illegible] birds, positively guaranteed [illegible]

GEO. GLEASON, Box 264, SAN ANTONIO, TEX.

Triangle 5-PLY Collars

"The Collars of Quality"

ARE not only the strongest collars made, but embody cleverest styles—as for example the Pager illustrated here—snug fitting with the favored closed front.

Triangle 5-Ply Collars are the only 5 Ply Collars that sell 2 for 25c. Exclusive features, such as Stout-Stay non-tearable eyelet buttonholes, make them worth twice as much. Perhaps you are still paying that price for only 4-Ply Collars with the old-fashioned buttonhole.

You can buy a standard 4-Ply Collar for 10c—our Century Brand—all styles and quarter sizes.

If your dealer cannot supply you with Triangle 5-Ply Collars, send his name and 50c for 4. Style Booklet sent free.

Van Zandt, Jacobs & Co. 607 River St. TROY, N. Y.

WHEN THE FIGHTING WAS GOOD

(Continued from Page 16)

Old Judge Priest came with him, and both of them lunged forward over the seat-back at the ruffian, three feet away.

So many things began to happen then, practically all simultaneously, that never were any of the active participants able to recall exactly just what did happen and the order of the happening. It stood out afterward, though, from a jumble of confused recollections, that young Mrs. McLaurin screamed and fainted; that Bessie Lyon fainted quietly without screaming; and that little Rita Covington neither fainted nor screamed, but snatched outward with a lightning quick slap of her hand at the fist of the thief which held the pistol, so that the bullet, exploding out of it with a jet of smoke, struck in the aisle instead of striking her father or Judge Priest. It was this bullet, the first and only one fired in the whole mix-up, that went slithering diagonally along the car floor, guttering out a hole like a worm-track in the wood and kicking up splinters right in the face of Uncle Zach Matthews and Judge Priest's Jeff as they lay lapped in tight embrace, so that they instantly separated and rose, like a brace of flushed blackbirds, to the top of the seat in front. From that point of vantage, with eyes popped and showing white all the way round, they witnessed what followed in the attitude of quiveringly interested onlookers.

All in an instant they saw Major Covington and Judge Priest struggling awkwardly with the thief over the intervening seat-back, pawing at him, trying to wrest his hot weapon away from him; saw Mrs. McLaurin's head roll back inertly; saw the other hold-up man pivot about to come to his beleaguered partner's aid; and saw, filling the doorway behind this second ruffian, the long shape of old man Pressley Harper, as he threw himself across the joined platforms upon their rear, noiseless as a snake and deadly as one, his lean old face set in a square shape of rage, his hot red hair erect on his head, his long arms upraised and arched over and his big hands spread like grapples. And in that same second the whole aisle seemed filled with angry, gray-coated, gray-haired old men, falling over each other and impeding each other's movements in their scrambling forward surge to take a hand in the fight.

To the end of their born days those two watching darkies had a story to tell that never lost its savor for teller or for audience—a story of how a lank, masked thief was taken by surprise from behind, was choked, crushed, beaten into instant helplessness before he had a chance to aim and fire; then was plucked backward, lifted high in the arms of a man twice his age and flung sidelong, his limbs flying like a whirligig as he rolled twenty feet down the steep slope to the foot of the fill! But this much was only the start of what Uncle Zach and Judge Priest's Jeff had to tell afterward.

For now, then, realizing that an attack was being made on his rear, the stockier thief broke Judge Priest's fumbling grip upon his gun-hand and half swung himself about to shoot the unseen foe, whoever it might be; but, as he jammed the muzzle into the stomach of the newcomer and pressed the trigger, the left hand of old Harper closed down fast upon the lock of the revolver, so that the hammer, coming down, only pinched viciously into his horny thumb. Breast to breast they wrestled in that narrow space at the head of the aisle for possession of the weapon. The handkerchief mask had fallen away, showing brutal jaws covered with a red stubble, and loose lips snarled away from the short stained teeth. The beleaguered robber, young, stocky and stout, cursed and mouthed blasphemies; but the old man was silent except for his snorted breathing. His frame was distended and swollen with a terrible berserker lust of battle.

While Major Covington and Judge Priest and the foremost of the others got in one another's way and packed in a solid, heaving mass behind the pair, all shouting and all trying to help, but really not helping at all, the red ruffian, grunting like a tree-chopper with the fervor of the blow, drove his clenched fist into old Harper's face, ripping the skin on the high Indian cheek-bone. The old man dealt no blows in return, but his right hand found a grip in the folds of flesh at the tramp's throat and the fingers closed down like iron clamps on his wind.

COLORADO

Rock Island

A cool vacation, and two books to read before you choose the place.

In them is pictured Colorado and with them will come the thought of how to get there. The de luxe

ROCKY MOUNTAIN LIMITED

—every morning from Chicago to Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo—

is the answer if you want the "comfort way."

Or [illegible] suggest the "[illegible]"—every morning from St. Louis—or other splendidly equipped daily trains from Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, St. Joseph, Omaha and Memphis.

Just drop a postal to J. M. Allen, Passenger Traffic Manager, 9 La Salle Station, Chicago, Ill.

Learn Trapshooting

"The Sport Alluring"
For
Men and Women

Fascinating, Safe, Healthful. Second only to Base Ball as a national sport.

A large picture of the above scene (17"x12"), in 8 colors, for framing, sent on receipt of 14c [illegible] Box No. 214. The Book [illegible] tures of royalty and celebrated Americans Trap-shooting, and "Hints to Beginners."

DUPONT POWDER CO., Wilmington, Del.

Pioneer Powder Makers of America

Established 1802

AYVAD'S WATER-WINGS

Learn to Swim by One Trial

Plain, 25c.
Fancy, 35c.

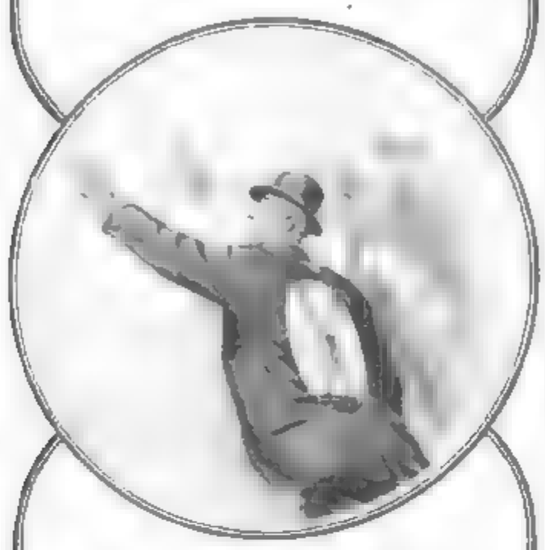
For Sale Everywhere

AYVAD MAN'F'G CO., Hoboken, N. J.

Patents that PROTECT

For Facts about Prizes, Rewards, etc., send 8c stamps for our new 128 page book of intense interest to Inventors. R. S. & A. B. Lacey, Dept. 35, Washington, D. C. Estab 1869

For the ups and downs of your shoulders President Suspenders are the most comfortable



SHIRLEY PRESIDENT SLIDING CORD SUSPENDERS

Wear a pair of Presidents for a month. We buy them back if you are not satisfied.

Light and medium weights. Extra lengths for tall men. Signed guarantee on every pair.

Price 50c everywhere

The C A Edgarton Mfg Co
SHIRLEY GUARANTEED SUSPENDERS
SHIRLEY, MASS.

Adds to the Pleasure of Wheeling

You can enjoy the pleasure and convenience of wheeling more than ever—free from all aggravating tire troubles—free from all fuss and worry—with your tires protected with

NEVERLEAK
Tire Fluid

It is a positive insurance against all tire troubles. It's a preservative of both the fabric and rubber of which tires are made and keeps them in

Used by Tire Repairers Everywhere

If you can't find it, send us the name of your bicycle repair man or dealer in bicycle supplies

Buffalo Specialty Company
Dept. 757, Buffalo, N. Y

PATENTS SECURED OR OUR FEE RETURNED

Send for free search of Patent Office Records. How to Obtain a Patent and What to Invent with list of inventions wanted and prizes offered for inventions sent free. Patents advertised free. VICTOR J EVANS & CO., Washington, D. C.

There is no telling how long a man of Harper's age and past habits might have maintained the crushing strength of that hold, even though rage had given him the vigor of bygone youth; but the red-stubbled man, gurgling and wriggling to be free, began to die of suffocation before the grip weakened. To save himself he let go of the gunbutt, and the gun fell and bounced out of sight under a seat. Bearing down with both hands and all his might and weight upon Harper's right wrist, he tore the other's clasp off his throat and staggered back, drawing the breath with sobbing sounds back into his bursting lungs. He would have got away then if he could, and he turned as though to flee the length of the car and escape by the rear door.

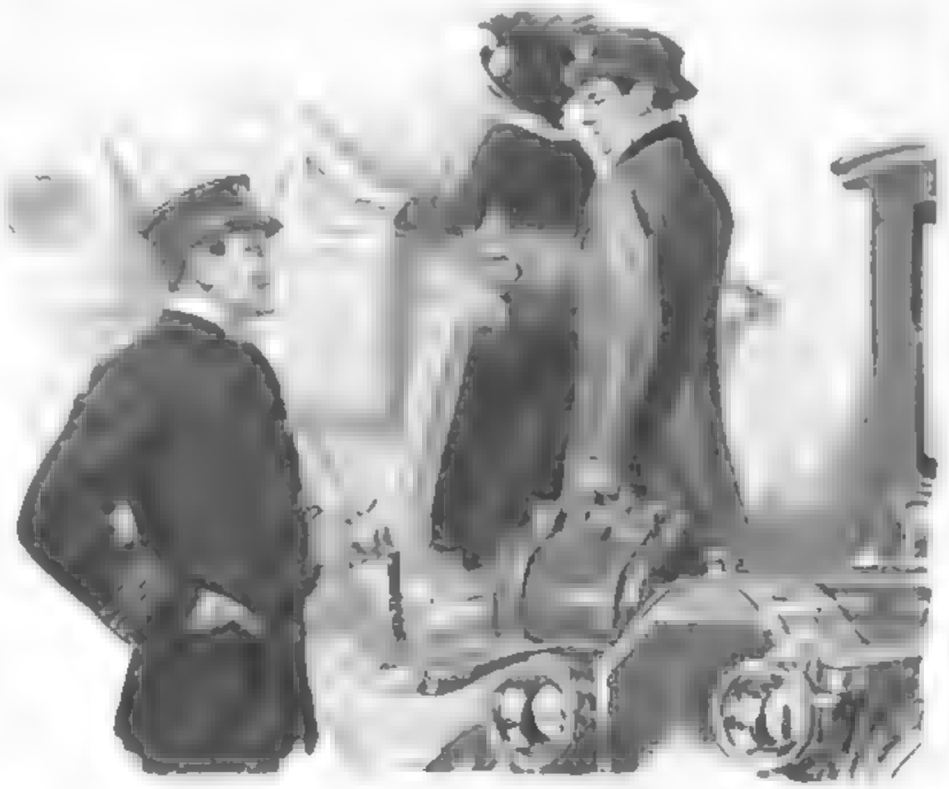
The way was barred, however, by those whooping, panting old men, hornet-hot. Everybody took a hand or tried to. The color-bearer shoved the staff of the flag between his legs and half tripped him, and as he regained his feet Sergeant Jimmy Bagby, jumping on a seat to get at him over the bobbing heads of his comrades, dealt him a glancing, clumsy blow on the shoulder with the barrel of his old musket. Major Covington and Judge Priest were still right on him, bearing their not inconsiderable bulk down upon his shoulders.

He could have fought a path through these hampering forces. Wrestling and striking out, he half shoved, half threw them aside; but there was no evading the gaunt old man who bore down on him from the other direction. The look on the face of the old warlock daunted him. He yelled just once, a wordless howl of fear and desperation, and the yell was smothered back into his throat as Harper coiled down on him like a python, fettering with his long arms the shorter, thicker arms of the thief, crushing his ribs in, smothering him, killing him with a frightful tightening pressure. Locked fast in Harper's embrace, he went down on his back underneath; and now—all this taking place much faster than it has taken me to write it or you to read it—the old man reared himself up. He seized the thief by the collar of his shirt, dragged him like so much carrion back the length of the car, the others making a way for him, and, with a last mighty heave, tossed him off the rear platform and stood watching him as he flopped and rolled slackly down the steep grade of the right-of-way to the gully at the bottom.

All this young Jeff and Uncle Zach witnessed, and at the last they began cheering. As they cheered there was a whistle of the air and the cars began to move—slowly at first, with hard jerks on the couplings; and then smoother and faster as the wheels took hold on the rails, and the track-joints began to click-clack in regular rhythm. And, as the train slid away, those forward who plucked up the hardihood to peer out of the windows saw one man—a red-haired, half-bald one—wriggling feebly at the foot of the cut, and another one struggling to his feet uncertainly, meanwhile holding his hands to his stunned head; and, still farther along, a third, fleeing nimbly up the bank and into the undergrowth beyond, without a backward glance. Seemingly, all told, there had been only three men concerned in the abortive holdup.

Throughout its short length the train sizzled with excitement and rang with the cries of some to go on and of others to go back and make prisoners of the two crippled yeggs; but the conductor, like a wise conductor, signaled the engineer to make all speed ahead, being glad enough to have saved his train and his passengers whole. On his way through to take an inventory of possible damage and to ascertain the cause of things, he was delayed in the day-coach by the necessity of calming a hysterical country woman, so he missed the best part of the scene of jubilating that was beginning to start in the decorated rear coach.

There Mrs. McLaurin and tall Miss Lyon were emerging from their fainting fits, and little Rita Covington, now that the danger was over and past, wept in the protecting crook of her father's arms. Judge Priest's Jeff was salvaging a big revolver, with one chamber fired, from under a seat. Six or eight old men were surrounding old Press Harper, all talking at once, and all striving to pat him on the back with clumsy, caressing slaps. And out on the rear platform, side by side, stood Sergeant Jimmy Bagby and Corporal Jake Smedley; the corporal was wildly waving his silk flag, now unfurled to show the blue St. Andrew's cross, white-starred on a red background, waving it first up and down and then back and



The Howard Watch

SIX hundred thousand Americans go abroad every year.

Once the American tourist preferred a foreign watch. Now he goes to Europe with a HOWARD bought here—or comes back with a HOWARD bought there.

He has an example in the ship's officer on the dock, who orders up the gang plank on *HOWARD time*.

You find more and more of the responsible men carrying HOWARD Watches.

The great railroads started it. The time inspectors of 180 American railroads have officially certified and adopted the HOWARD.

It is carried by leading technical men—by the heads of great industrial and commercial enterprises—by scientists—by army and navy officers and government officials.

Many a man buys a HOWARD for the sheer pleasure of owning the watch that is so well spoken of by men whose opinion he respects.

A HOWARD Watch is always worth what you pay for it.

The price of each watch is *fixed* at the factory and a printed ticket attached—from the 17-jewel (*double roller*) in a Crescent *Extra* or Boss *Extra* gold-filled case at $40, to the 23-jewel at $150—and the EDWARD HOWARD model at $350.

Not every jeweler can sell you a HOWARD Watch. Find the HOWARD jeweler in your town and talk to him. He is a good man to know.

Admiral Sigsbee has written a little book, "The Log of the HOWARD Watch," giving the record of his own HOWARD in the U. S. Navy. You'll enjoy it. Drop us a post-card, Dept. N, and we'll send you a copy.

E. HOWARD WATCH WORKS, Boston, Mass.

Don't Let Caruso End in a Buzz-Saw

which you have to jump up and shut off when the end of the record is reached.

The Condon-Autostop

cuts off the "scr-r-r-atch—scr-r-r-ape" of the needle at the end of a selection, without your touching it, and brings your talking machine to a gentle

Automatic Stop

Nothing about the Condon-Autostop to get out of order; will fit any disc talking machine on any length record.

Gold or nickel plated to match the trimmings of your machine.

Prices—$3.00 and $4.00

guaranteed satisfactory or money refunded

CONDON-AUTOSTOP CO., 26 Front St., New York City

Office 124 Sparks St., Ottawa

Prices in Canada $3.50 and $4.50.

If your dealer can't supply you, we will send you a Condon Autostop, [illegible] for booklet.

Invest a Dollar to Save Ten

This little bank keeps savings secure from tampering hands—yours or others. Shows to a cent how much you have on deposit. Receives, adds and registers nickels, dimes and quarters, all deposited in the same slot. Stays locked until you have $10. Then opens automatically. Good for children, but no toy. Made for all humanity that wants to save. Its name is the

Universal
Three Coin
Bank

It is good to look at, finished in black and gold, light, strong, made to last and [illegible] Get one—get it now. $ in department stores, toy stores and novelty shops, or on receipt of price we will send the bank, carriage paid, to any part of the country.

CHAS. W. SHONK CO.
Monroe Building Chicago, U. S. A.
Dealers supplied by THE STROBEL & WILKEN CO., New York

The Genuine has this Label
TRADE MARK
"Porosknit"
FABRIC PAT DEC 12 1905
DESIGN PAT DEC 19 1905
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
and is
Guaranteed
Imitated, but Not Duplicated
There are plenty of imitations, but there is none like the genuine "Porosknit"—guaranteed without time-limit or condition.
Examine genuine "Porosknit" and see the difference in the way it is made. Turn the garments inside out and note how strongly the seams are reinforced, seamed and cover-seamed. Notice the tape reinforcement of seat seam and opening of drawers. Observe the large double seat. Look for the actual "Porosknit" label as shown here and the Guarantee Bond—proof of quality with each garment.
There's wonderful comfort and pleasure in wearing "Porosknit" underwear. Ask your haberdasher to show you the new Spring patterns and made to fit your form. Light, cool, elastic and durable. Try it.
For Men 50c Any Style Shirts and drawers 50c per garment Men's Union Suits $1.00
25c For Boys Any Style Boys' Union Suits 50c
Handled by Good Dealers Everywhere
Write for Illustrated Booklet of Styles
CHALMERS KNITTING COMPANY
Washington St.
Amsterdam
N. Y.
Chalmers Guarantee
Porosknit
Get This When You Buy

forth with all the strength of his arms, until the silk square popped and whistled in the air of the rushing train; the sergeant was going through the motions of loading and aiming and firing his ancient rusted musket. And at each imaginary discharge both of them, in a cracked duet, cheered for Jefferson Davis and the Southern Confederacy!

Just about then the locomotive started whistling for the Junction; outlying sheds and shanties, a section house and a water-tank or so began to flitter by. At the first blast of the whistle all the lingering fire of battle and victory faded out of Harper's face and he sat down heavily in a seat, fumbling at the inner breast pocket of his coat. There was a bloody smear high up on his cheek and blood dripped from the ball of his split thumb.

"Boys, there's fight left in us yet," exulted Captain Shelby Woodward, "and nobody knows it better than those two scoundrels back yonder! We all took a hand—we all did what we could; but it was you, Press—it was you that licked 'em both—single-handed! Boys," he roared, glancing about him, "won't this make a story for the reunion—and won't everybody there be making a fuss over old Press!" He stopped then—remembering.

"I don't go through with you," said old Press, steadily enough. "I git off here. You fellers are goin' on through—but I git off here to wait for the other train."

"You don't do no such of a thing!" broke in Judge Priest, his voice whanging like a bowstring. "Press Harper, you don't do no such of a thing. You give me them papers!" he demanded almost roughly. "You're goin' right on through to the reunion with the rest of us—that's where you're goin'. You set right where you are in this car, and let little Rita Covington wipe that there blood off your face and tie up that thumb of yours. Why, Press, we jest naturally couldn't get along without you at the reunion. Some of us are liable to celebrate a little too much and maybe git a mite overtaken, and we'll be needin' you to take care of us.

"You see, boys," the old judge went on with a hitch in his voice, addressing them generally. "Press here is under a pledge to me not to touch another drop of licker till he begins servin' the sentence I imposed on him; and, boys, that means Press is goin' to be a temperance man for the balance of his days—if I know anything about the pardonin' power and the feelin's of the governor of this state!"

So, as the accommodation ran in to the Junction, where crowds were packed on the platform and pretty girls, dressed in white, with touches of red at throat and belt, waved handkerchiefs, and gimpy-legged old men in gray uniforms hobbled stiffly back and forth, and the local band blared out its own peculiar interpretation of My Old Kentucky Home, the tall old man with the gashed cheek sat in his seat, his face transfigured with a great light of joy and his throat muscles clicking with the sobs he was choking down, while little Rita Covington's fingers dabbed caressingly at his wound with a handkerchief dipped in ice water and his eager comrades jostled one another to shake his hand. And they hit him on the back with comradely blows—and maybe they did a little crying themselves. But Sergeant Jimmy Bagby and Corporal Jacob Smedley took no part in this. Out on the rear platform they still stood, side by side, waving the flag and firing the unfirable musket harder and faster than ever; and, as one waved and the other loaded and fired, they cheered together: "'Rah for Jefferson Davis, the Southern Confederacy—and Pressley J. Harper!"

Why They Keep On Buying

My method of selling cigars by mail is unique and interesting. I get lots of orders from smokers who accept my offer on trial. After the first shipment they usually remit and re-order. The cigars have proved my claims for them. Their uniformity of flavor and free-burning quality are unusually satisfactory, and I have made a regular customer.

I manufacture cigars in Philadelphia in a factory that is [illegible] I know. I make 17 different cigars; but my most popular cigar is my Panatela.

My Panatela has a filler of best Havana—the clean, long Cuban-grown leaf. The wrapper of my Panatela is genuine Sumatra. This cigar, like all my cigars, is hand made, by skilled adult men cigar-makers.

I sell this cigar direct from my factory to the smoker by mail. I secure orders through advertising, and hold the business of my customers by the quality of the cigar.

Selling direct saves selling expense. My Panatela at $5.00 per hundred is the regular 10c goods of the trade.

My Offer is: I will, upon request, send fifty Shivers' Panatelas on approval to a reader of *The Saturday Evening Post*, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at my expense, and no charge for the ten smoked if he is not pleased with them; if he is pleased, and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, $2.50, within ten days.

For nine years I have sold this cigar by mail, breaking even on initial orders and trusting to repeat orders for my profits.

I would like you to try a box of my cigars on the terms of my offer. Acceptance of this offer does not obligate you in any way.

In ordering, please enclose business card or give references, and state whether you prefer mild, medium or strong cigars.

HERBERT D. SHIVERS
913 Filbert Street Philadelphia, Pa.

Mother Nature's delicious thirst-stopper. Made right at home in a jiffy—so easy—no boiling or cooking. Add only sugar, yeast and water. You just try it!

Hires Household Extract

Drink it yourself when you want something *real good*. And give it to the youngsters when they troop in hot from play. Choicest essence of roots, bark, herbs and berries. One package makes 5 gallons. If your grocer isn't supplied, we will mail you a package on receipt of 25 cents. Please give his name.

Write for Premium Puzzle.

THE CHARLES E. HIRES COMPANY
244 N. Broad St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Many Advantages at Culver for Your Boy's Education

A boy who has had a [illegible]

The Commandant
CULVER
Military Academy
Culver, Indiana

[illegible]
Bordentown Military Institute
Our purpose is the individual development of the boy's character and scholarship for the work of the world, either in college or business.
A large, sympathetic efficient faculty, carefully selected pupils of high character, adequate equipment, supervised study, military discipline, healthful location. For catalogue, address
Rev. T. H. LANDON, A.M., D.D., Principal,
Lieut.-Col. T. D. LANDON, Commandant.

WURLITZER FREE
New Band Catalog
Just off the press. 300 pages. Thousands of illustration and color plates. Every musical instrument. Highest quality and lowest prices in the world. Easy payments. Write today.
The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.
[illegible] E. 4th Ave., Cincinnati 302 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Genuine All Hand Woven Unblocked PANAMA
From Weaver to Wearer
Can be worn [illegible] condition by Men, Women and Children. Easily blocked in any shape or style. Just as durable as the $10 kind, only not as [illegible]
All head sizes. Brims from 2 to 7 inches. [illegible] postpaid on receipt of $1.00. Money refunded if not satisfactory
PANAMA HAT CO., Dept. A, 830 Broadway, NEW YORK CITY

Great schools, like men who create the world's standards in every vocation, must possess distinctive character and ability to produce results superior to those of their competitors.

The Georgia Military Academy
The South's Most Splendidly Equipped Prep School
through results achieved, has won national repute and patronage and invites the investigation of parents wishing the VERY BEST FOR THEIR SONS. Elegantly appointed in every detail, cultured home-life, a teacher grouped with about every 12 cadets for personal care and night study, select and limited, ideal Southern climate, elevation about 1200, artesian water, experienced teachers. Classical, Engineering and Commercial Courses. Military Department under U. S. Army Officer. Classed A by War Dept. Expenses $360. Eight miles from Atlanta, the heart of the South
COL. J. C. WOODWARD, A. M., President
College Park, Ga.

WHAT'S PANAMA TO THE MIDDLE WEST?

Continued from Page 19

$1.15 a hundredweight on breakfast fruits. Up at Kansas City there is a precisely similar project to utilize the river, only at Kansas City they have capitalized their steam-barge project at a million dollars.

"What is Panama to us?" The question begins to sound foolish, doesn't it? Panama is to the Middle West what it is to the Atlantic and Pacific seaboards—an open door to boundless opportunity.

"Much of the commerce of the Mississippi Valley will flow down the rivers that drain it to the Gulf," says the interstate

A College Student's Summer

During the summer of 1911, a college student appointed sixty agents, under contract, to sell *The Saturday Evening Post* and *The Ladies' Home Journal* in small towns and villages. By placing these contracts he earned $425 53 in commissions and $55 00 in extra bonus; a total of $480 53. Twenty-four other young men earned lesser sums—all made a good living.

[illegible] years old [illegible] We also have [illegible]

Roadmen's Section
The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

"How Easy With the White Mountain!"

And how delicious the result! With our splendid recipe book, "Frozen Dainties," and with the wonderful modern

Triple Motion

WHITE MOUNTAIN

Ice Cream Freezer

the dessert problem is made as easy as A B C. The famous Triple Motion cuts down the freezing time one-third, gives greater bulk to the mixture and makes it smooth, velvety, delicious. There's a lifetime of service and pleasure in the White Mountain. You'll be amazed to find how you can vary your frozen desserts—how economical they are—how easy. Write to-day for our recipe book, "Frozen Dainties." Sent to you free. Address

The White Mountain Freezer Co.
Dept. D
Nashua, N. H.

Look for the Diamond trade mark on the Wrapper

Have Your Own Private STEEL GARAGE

Protect Your Car From Fire and Theft

$92.50

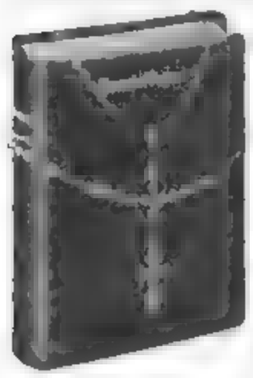
Have your own Garage. Make sure no one is using your car without your knowledge. Save $25 to $35 monthly garage charge. Save $50 to $100 cost of building by ordering

Edwards Fireproof Steel Garage

Shipped complete, f. o. b. Cincinnati, on receipt of $92.50. Blue prints and simple directions make it easy to erect. Sizes come 10 feet wide, 14 16 18 or 20 feet long, 10 feet high. Ample room for largest car and all accessories. Fireproof, weatherproof, indestructible. Looks about as costly. An artistic structure any owner will be proud of. Booklet, with full description and illustration, sent on request.

THE EDWARDS MFG. CO., 740-780 Eggleston Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

Cardinal Gibbons says:—



I urge upon all Catholics the use of the

MANUAL OF PRAYERS

A Beautiful Gift for First Communion, Confirmation, Weddings, Adult Baptism, &c., &c.

This book, in best Morocco binding, with gilt edges, and a beautiful coiled gold chain Rosary. **Both for $3.00.**

Or, the Manual, the Rosary, and the **"Life of Cardinal Gibbons,"** all for **$5.00.** Your choice of Rosaries: Amethyst, Garnet, Topaz, Carnelian, Crystal, Sapphire, Emerald, Opal, Jet or Pearl

The Manual in white leather $5.00; silk lined $6.00

JOHN MURPHY CO., Baltimore, Md.

committee report on Panama. "The completion of the Lakes-to-the-Gulf waterway will make it practicable to exchange Pacific Coast lumber for Lake Superior ore without either of them touching the floor of a car."

"Then you think there is absolutely no danger of cheap water rates on the Atlantic and Pacific draining traffic away from the Middle West?"

The report of the interstate committee is most conclusive evidence on that too. It says: "There might be some ground for this fear were it not for the fact that railroad rates between the Middle West and the Pacific can never exceed rates between the Atlantic and Pacific. The selfish interest of the railroad serving the Middle West is the strongest possible guaranty of the rate-making system. No road operating between St. Paul and Seattle will permit a lower railroad rate to exist between New York and Seattle than between St. Paul and Seattle—otherwise St. Paul's trade would be captured by New York." The report might have added: Which was what happened between Galveston and New York before St. Louis and Middle West roads met the water rates by reductions!

The question at once occurs, with a great big if—if the Ohio, the Mississippi, the Missouri and the lakes are such highways of Middle West commerce; if the Lakes-to-the-Gulf highway is to bring South American mahogany to Lake Superior and Brazilian coffee to St. Louis, and is to return Lake Superior iron and St. Louis leather to South America; if the Middle West has such a highway of water traffic as to justify the citizens of St. Louis in subscribing four hundred thousand dollars for a steam-barge line and the citizens of Kansas a million for the same purpose—now look at the question without blinking—how comes it that the river is a dead highway?

The general impression is that shallow water prevents heavy traffic; and the record of results from improving things on the Great Lakes seems to prove there may be something in that belief. Old river captains ridicule the very idea. For twenty years, they say—until the eighties—the Mississippi was covered with passing steamers, towboats, barges; golden days for the river, when you could not look across the water without seeing the boats plying up and down! Then came sudden, almost epidemic decline. The railroads said it was a case of the fickle public preferring the quick dispatch of rail service. Those were the days of the secret trapdoor devised for the unwary—the trapdoor known as "the rebate"—through which many a rival has been noiselessly dropped into oblivion. The shipper seemingly preferred the quicker dispatch by rail and seemingly paid the higher freight. It would be a funny story if it had not turned out so tragically for the old Father of Waters. Secretly the shipper got back the excess freight in a rebate that put the boats out of business. Immediately the boats were off the river, up ahot rates.

"What's Panama to us?" asks the senator from the Middle West.

It is flour from St. Paul and Minneapolis. It is iron ore from Lake Superior. It is millions of dollars' worth of agricultural implements from Chicago. It is beer from Milwaukee and St. Louis. It is steel from Cleveland and Pittsburgh. It is leather and tobacco from St. Louis. It is beef products from Kansas City and Omaha. It is cotton from Memphis.

"And there is another point that I want to call the West's attention to," said a Chicago man. "When the Boer War came on, which was brief and insignificant as wars go, it literally paralyzed the grain traffic of the West because all tramp steamers and transports were suddenly called into war service. Grain rotted on the ground because we hadn't room for it in our elevators, and couldn't get our elevators emptied, and hadn't United States tramp steamers to take the place of the foreign ones called into war service. Consider what might happen if a really big war broke out! We should not be able to export a bushel of wheat, a ton of ore, a bag of flour, a carload of machinery, a bale of cotton, a foot of lumber. Why? Because we shouldn't have ships of our own; and, though carriers of commerce remained neutral, every carrier would be chartered for war service if a war broke out among nations of the first rank. If Panama helps or can help to build up a marine for this country—that is something more Panama will mean to us of the West and Middle West."

Worth While—Your Attention

Regal Model T "25" Underslung Touring Car

UNDER a thousand dollars—Twenty-five horse power—Comfortably seating five passengers. A veritable challenge to competition. An "Underslung" with all the advantages of "safety," "economy," "beauty," "accessibility," "comfort" that this construction assures.

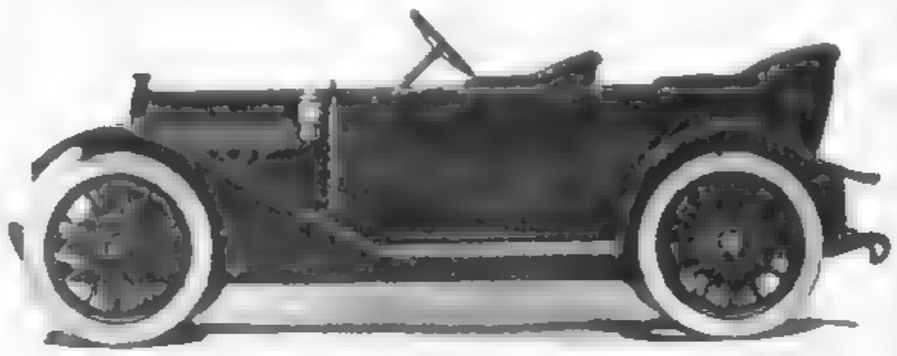
A Touring Car that will amaze you by its ability, its flexibility and its absolute sufficiency for any and every purpose—speed—endurance—hill climbing.

Compare it—Match it—Value against Value.

Let the car do justice to the good things we haven't said about it.

Some Specifications:

Motor, 25 H. P., 3¼ x 4½ inches; Wheel Base, 106 inches; Magneto and Batteries (dual ignition); Transmission (Selective) Highest Grade Nickel Steel, 3 speeds forward, one reverse; Morgan & Wright Tires 32x3½ inches; Standard Equipment, Five Lamps; Generator; Horn; Complete Tool Equipment (Folding Glass Windshield and Mohair Top and Top Boot $50 extra).



$950

The Regal "25" Underslung Touring Car

Regal dealers are everywhere or write us for Catalog B

The Regal Motor Car Co. Automobile Manufacturers DETROIT, MICH.

Vast Market, Cheap Power, 11 Diverging Railroad Lines

"Bristol" Bait Rods

"BRISTOL" Steel Bait Casting Rod No. 25 keeps your thumb on the reel. Reel seat is close to grip—you'll never tire your hand. Line runs very free. Comes in three lengths. Price $7.00. Many other "BRISTOL" [illegible]

HORTON MFG. CO.
96 Horton St. Bristol, Conn.

There's something back of the Utica Plier guarantee! Your money back if your plier is not satisfactory

UTICA PLIERS FOR THE
Householder
Blacksmith
Shoemaker
Wire Worker
Jeweler
Electrician
Mechanic
Autoist
Lineman
Farmer
Milliner
Aviator

If you have something to fix get a Utica Plier, the tool of unlimited uses. Utica Piers are the best that skilled workmen can produce.

Do not accept a substitute. Get Utica.

Write for Plier Palmistry

From the finest material Utica cutting edges are the acme of cutlery art.

UTICA DROP FORGE & TOOL CO., UTICA, N. Y.

The world's greatest authorities on magnets and magnetism have approved of this new system

Unbreakable Flexible Shaft

A New Stewart Speedometer with grade indicator from the world's greatest speedometer factories

No Finer Speedometer Ever Built

FACTS AND FEATURES

This instrument operates on the magnetic principle. A perfectly balanced dial cup is positioned in jewel bearings in the field of a *permanent* magnet and is acted on by the Foucault or eddy currents from a permanent magnet when the latter is rotated. As is well known, this torque or pull on the cup is directly proportional to the speed at which the magnet is rotated. The indicating figures are cut directly on the dial. *(We are owners of the early patent on speedometer with rotating dial.)*

This New Instrument Differs from Other Magnetic Speedometers

First, and of vital importance, is the improved magnet *(developed by Stewart engineers)*—the magnet in the form of a *closed ring.*

Every engineer and electrician will appreciate this real improvement. A continuous metallic path for the flux is thus assured, that insures *absolute permanence.* A *keeper,* as it were, is *constantly* provided. In fact, the keeper is an *integral part* of the magnet itself.

This ideal form of magnet permits of entirely dispensing with the field plate or field ring heretofore used, thus greatly simplifying the mechanism and permitting greatly increased space in the case, thus accommodating a liberally proportioned temperature compensator.

This temperature compensator is an exceedingly simple arrangement of a bimetallic coil that, responsive to temperature changes, actuates a quadrant arm carrying the spring. The action is direct and positive; having virtually no resistance to overcome, no load to lift or sustain, the action is dependable.

Temperature Compensators and Grade Indicators Are Exclusive Features of Stewart Speedometers

The grade indicator is an integral part of the instrument. The dial, actuated by a unique mechanism, indicates exactly the grade that the car may be ascending or descending at any time. A valuable feature and one greatly appreciated by automobile factory engineers, who see in it great possibilities for a more rational use of speed change levers on their cars.

A New Odometer of the Highest Grade

Large size number wheels driven by a train of large, coarse-pitched, actuating gears, no springs. The simplest as well as the highest grade odometer ever used in this class of instrument.

The Equipment

Stewart Speedometers are fitted with the strongest flexible shaft. This we believe everybody concedes. We have been for more than 20 years the largest makers of flexible shafting in the world. The swivel joint, *first used on Stewart Speedometers* and now widely copied, is another detail on which we spend more money than others.

Our Swivel Joint is made of hardened steel forgings (not castings), unbreakable, and will outlast the car to which it is attached. The forged swivel joint is an exclusive feature of Stewart Speedometers. We have spent during the past year over $100,000 providing buildings and machinery for producing *this one item* of speedometer equipment, that we might be enabled to make a high grade, unbreakable drop forged steel joint at a cost that would not prohibit using them, even on our lower priced instruments.

Largest Speedometer Factory in the World

Stewart & Clark Manufacturing Company
1910 Diversey Boulevard, Chicago

BRANCHES — Detroit, Chicago, San Francisco, New York, Boston, Cleveland, Philadelphia, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Minneapolis, Indianapolis, London, Paris.

Grade indicator tells you at a glance exact grade you are ascending

Model B $50
Model B-1 $85
(Clock Combination)

Clock Combinations

We point to improvements and features that can be purchased only in combination with Stewart Speedometers. We use a Seth Thomas clock, rim wind and rim set. Stop for a minute and think what this means. To wind it, you merely turn the rim of the clock—no key to hunt for; no taking off the bezel each time you wish to wind or set it. To set the clock—you merely pull out and turn the same rim—no unsightly knobs to destroy the beauty of the clock or openings in the case—sure to permit the entrance of water and dust liable to shortly put the clock out of commission.

Our experience with other makes of clocks used on speedometers has proven that Seth Thomas clocks are the best for the purpose.

Factories

Stewart Speedometers are made in the largest speedometer factories in the world. The buildings were designed and built for the purpose. They are of the highest grade construction, completely protected from fire by automatic sprinklers and other devices. The factories cover an entire city block and have a total floor space of about four acres. Nearly 600 expert workmen, exclusive of a factory office force of 60 and a shipping room force of 50, are employed. We pay the highest salaries and wages. Machine equipment is the finest obtainable, the automatic screw machine department comprising over 60 machines. From the ponderous double acting presses used for drawing up the case or shell to the finest jewel lathes every piece of machinery is the most suitable for the purpose that money will purchase.

Service Stations

The Stewart & Clark Manufacturing Company operate a chain of service stations extending from Boston to San Francisco, as well as in London, Paris, Australia, Africa and New Zealand. Stewart Speedometers are not put on the car and ignored. They are guaranteed for five years, and with service stations all over the world, it is possible for car owners whose cars are equipped with Stewart Speedometers to get unequalled service.

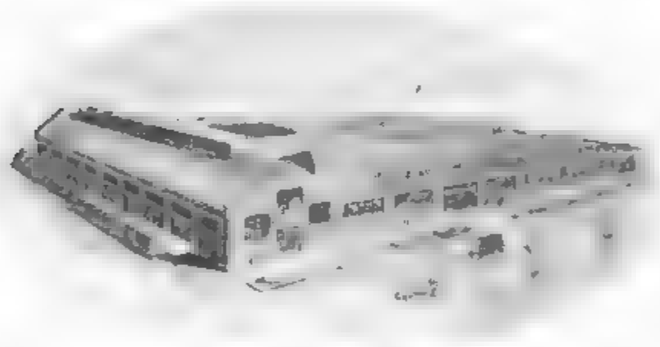
Product

It is the aim of the management to make Stewart Speedometers the finest that money will produce.

Stewart Speedometers are Guaranteed for Five Years

The remarkable accuracy of Stewart Speedometers is a proven fact

We will furnish to those interested, reports of tests made by technological experts showing the marvelous accuracy of these instruments.

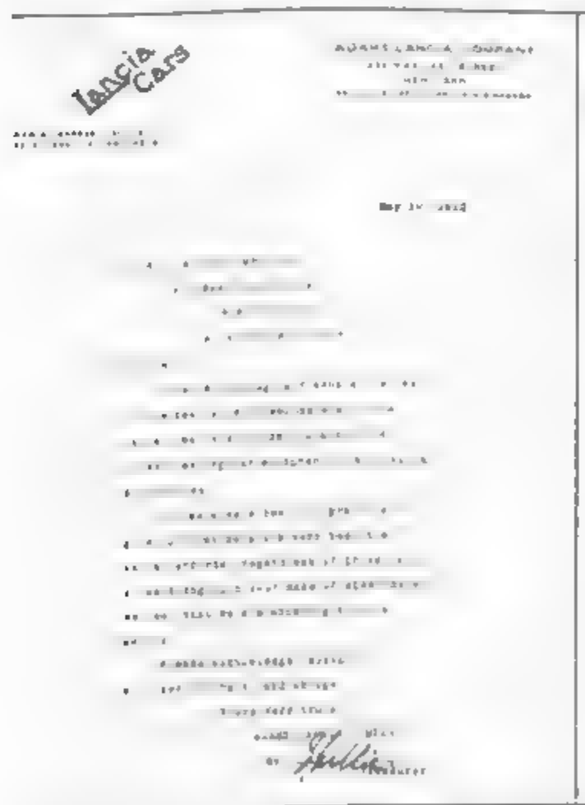


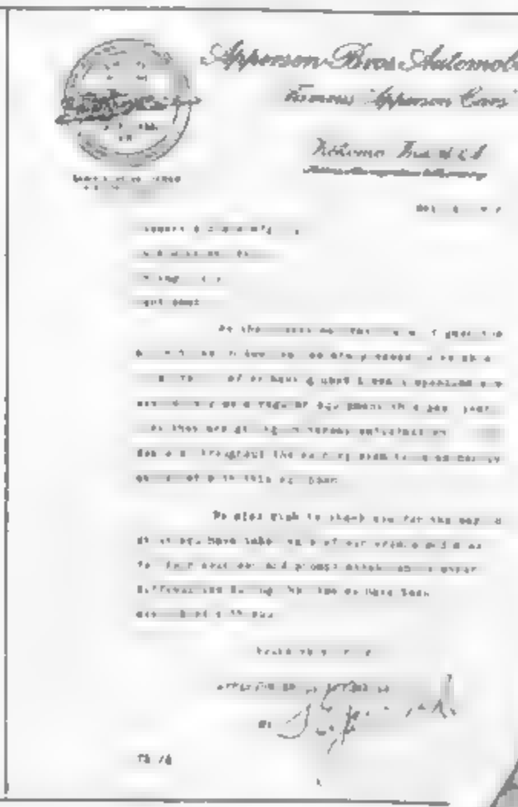
Our Drop Forge Plant

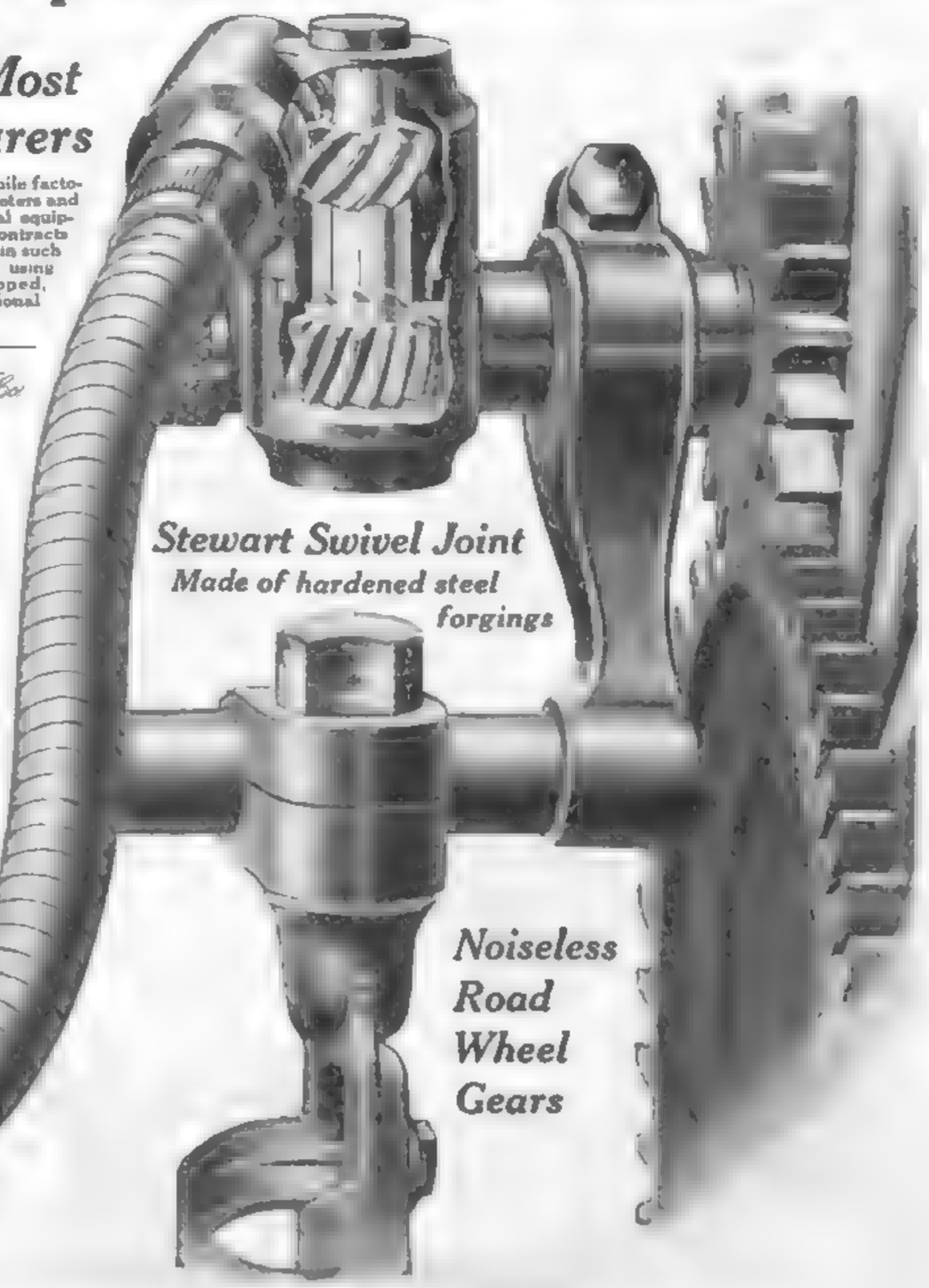
The Choice of Most Car Manufacturers

The factory engineers of 108 automobile factories have investigated Stewart Speedometers and approved of them as standard or special equipment on their 1912 cars. Equipment contracts for 1913 cars are being placed with us in such number as to indicate that most cars using speedometers will be Stewart equipped.

contracts won in competition with all other makers—won on the merit of the instrument. In this and additional advertisements we intend to print the verdict of these car manufacturers on the speedometer question.

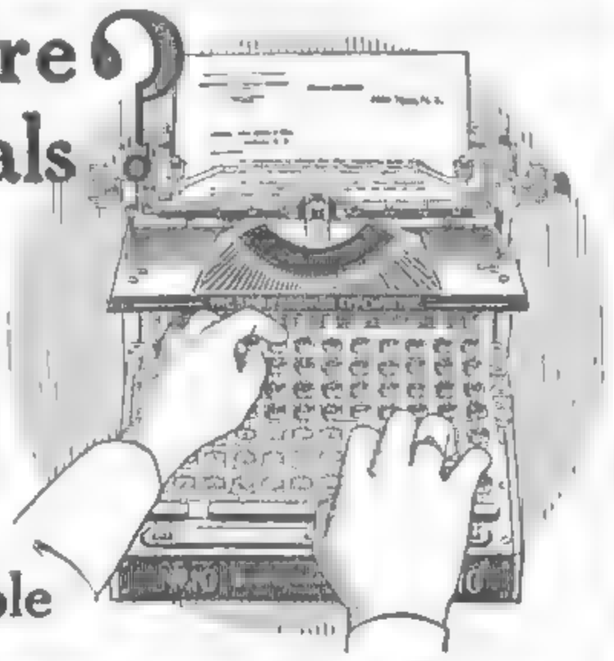






Stewart & Clark Manufacturing Company
1910 Diversey Boulevard, Chicago
BRANCHES—Detroit, Chicago, San Francisco, New York, Boston, Cleveland, Philadelphia Kansas City, Los Angeles, Minneapolis, Indianapolis, London, Paris
SEND FOR CATALOGUE

Where are the Capitals



They are before you—under your fingers, ready to imprint themselves on the paper at a single stroke, if your typewriter is a

Model 10 Visible

SmithPremier

Writing in sight is of course important, and the writing of the Smith Premier is always in sight. But this is not all. Every character written by the Smith Premier is in sight—not simply *when* it is written, but *all the time*. It is the only typewriter on which everything is visible, from each and every character on the keyboard to the writing on the paper.

And this is only one of the *Fourteen new* features of the Model 10 Smith Premier Typewriter.

Let us send you a catalogue which will tell you about them all.

Smith Premier Department
Remington Typewriter Company

A cooler, quicker ironing—easier and better, too—for only 15 cents with a

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

G-E Electric Flatiron

Fifteen cents' worth of electricity for an average ironing—that's all it takes. Only 15 cents for all the coolness, the time-saving, the delightful convenience that you gain by using this famous iron.

Part of this 15 cents you save in coal or gas. For the rest of it you get that steady, tireless heat which saves time and steps, that evenness of heat which means fewer scorches and less rubbing—hence less wear and tear on fine clothes.

More than half a million women are now *proving* the comfort, the ease, the quickness, the economy of the G-E Iron.

Most of these advantages and economies are due to the special G-E "heating metal", Calorite. The way Calorite is built into the iron prevents waste of electricity—*concentrates* the heat in the *bottom* of the iron—and holds it there for ironing long after the **current is turned off. And Calorite is** so nearly indestructible that G E Flatirons last a lifetime.

The G-E Guarantee

is on the big red and white tag on each iron. Look for this tag. Insist on the G-E Iron. If you cannot get it from your **lighting company or nearest electrical** dealer, send us his name.

Send today for our handsome book, "Electric Heating and Cooking"—64 pages of interesting information about electricity in the household, with **many beautiful illustrations in color.**

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY
The World's Largest Electrical Manufacturers
(Dept. 33-H) Schenectady, New York

The Guarantee of Excellence on Goods Electrical

This trade mark insures reliability in anything that generates, transmits or utilizes electricity. It protects you on house-wiring materials, it is on all Edison and it identifies the most highly perfected electric irons, fans, cooking devices, small or large motors and

"ON EST MIEUX ICI QU'EN FACE"

(Concluded from Page 18)

Mariquot's blood ran cold. What if his own drowned body should be fished out later than this chap's? His own effect would be crushingly discounted! How much sensation could then be hoped for? "Another novelist commits suicide"—he would be "another," an anti-climax, a plagiarist! Death was robbed of its one grace.

"Nevertheless your compassion is sweet to me," admitted De Jacquemin; "and if it will distract your minds from your own calamities I shall be honored to confide my own." Without awaiting an affirmative, which he obviously took for granted, he continued: "Do not assume that the inadequate press opinions of my work have spurred me to this pass—for the critics I defy! It is woman who has laid my career in ruins."

"A plagiarist!" moaned Mariquot.

"You said, monsieur ——?"

"Nothing," explained Mariquot with a start; "I was but soliloquizing. Pray resume!"

"Though of noble descent and dowered with great gifts," De Jacquemin resumed, "I have never possessed a safety razor; and if you are acquainted with the literary world, monsieur, you may be aware that the alternative of resorting to a barber is often a strain on the budget. For this reason it was my custom to betake myself to the cheapest rotter revealed to me—until one fatal day. Accident forced me to enter an establishment above my means, and—I assure you, madame—never should I have patronized it again but that in the mirror I beheld the reflection of a woman's face. She sat enthroned behind me, taking the money. She was the widow of the late *coiffeur*."

"So attractive?" inquired Delphine with a strange pang at her heart.

"Ah, madame! And the way her hair was done! Her beauty was, if I may say so, of a type similar to your own. On the morrow, too, I weakly went there, waiting till the desired chair was vacant. Daily I squandered ten sous for the exquisite pain of viewing her in the glass. She marked my homage, she fostered it. She sold to me combs and pomatums that I never used; I paid for perfumes that I presented after purchase. To prolong the perfect vision in the mirror I was shampooed and singed and frizzed. Finally I was shaved twice a day, and she accepted my escort to the Odéon."

"And when you owned you loved her?" asked Delphine, enthralled.

"She gave me hope. 'Twas all she gave. She feigned to regard her bereavement as too recent to allow decision. For months she has sported with my worship! My life has been passed in her establishment. With the solitary exception of hair-cutting, there is not a process practiced in the place to which I have not submitted myself *ad infinitum*. *Enfin* she has wedded the head assistant, and when I sobbed '*Coquette!*' she derided me with '*Client!*'"

To this harangue Mariquot had paid no attention whatever, his abstraction passing unobserved owing to the sympathetic interest yielded by Delphine. His brains were racked for a pretext to elude the watery grave which no longer promised posthumous distinction, and scarcely had she set appreciative lips to the Burgundy that had been placed before them than he leaped to his feet.

"Come!" he exclaimed with a gesture of uncontrolled despair. "Monsieur, I entreat you to excuse us—it is time we died!"

"Why, what are you talking about?" faltered Delphine, dismayed. "It is nothing like late enough yet!"

"It is thoroughly late enough—it is the ideal hour. I can curb my impatience no longer. Come!" he persisted.

"But it is crazy!" Her voice was vexed. "We enter here to wait for the middle of the night, and we are no sooner comfortable than you want to go!"

"Do you refuse?" he demanded hoarsely.

"I refuse to do any more stumping about the quays too soon," she said. "Sit down and be mannerly. What will Monsieur de Jacquemin think of you?"

"Hah!" cried Mariquot. "It is for him you fain would linger; it is his companionship that makes you craven! Oh, Heaven! Maybe that woman's instinct of yours prognosticates again!"

"Monsieur!" De Jacquemin rose superbly. "It seems to me that you are insolent. I should indulge myself by sending you my second, but the mutual circumstances forbid an appointment."

"False girl!" pursued Mariquot, disregarding the interruption. "You jilt me on the brink of the tomb! And it is for one so fickle that Xavier Mariquot would perish? Ah, no—my dignity restrains me! Though Lethe were sweet, my pride protests! I shall bear the burden of life. Better had I died before your perfidy was known. Farewell for ever!" And upsetting a chair in his haste he was gone and skipping along the pavement before De Jacquemin or Delphine could utter so much as another word.

Their eyes met widely. A physiognomist might have said that relief lightened the mood of both.

"He was looking for a way out, that's all," she said with a laugh. "It wasn't that he is really jealous!"

"Could I aspire to dream otherwise? 'Twould be vainglorious indeed!" returned the host. In a tone of profound solicitude he went on:

"And you will be brave to rally from the blow of his unworthiness, will you not? I hope with all my broken heart you do not mean to waste your death as well as your life on him, madame?"

"Mademoiselle!" she murmured shyly.

"Let me prevail upon you to take your wine!" said De Jacquemin, drawing nearer. "It is cozy here."

"Yet there is a skeleton at the feast!" repined Delphine.

"You think of hours gone beyond recall?"

"I think of the next hour to strike," she owned; "the skeleton I see is yours."

"Can it be possible," cried the youth, moved, "you feel for me so deeply, child?" He drew nearer still. "Ah, if I had been granted your influence earlier I should have been a happier man!"

Five minutes later—when her influence had been exercised and his arms encircled her—"Is it not mysterious?" he exclaimed devoutly. "Through all the evening, even while I traced my last words, something has seemed to insist that I should not die!"

Her tranquil gaze deciphered a sign backward on the window.

"How true!" breathed the young girl in the harbor of his embrace—"*On Est Mieux Ici Qu'en Face!*"—One is Better Off in Here Than Opposite!

On the Quai de Passy, in Paris, the little café may be viewed at will. Those who enter may see the chair that Mariquot overturned in his swift departure and the table at which Delphine saved De Jacquemin's life. To avoid disappointment, however, pilgrims should remember that the proprietor was not in a position to corroborate this history.

Hot Scotch

ST. ANDREW'S is the oldest of Scottish universities. It was founded when Chaucer's patron, Henry IV, was King of England, and the five hundredth anniversary of that event was celebrated some months ago with much pomp.

In a local account we read: "The celebrations proper do not begin until tomorrow evening; but there was a certain fitness in the fact that the ceremonies of the week were informally opened this afternoon by the presentation to Mr. Andrew Carnegie of his portrait in the gorgeous red robes of the Lord Rector." And two days later: "First came the magistrates and town councils of Perth, Dundee, Glasgow, Edinburgh and St. Andrew's, brilliant in ermine and scarlet, closely followed by guests and honorary graduates; then by delegates of foreign universities and learned societies. After them came a posse of sheriffs, the chief officials of the County of Fife and a number of ecclesiastical representatives; and then, in a long train, the students and staff of the university, with Mr. Andrew Carnegie, Principal Sir James Donaldson and Lord Balfour of Burleigh bringing up the rear."

Though various personages figured meanwhile, it began and ended with Andrew, who pays the freight. There is an enormous lot of more or less pointless talk about the problems of higher education; but the grand problem of higher education frequently seems to be: "When will Mr. Carnegie loosen up again?"

PERHAPS IT'S YOUR OWN FAULT IF YOU GET BACK-NUMBER CLOTHES

WHAT do you suppose is the excuse of nine out of ten retail clothiers who balk at the New Way Wardrobe method of handling their stock?

They admit that the New Way Wardrobe idea is right—that it is the only adequate method of showing and protecting good clothes—but they say:

"We do not carry the class of goods that would warrant us in caring for them in that way.

"Our customers would not appreciate them. They are used to clothing piled on counters and tables. They don't know any different.

"We have been here a long time. We have our own trade. They come in here and take about what we have always sold them.

"If we yank a coat out of a pile, try it on and they like the goods and the price is about what they expect to pay, they are satisfied.

"If the coat wrinkles a bit or the collar falls away a little at the back of the neck or the shape is partly crushed out of shoulder and sleeve head, they are not fussy about it.

"We can't keep every suit and overcoat on a separate hanger in a glass case, because we are not selling that kind of clothes."

Not Selling that Kind of Clothes—But They're Asking Just as High Prices

WHEN these men talk about "clothes that are too good" for their trade and of "modern ideas that are too high-class" for their stores, you would suppose they had reference to *prices*.

But look at their stocks. Examine the price tickets and you will find that the customers of such stores have to pay quite as much for these stock-table clothes as they would be asked in the most up-to-date Crystal Wardrobe store.

The difference is that the slouchy, back-number merchant is carrying his stock in the slouchy way that prevailed before clothes making became a fine art.

Clothing ideals, clothing standards, suffered in consequence—the consumer too often did not get the clothes or the service he deserved

Good makers of clothing suffered.

Lax tailoring methods and poor workmanship were given preference because of lower price.

And the wearer suffered most of all.

Now came the first signs of a new deal—the great forward movement that will do more for the clothing business than anything in this generation.

The Progressive Clothier Wakes Up to His Responsibility to His Customers—and His Stock

THE leading clothing stores of the country are adopting a new way of keeping and showing their goods.

A genius invented the New Way Crystal Wardrobe, with which a clothing stock can be kept in less space than would be required for tables.

Every suit or overcoat is carefully pressed and swings free and clear on a separate hanger in a dust-proof glass Wardrobe where it is in plain view without being pawed over—where it hangs fresh and smart as the day it was made until the day you buy it and put it on.

The New Way Crystal Wardrobe idea is sweeping over this country.

The leading clothing merchants everywhere are fitting their stores with them and the clothier in every community who has adopted the New Way Wardrobe idea is doing the business of the town.

By his simple act of stepping out of the beaten paths of the trade he has given a new identity to his store.

More important still to his customers, he has put himself in position to benefit by the most progressive ideas in the *producing* of fine ready clothing.

His values are likely to be better than those of his back-number competitors.

New Way Dealers Can Afford to Carry the Best

THEY can live up to the highest ideals of style and tailoring, now that they have this method of caring for the goods and the means of showing them to advantage.

Watch the New Way Crystal Wardrobe stores.

See them grow in trade and prestige—and see how much better goods they are selling than their old line competitors.

You will find them not far from you—a thousand or more of them. Probably some of them are in your home town.

We will send you their names, if you are interested enough in better quality and up-to-date style in your apparel to write for them

Grand Rapids Show Case Company

The Largest Show Case and Store Equipment Plant in the World

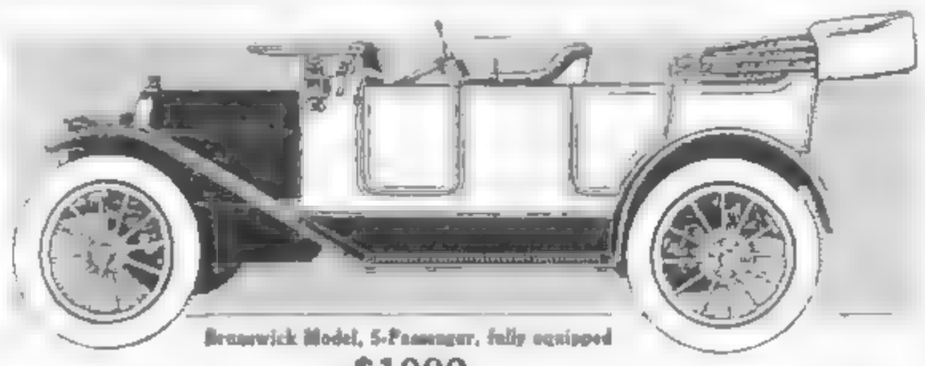
Grand Rapids, Michigan

Show Rooms and Factories: New York, Grand Rapids, Chicago, Portland

The Price is Low but there is nothing cheap about the

PAIGE

Not a single thing in this extraordinary $1000 car is cheap or shoddy. Neither the materials nor the workmanship nor the style.



Brunswick Model, 5-Passenger, fully equipped

$1000

The Paige doesn't *look like* other cars in its price field. If you didn't *know* its price you wouldn't ever *think* of it as a thousand dollar car. It has all the gracefulness of design, all the beauty of finish and all the *essential* equipment of the high priced cars. It strikes you right from the first as simply one of the *smaller* models of the *big* high-grade automobiles.

And the further you study the Paige the more striking you will find this comparison. Study its powerful, quiet motor, its cork insert multiple disc clutch, its splendid spring suspension, the simplicity and flexibility of the entire car,—go over it part by part and you will see the truth of our statement that there is nothing cheap about the Paige. Bring an *expert* with you if you aren't an expert on automobiles. The more a man knows about automobiles the more he appreciates the Paige.

Arrange for a Demonstration at Once

Regular equipment includes top, windshield, 5 black enamel lamps, generator, horn, tools, jack, tire repair outfit. Quick demountable rims (set of 5) on touring car models, including tire irons, $15. Same equipment on roadster, $12.50. (Self-Starter and Prest-O-Lite tank installed at the factory for $25 if desired.) Six snappy, stylish bodies, 4 and 5 passenger touring cars, roadster and racabout, prices $975 and $1000. All built on the one Paige chassis and with the one Paige unit power plant.

Write today for name of Paige dealer nearest you and our new 1912 Art Catalogue. The catalogue shows various models in beautiful colors and gives full details of Paige construction.

PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR CO.

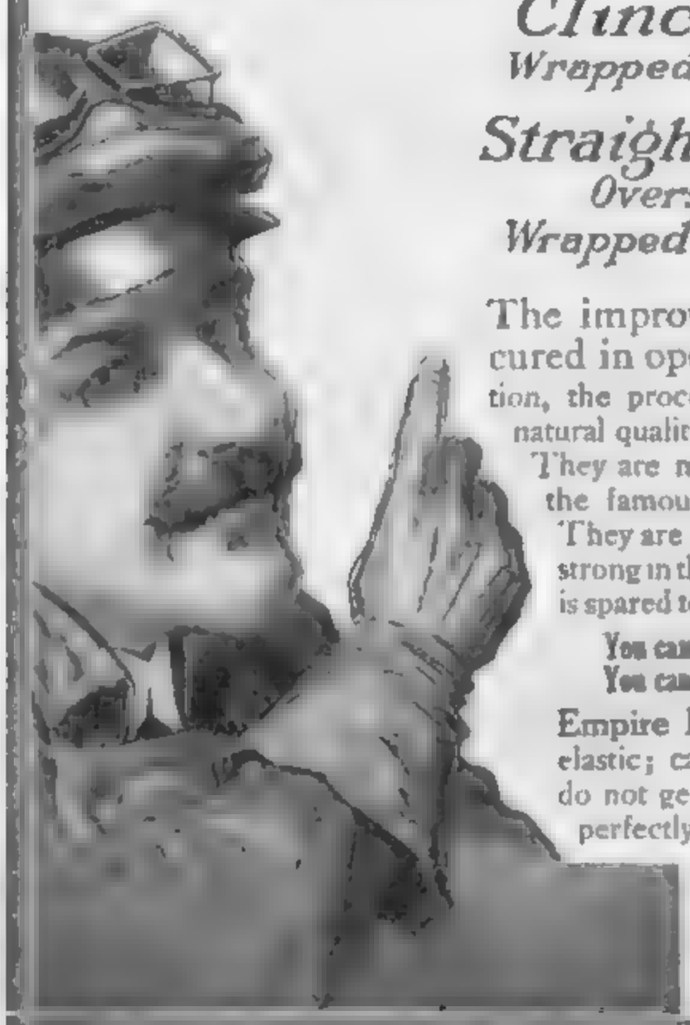
265 Twenty-first Street **Detroit, Michigan**

Empire Tires Wear Longest

Empire Tires

Clincher
Wrapped Tread

Straight Edge
Oversize
Wrapped Tread



The improved Empire Tires are cured in open steam in one operation, the process which preserves all the natural qualities of the rubber.

They are made with wrapped tread of the famous Empire gray tread stock. They are tough in the tread. They are strong in the body. No effort or expense is spared to make them the best of tires.

You can tell they are good by the feel
You can prove they are good by the wear

Empire Red Tubes are tough and elastic; can be vulcanized repeatedly; do not get brittle or spongy; stand up perfectly under all conditions.

Tires and Tubes for Automobiles and Motorcycles

Send for interesting booklet on "How to get more mileage out of your tires."

BRANCHES AND AGENCIES IN ALL LEADING CITIES

Empire Tire Co. EAST TRENTON, N. J.

MY LADY'S GARTER

(Continued from Page 5)

with shields of gold, in which were set alternately diamonds and rubies. There was a pendant too—Saint George and the Dragon—and a motto in ancient lettering barely decipherable: "*Honi soit qui mal y pense!*"

It was many moons since The Hawk had held a jewel in his hand, and his first emotion was one of sheer delight at the iridescent beauty of these—the delight of a connoisseur, which embraced not only the stones, but the delicate, exquisite workmanship of the gold in which they were set. The thing, whatever it might be, was very old!

Until the match burned out the spell held him dumb and motionless. The light of another match revealed a subtle change in his face. It was no longer that of the connoisseur; it was that of the expert. The guileless eyes had narrowed; they were fairly aglitter with avarice as The Hawk studied the stones—three diamonds and three rubies. At least five carats every one of them and flawless, as well as he could make out in the uncertain light. A fortune picked off a mantel in a vacant house!

"Honk! Honk!"

The cry of an automobile horn just outside cut cleanly through the enshrouding gloom and hauled The Hawk round to a realization of the necessity of escape. The person or persons who had left this—this, whatever it was—had come back for it! He snapped out the match, darted through the open doorway and sped along the hall. He flung the back door open wide and a flying leap took him through.

Just rounding the corner of the building, coming toward him, were the shadowy figures of three men. A dozen steps and The Hawk had vanished into the parklike woods in the rear.

"Halt!" came a sharp command.

The Hawk, intent upon business of his own, did not answer. A moment later there came the crash of a revolver and he heard a bullet thud into a tree-butt at his right.

"Stand guard at that door, Fallon," some one commanded brusquely. "We'll get this chap!"

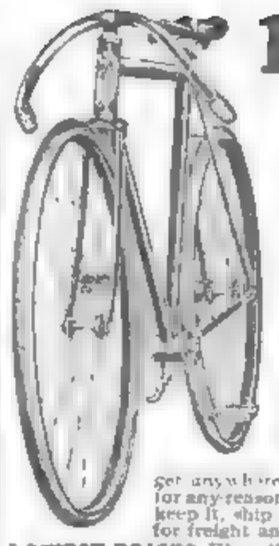
"This"—and The Hawk laughed as he ran—"this is no place for a minister's son!"

III

AFTER a desperate chase for more than a mile across country, up and down alleys, in and out of woods, over fences, through hedges, stimulated by the petulant pop of a pistol in his rear, chance led the flying footsteps of The Hawk into a narrow street of a village in The Bronx. On each side of him was a deep hedge of shrubbery, but The Hawk didn't make the mistake this time of going over or through either of these. Instead, he ran on to the end of the street, with his two pursuers in sight a hundred yards back, turned to his right, leaped the hedge immediately after he had rounded the corner, and doubled back through the yard in the rear of some big estate. Ten seconds later he heard the heavy thud-thud of two men's footsteps beyond the hedge as they rushed past him in the opposite direction. They were not more than three yards away; he could hear them blowing.

Listening tensely until they turned the corner, The Hawk, crouching close to the ground, leaped, clearing the hedge and landing in the narrow street the two men had just left. He darted directly across it and plunged, rabbitlike, through the hedge on the other side. This, too, was some big estate. He ran noiselessly yet earnestly across the wide, velvety lawn, round the mansion that loomed magnificently in front of him, and settled down on a tree-stump to get his breath. The jeweled garter was still clasped tightly in his left hand; and he was grinning cheerfully with his tongue hanging out. His pursuers were bound full tilt in the other direction.

Ten minutes passed. All sound of pursuit had died away in the distance. The dead night swooped down upon him suddenly, a tangible darkness; a pulsing of waters as they rippled musically came to him, and a cricket cried under his heel. Quite himself after his breathing space, The Hawk fell to building castles in the air, the while he caressed lovingly the little trinket that was to change the whole tenor of his life. How and where it came from he didn't know; he wasn't sufficiently interested even to wonder about it. He was engrossed



10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

We will ship you a **"RANGER" BICYCLE on approval, freight prepaid,** to any place in the United States *without a cent deposit* in advance, and allow ten days free trial during which time you may ride it and put it to any test you please. If for any reason whatever you do not wish to keep it, ship it back to us at our expense for freight and you will *not be out one cent*.

LOWEST PRICES We sell the highest grade bicycles with Puncture-proof Tires, Imported Roller Chains and Pedals and many exclusive features, at exceedingly low prices. You cannot buy a better bicycle than our "Ranger," no matter what you pay, and you cannot buy a *good* bicycle at a lower price than we offer you.

RIDER AGENTS WANTED in each town and district to ride and exhibit a sample 1912 "Ranger" Bicycle furnished by us. You will be astonished at the *low prices* and the liberal propositions and special offer we will give on the first 1912 sample going to your town. Write at once for our *special offer*.

DO NOT BUY a bicycle or a pair of tires from *anyone* at any price until you receive our catalogue and learn our liberal terms. **BICYCLE DEALERS,** we can offer you a quick sale and liberal terms on exclusive sample. Bicycles shipped the day received.

SECOND HAND BICYCLES—a limited number taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores will be closed out at once, at $3 to $8 each. Descriptive bargain list mailed free.

TIRES, COASTER BRAKE rear wheels, inner tubes, lamps, cyclometers, parts, repairs and everything in the bicycle line at lowest prices. **DO NOT WAIT,** but write today for our *Large* Catalogue and Booklet containing a great fund of interesting matter and useful information. It only costs a postal to get everything. Write it now.

MEAD CYCLE CO. DEPT. S 55 **CHICAGO, ILL.**

What is Vacation to You

if lack of ready money is going to keep you at home?

Hundreds of young men and women will earn their vacation money by soliciting subscriptions for

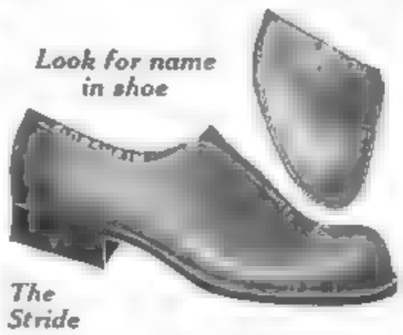
The Saturday Evening Post
The Ladies' Home Journal
The Country Gentleman

We allow a regular commission and monthly salary on all subscriptions sent, whether renewal or new. We coach you in the work and make it not only profitable but interesting.

Last year several Curtis representatives spent the summer abroad. Hundreds enjoyed vacations at the mountains and seashore, defraying all expenses through their Curtis work. We will tell you more about how you can assure for yourself a vacation just such as you wish, if you will write at once.

Agency Division
The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia

The Florsheim SHOE



The Stride

As an Investment

The Florsheim Shoe will pay you the maximum returns.

Dollar for Dollar you will get more *real satisfaction* through continued comfort, style and service.

Ask your shoeman for Florsheim "Natural Shape" shoes and oxfords, or send us your order and we will have it filled by our nearest dealer.

Price $5.00

"Imperial" Quality $6.00

Write for illustrated loose leaf booklet containing 25 of the leading styles—it's free.

The Florsheim Shoe Company
571 Adams Street Chicago, U. S. A.

WHICH OF THESE DO YOU PREFER?

NOTICE that the Kryptok Double-Vision Lenses are entirely free from seams. Notice that Kryptok Lenses are in no way odd, nor freakish, and do not suggest old age as do the Pasted Double-Vision Lenses below them. The prominent seams of pasted lenses are always unsightly and invariably indicate advancing years.

KRYPTOK LENSES

Combine Near and Far View in One Lens

By wearing Kryptok Double-Vision Lenses your glasses will present the neat appearance of single-vision lenses. The reading lens is fused invisibly within the distance lens. No seams. No lodging place for dirt. Kryptok Lenses always are perfect for near and far view.

Write us for Descriptive Booklet

Your optician will fit and supply you. Worn today by over 250,000 people. Can be put into any style frame or mounting.

Kryptok Company, 105 East 23d Street, New York

Chewing Gum Be our exclusive agent in your territory. Clean, profitable business built up quickly with our new brands. Four flavors, novel packages. Write today. **Helmet Gum Factory, Cincinnati.** We make Vending Slot, Premium and Special Gums.

in contemplation of the fact that its coming meant that the lean days were past, and hidden under a new name and a new identity he would again assume the life of luxury which Detective Meredith had so rudely interrupted six years previously.

Already he had driven the starting wedge into this new life, thanks to the regal generosity of Edward III some six hundred years ago, for now in his outstretched palm he held jewels coruscating in the darkness, worth at the very lowest ten thousand dollars, possibly twenty or even thirty. All in all it was a very tidy beginning. It would serve to reintroduce him to the world where his star had once been resplendent, and with the renewal of those ties of the past—under his new name, of course—would come full opportunity for the display of those talents with which Nature had endowed him. There remained only to see Daddy Heinz in order to convert prospects into coin of the realm.

The Hawk arose impulsively and shook a fist at the glowing spectrum of New York.

"What I have done to you," he informed the unsuspecting metropolis, "ian't a marker to what I'm going to do to you!"

In his venturesome life The Hawk had had many surprises, one of them within the last hour. Now came another, a sibilant warning from some mysterious recess of the night—a warning in a woman's voice!

"Sh-h-h-h!" It was a long aspiration. "Not so loud, ailly!" This in a reproving whisper. "Don't make a sound!"

Mechanically The Hawk's muscles grew taut and a thrill tingled through his nerve fibers. Only his head moved as his furtive eyes searched the gloom for the source of the voice. He didn't make a sound: that was one of the best things he did—not making a sound. He merely stared—stared, seeking to penetrate the veil of night, the while his heels fairly itched to be going.

"Come here under my window and catch these things," came a cautious command. Glancing up at the suggestion, The Hawk made out dimly a vague splotch of a face set in the blackness of a window-frame on the second floor. "And do hurry!"

The tone was imperious. The Hawk obeyed from an impulse he himself couldn't have analyzed. It may have been sheer dare-deviltry; it may have been the lure of the voice—one can always tell the voice of a pretty woman. Anyway, The Hawk darted across the intervening space and crouched close in the shadow of the wall beneath the window.

"Now catch this and be very, very careful!" He knew the woman in the window was leaning out, holding over his head a—what was it? A trunk? "If you crush this or drop it I'll never forgive you. It's my best hat!"

The Hawk drew a long breath. The massive box suspended over him fell like a feather. He caught it adroitly and placed it on the ground beside him.

"Now my bag, please," came the voice again. He could read in it the sweet confidence born of his not having dropped the hat. "It's rather heavy. Be careful!"

Obediently The Hawk grabbed out into the night and rescued a suitcase. Came a pause. From the window above he heard a rustle of skirts, cautious footsteps, then an impatient: "Oh, fudge! Where did I put it?" He volunteered no information, and a moment later a blinding flash of light shot out the window and went streaming off into the darkness. Instinctively The Hawk drew closer to the wall, and for one instant there was a gripping fear at his heart.

In the next second he was reassured. A head was thrust out of the window, a girl's head, curiously diaphanous, effulgent even. The oddness of the effect was due to the brilliancy of electric lights shining through brick-red hair from behind—making a fluffy, puffy cloud of head and shoulders. He got only a glimpse of her face as she turned. Of course she was pretty. He had known that from her voice, but here was a vision that anchored him in his tracks! In one hand she held a small box.

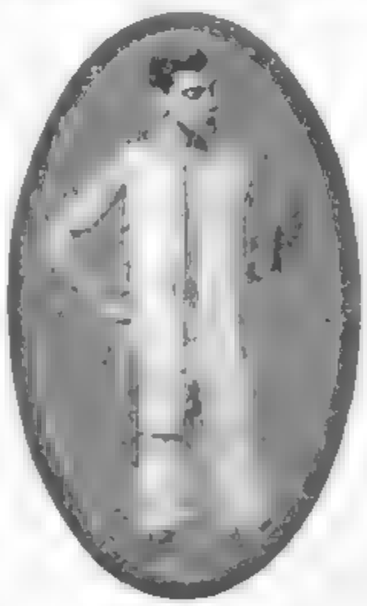
"Now catch this," she ordered. She was staring straight down at him, but the blaze of light enveloping her made the gloom where he stood more dense. "Put this in your pocket and take good care of it. It's my jewel-case."

She dropped the box and The Hawk grabbed greedily. Jewels! The magic of the word broke the witching spell. He shook the box inquiringly. Jewels and more jewels!

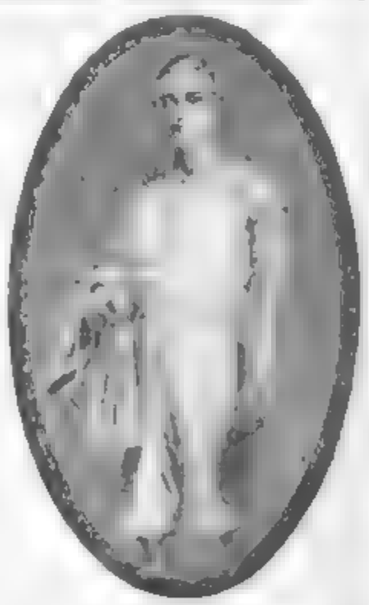
"Now listen just a minute," the girl directed, and the light died as she spoke.

Travels at Terrific Speed— Yet Eats Little
A "STANDARD" Electric Fan is really a marvelous mechanism. It runs noiselessly at wonderful speed, throwing billows of cool comfort through the room. Yet its regard for the electric meter is charming. It consumes so little current that cost of operation is a mere trifle. Truly an admirable little servant. On the job for years, never uttering a whimper.
Robbins & Myers STANDARD Fans
Built by specialists who have put 17 years of improvement behind every fan that leaves the factory this year. Old fan faults are eliminated in the "STANDARD." We will tell you more about "STANDARD" quality in the free Fan Book. Get it of your dealer, or a postal will bring it from us.
THE ROBBINS & MYERS CO.
Springfield, Ohio
BRANCHES: New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St Louis, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, New Orleans, Rochester and Atlanta.
Sold by leading electrical dealers everywhere. All styles—ceiling, desk, bracket, oscillating ventilating—for either direct or alternating current
Special Home Fan

We are also the World's Largest Manufacturers of Small Motors—1-30 to 15 h. p.—for all purposes. (621)



Afloat or Ashore In Town or Out Wear B. V. D.



Put it in your bag—put it in your trunk—*put it on!* It leaves you arm-free, leg free and body-free, because it is *Loose Fitting*. B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts, Knee Length Drawers or Union Suits *keep you cool* and "feeling fit," lightening the day's work and adding spice to sport and zest to "vacationing" on land or water.

They are made of light, durable woven materials, soft to the skin. Quality of fabrics, true-to-size fit, careful workmanship and long wear are assured and insured by

This Red Woven Label

MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE

B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, 50c, 75c, $1.00 and $1.50 the garment.

B. V. D. Union Suits (Pat. U. S. A. April 30th, 1907) $1.00, $1.50, $2.00, $3.00 and $5.00 the suit.

(Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries.)

THE B. V. D. COMPANY, NEW YORK.

London Selling Agency:
66, Aldermanbury, E. C.

$25 a Week to Students this Summer

We have positions for students who can devote all or a part of their time this summer to representing

The Saturday Evening Post
The Ladies' Home Journal and
The Country Gentleman

Many of last summer's college representatives earned $50 to $100 a week, and gained a valuable business training besides. You can work in your own locality, or elsewhere, alone or in company with other students. Write now.

What Others Did Last Summer

Nearly six hundred students—both men and women—took advantage of our scholarships and cash offers.

Mr. M. H. Moffett, of the University of Michigan, netted $585.00 in one month. Lloyd Hall, of the University of Nebraska, received $1475.00 for twelve weeks' work. A young woman in Massachusetts netted nearly $1000.00 during the summer months and had time for a vacation trip besides. J. A. Johnston, of Philadelphia, received $1743.00 for three months' work. The weekly earnings of nearly every representative exceeded $25.00. Last summer several of the most inexperienced students met with the greatest success. If you are interested in earning money this summer,

Address, Educational Division

The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia

"The automobile is waiting two blocks away. Now while I'm putting on my coat and veil you must sneak down to the stable round the corner there and get a ladder. I simply can't jump this distance. I'll be ready by the time you get back."

Gallantry is inborn in most of us. For a scant instant The Hawk felt its spur and was tempted—shall I say by the melody of the girl's voice and the haunting glimpse of her face?—was tempted to carry out the adventure to the end, if for no other reason than to get a nearer view of her loveliness. But cold reason dissipated this whim born of a woman's charm. Why take idle chances with a kindly fate? He had the jewels; he would hike for the highway; the restless city of New York beckoned him on.

"Hurry now!" commanded the girl.

Useless words! The Hawk ran, vanishing an instant later round a corner of the house; ran and ran on, gripping the jewel-case in one hand and the Countess of Salisbury's garter in the other. An hour later he was five miles nearer New York. Tired? Why, he never felt so fresh and unfatigued in his life! He had stolen a quick look at the contents of the jewel-case, and nearly fainted at the multi-colored glow therein.

"Harun-al-Rashid!" The Hawk remarked to the world at large. "The things that have been happening to me would make his adventures sound as prosaic as a laundry ticket." The skies opened and fat, spattery raindrops pounded on his head. "There's nothing to it—I have come back!" A long silence. "Why, she's a queen!"

. . . . . .

Meanwhile, a pretty girl at a darkened window gazed out into the night with anxious eyes.

"What could have happened to Skeets?" she wondered. "Why doesn't he hurry with that ladder? My best hat is being simply ruined!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE ADVENTURES OF ANASTASIUS

(Continued from Page 11)

brought him the book, and as she handed it to him she detected a slightly perceptible wink. He closed the door behind him closely and thenceforward nothing but a murmur of conversation penetrated to the outer office. It went on and on interminably. To Moya each minute seemed an hour.

The remarks that had come from the inner room made her realize that it was something more than a practical joke Anastasius intended to play upon his employer; but at his real intention she could not guess. If only she might go into that inner room and question him! Three or four times she started from her seat to give effect to her intention. Each time she sat down again. Anastasius depended upon her to give him warning of the arrival of Mr. Solomon Isaacs—and at any moment he might come. Already the office clock pointed to five minutes past ten—five minutes past the usual hour of his arrival. Would he never come? Another five minutes passed and Moya felt that she would be compelled to scream.

Then heavy padding footsteps, like those of a bear in boots, reechoed in the corridor and stopped at the outer door.

Mr. Isaacs entered his office. She met him in the middle of the room. The color had mounted to her cheeks. There was a little lump in her throat. She found it difficult to gasp out the words, "The gentleman is waiting to see you, sir," as she handed Mr. Isaacs the card of Mr. J. Popple.

"Where ——" The substantial shade of Wilberforce, Wilkes & Washington got no farther with his query, for at that moment he read the name and also the words: "Criminal Investigation Department, New Scotland Yard."

Mr. Solomon Isaacs stood stockstill and his umbrella fell to the floor. He glanced round as if he contemplated flight. Then he glanced at Moya, and she saw that his lips were white and that he was moistening them with his tongue, as if he wished to speak and they refused to obey. Before he could compass his desire the voices from the inner room became clearly audible. While the attention of the girls in the outer office had been fixed on Mr. Solomon Isaacs the door had swung open again a few inches. The deep voice of the visitor boomed out:

"Very well, Mr. Yorke. At present I have no information to connect you with

This Quintette Package is one of the very cleverest of the Johnston favorites. An all-gray box of five compartments, each containing a very wonderful chocolate creation.

One dollar of your dealer, or, if he cannot supply you, we will send direct by prepaid express upon receipt of stamps or money order.

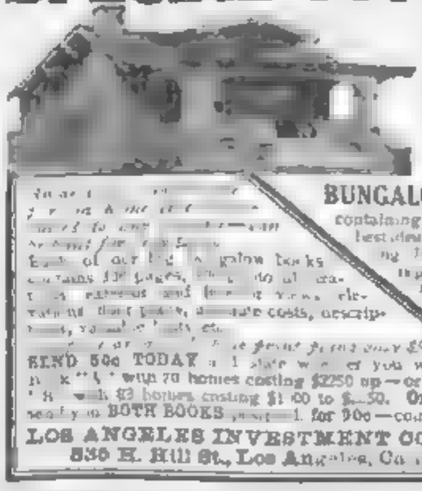
Chocolates
"To Suit Every Taste"

Swiss Style Milk-Chocolate Creams
Swiss Style Milk-Chocolate Almonds
Original Dutch Bitter-Sweets
Chocolates Extraordinary
T-R-I-A-D Chocolates
Innovation Sweets

The better dealers everywhere sell Johnston's

Johnston's
MILWAUKEE

SPECIAL OFFER—50c



will bring you one of our big new
BUNGALOW BOOKS
containing the newest and best ideas on home building

SEND 50c TODAY ... with 70 homes costing $2250 up—or Book ... with 83 homes costing $1400 to $4250. Or we will send you BOTH BOOKS ... for 90c—coin or stamps
LOS ANGELES INVESTMENT COMPANY
830 H. Hill St., Los Angeles, California

Would you not like a LYON & HEALY PIANO?

Write to Lyon & Healy for the name of the nearest of the 250 dealers who sell and recommend the Lyon & Healy Piano, and we will send you free a large roll of ... Easy Monthly Payments if desired.

FREE MUSIC given for testing the piano no matter whether you buy or not. So write today for catalog and mention the music.

23-67 E. Adams St. LYON & HEALY Chicago

Kemper Military School
Boonville, Mo.
Rated Class "A" by War Dept

A teacher to every ten boys. Modern ... All athletics. Rifle Corps. Artillery, Cavalry, Infantry, Bugle, Signal, Engineering, Business ... 69th year. Handsome catalogue free.
Col. T. A. Johnston, Supt.
732 Third St.

CRYSTAL Domino SUGAR

YEARS of exhaustive effort to obtain a sugar that would answer every test for purity—

modern conditions of cleanliness to safeguard every step in the refining and crystallizing process—

explain the wonderful purity and wholesomeness of Crystal Domino Sugar.

The dainty, easybreaking shape is the last little touch of perfection.

One of the Quality Products of

The American Sugar Refining Co.

Read the story of its making in our splendidly illustrated booklet sent upon request. Address Department D, 117 Wall Street, New York

Full and Half Size Pieces

Give your hot, tired feet a rest this summer in

Engel-Cone E. C. Ventilated Shoes

Light, neat, stylish Oxfords with slit uppers to give the feet air.

The foot needs cool shoes just as the body needs light underwear.

Send for catalog.

Sizes 6—12 for Men	$3.00
Sizes 2½—6 for Women and Boys	2.50
Sizes 9—2 for Boys and Girls	1.50

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will ship upon receipt of price

ENGEL-CONE SHOE CO.
34 New Street East Boston, Mass.

HARTSHORN
SHADE ROLLERS
Original and unequaled. Would not tear if fingers were run through tacks. Inventor's signature on genuine
Stewart Hartshorn

Study Dentistry at the INDIANA DENTAL COLLEGE

You can attend our dental course in connection with your business, and prepare yourself for a profession that is extremely remunerative. Our course is three years of twenty-six weeks each, and experienced faculty. Write for catalog.

INDIANA DENTAL COLLEGE
133 E. Ohio Street
Indianapolis, Ind.

this affair; but let me inform you that if you are concealing anything or in any way conniving at Isaacs' escape there is such a thing as conspiracy known to the law."

It was Anastasius' voice that answered: "I can assure you, Inspector, that I shall be only too pleased to do anything to assist you. As I have already explained, I have been grossly deceived in the representations upon which I took over this business; and if I hear from Mr. Isaacs I will at once communicate with you. Meanwhile do you wish to take these books, or ——"

"No. I'll come back in an hour and bring a man with me to carry away what I require."

The door swung open a few inches more. Mr. Solomon Isaacs' legs barely sustained him. His face became ghastly.

Anastasius spoke again.

"This way, Inspector; you will find the lift on the right."

"Good morning, sir," was the gruff response.

There was the sound of a door shutting. Mr. Solomon Isaacs remained motionless, glancing round him furtively like a rat in a trap.

Suddenly the door to the inner office, which he faced, opened wide. He gave a start and a little cry. It was only Anastasius who faced him; but it was quite a different Anastasius from the browbeaten clerk who had been bullied for months past by Wilberforce, Wilkes & Washington.

He might have been the master—Mr. Solomon Isaacs the employee detected in some fault. Anastasius beckoned and, to Moya's wonderment, her employer obeyed the signal. Not a word passed. Isaacs entered his sanctum and the door closed behind him. The three girls gathered in a little group and began to discuss the curious scene, wondering what was to be the end of it.

Meanwhile Mr. Solomon Isaacs, on entering his private room, tottered forward and deposited his bulky form in the armchair which was placed by the side of his desk for the convenience of his clients who came to interview him personally. Anastasius calmly seated himself in the chair at the desk—Mr. Solomon Isaacs' own; but that gentleman took no notice of the assumption. He removed his silk hat and wiped the perspiration from his brow. It was left to Anastasius to break the portentous silence.

"Lucky for you that you didn't get here ten minutes ago!" he said.

"I—I don't understand," stammered the head of the firm.

"No?" said Anastasius. "It doesn't take much explaining, Mr. Isaacs. All that has happened is that an inspector from Scotland Yard called here with a warrant for the arrest of one Solomon Isaacs, under the impression that he was the principal in the firm of Wilberforce, Wilkes & Washington."

"A warrant for me!—a warrant for me?" muttered the embodiment of the truthful trinity. "But I haven't done anything! I ——"

"You can tell him that if you like when he comes back," interrupted Anastasius. "I thought perhaps you would like a chance to get away; so I put him off on a false scent."

"But I haven't done nothing—nothing at all!" continued the head of the firm piteously. "Why should any one want to send me to prison?"

A smile flickered across Anastasius' face. "Of course you know best," he said. Then he played one of his trump cards. "It's that Forester affair."

Mr. Solomon Isaacs palpably winced, but he managed to answer: "But Mr. Forester is dead!"

"Yes," said Anastasius. "The warrant has been taken out by his executors. They accuse you of having defrauded his estate of five hundred pounds."

"But they know nothing about it!" said Mr. Solomon Isaacs eagerly. "Didn't he say that he wanted his little speculation kept secret from everybody—and even had his letters addressed to his club?"

"He kept your letters and circulars all the same—every one of them," declared Anastasius boldly. No one would have imagined from his manner that he had pieced together fragments of information which he had acquired during the previous three months from letters of which he had merely obtained glimpses, and from casual observations his employer had made. "Of course I don't know what is in them," he continued. "You may be able to convince a jury

On every out-of-doors day:

KODAK

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,
ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

Catalogue free at your dealer's or by mail.

The Tome School for Boys
An Endowed Preparatory School

¶ Its unusual results are due to the best faculty which can be secured:
To the careful supervision of the lives of the students
To the most generous provision for their health and comfort

¶ It insists upon thorough and efficient teaching and offers an unusually extensive curriculum.

¶ It is known as the most heavily endowed school in America. It claims recognition as a school where the highest standards of scholarship and character are maintained.

A completely equipped *Lower School for Little Boys.*

Illustrated Prospectus on Request

Thomas Stockham Baker, Ph.D., Port Deposit, Md.

Just the Rocker for Your Home

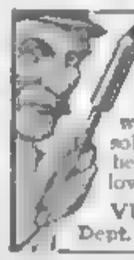
Our Factory Price
$5.50

For this handsome quartered oak rocker with [illegible] 22 inches seat depth 20 inches. Write for

Brooks Rocker No. 7

MASTER-BUILT Furniture Book
—FREE with 100 designs. We make furniture—finish in color you wish—then ship in complete sections ready for rapid assembling—just a few minutes' work with screwdriver. Write for furniture book NOW

Brooks Mfg. Co., 6006 Rose Ave., Saginaw Mich.



Electric Soldering

Manufacturers and shops of all kinds—*write at once* for description of the wonderful VULCAN method of electrical soldering. Your workmen do more and better work and do it faster—at a much lower cost to you. Full information given.

VULCAN ELECTRIC HEATING CO.
Dept. A-9 Buffalo, N. Y.

Increase the Power of Your Motor

[illegible] Wonder Worker Granular Carbon [illegible] cover. It works like magic: removes all [illegible] from cylinders of motors, prevents knocking, increases power 15 per cent.

Large Package (season's supply) $1.00, prepaid anywhere.

Trial Package enough for 4 cylinders one application free on receipt of 20c to pay postage and packing.

THE HALL THOMPSON CO. Hartford Conn.

MULLINS STEEL BOATS CAN'T SINK

Because they are built like Government Torpedo Boats, of tough, puncture-proof steel plates, pressed to rigid form and so securely joined together that a leak is impossible. The Mullins Steel Boats are *guaranteed* against puncture—leaking—waterlogging—warping—drying out—opening seams—and NEVER REQUIRE CALKING.

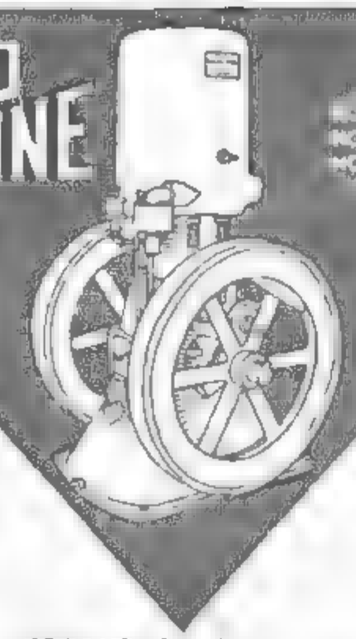
MOTORS: The Low-Victor 4-Cycle and Ferro 2-Cycle. Light—powerful—simple—can be operated by the beginner—start like automobile motors—one man control—never stall at any speed—exhaust silently under water.

We also manufacture a complete line of steel hunting and fishing boats—row boats—cedar canvas-covered canoes.

Our beautiful book, illustrated in colors, is free.

THE W. H. MULLINS CO., World's Largest Boat Builders, 128 Franklin St., Salem, Ohio.

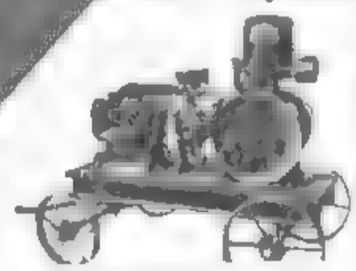
NOVO ENGINE



Novo Centrifugal Pumping Outfit

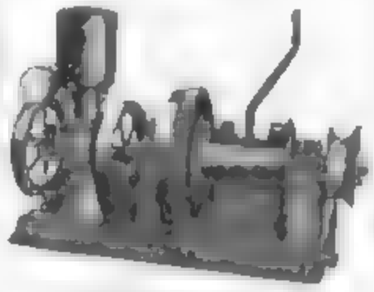
Made in 18 sizes, either direct-connected or belt driven. Pumps are exceptionally well built; all counter currents are eliminated. Suitable for irrigation, elevation, and drainage systems under varied conditions.

Novo Contractor's Trench Pump Outfit



The pumps have large waterways to handle gritty water, et The rubber-faced suction va e is easily removed for cleaning. Jack gears are cut, reducing wear and noise. Pitman and levers will not break under strain. Four sizes, mounted on skids or all-steel hand truck. Capacity 3,500 to 12,000 gallons per hour.

Novo Hoisting Outfit



Equipped with 2½, 4, 6 and 10 H. P. engines. Adapted to all elevating work of contractors as well as to mining, logging, ice handling, cotton loading, well drilling, etc. Gears are strong, bearings large, and the two clutches are controlled by one lever. They are simple, compact and easy to control. Lifting capacity up to 3,000 pounds—100 feet per minute.

THE simplest, most compact, and the lightest engine for power developed is the Novo. It is adaptable to any business and is superior in many ways to steam and electric power. It is strong, durable and absolutely guaranteed against freezing damage. Eight sizes: 1 to 10 H.P.

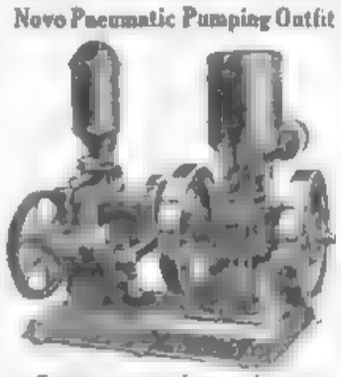
Novo outfits have the same high efficiency throughout as Novo Engines.

Send for Novo Catalog

and let us advise you regarding your power problems. Write us fully at once.

NOVO ENGINE CO.
Clarence E. Bement, Sec'y & Gen'l Mgr.
243 Willow St., Lansing, Mich.

Novo Pneumatic Pumping Outfit



Greater capacity and power than any other outfit of similar size [illegible] railway [illegible] irrigation plants, oil pumping, etc. Pitmans are strong, bearings large and well babbitted, gears are machine cut. Capacities 700 to 2,000 gallons per hour. With or without pneumatic pump attachment.

Kelly-Springfield

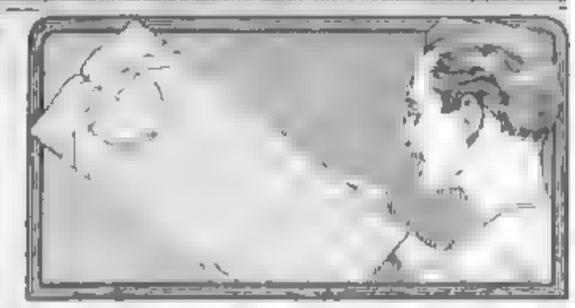
Automobile Tires

The remedy for tire troubles is a tire with the trouble left out—a tire of real rubber, a tire built on correct principles, a tire that stands the wear and tear of travel. In other words, the Kelly-Springfield Automobile Tire.

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE CO.
20 Vesey Street, New York

Branch offices in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St Louis, Detroit, Cincinnati, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Buffalo, Cleveland, Baltimore, Washington, Seattle, Atlanta, and Akron, Ohio.

Boss Rubber Co., Denver, Colo.
Appel & Burwell Rubber & Tire Co., Dallas, Texas
Todd Rubber Co., New Haven, Conn.



HALLMARK
HALL'S
SHIRTS

THEY give you a feeling of pride, but without that sense of extravagance always associated with high prices.

HALLMARK prices are low
$1, $1.50 and upward

But the shirts are equal in quality to those at the next higher scale of prices.
At the same haberdasher's ask for

SLIDEWELL
HALL'S
COLLARS

They have done away with the cinching. The tie slides—and saves collar, tie, time and temper.

15c—2 for 25c

HALL, HARTWELL & CO
Troy N Y

Stop Forgetting!

Prof. Henry Dickson

Good Memory Is Necessary To All Achievement

A perfect memory is not a peculiar gift of a chosen few, but can be easily acquired by anyone

The Dickson Method of Memory Training Makes You "Forget Proof"

Ten minutes a day of your spare time will give you this training and not interfere with your work

[illegible] and bashfulness to [illegible] your feet, [illegible] and arguments so that they are ready for instant use. *My course has transformed thousands of failures into successes—it will make you successful.* Write today for free booklet and [illegible]

How To Get a FREE Copy of This Valuable Book, "How To Speak In Public"

De-luxe edition, handsomely [illegible] just meet the needs of the man or woman [illegible] and learn how to obtain a copy absolutely free.

DICKSON MEMORY SCHOOL, 932 Auditorium Bldg., Chicago

that you are all right; but juries are not particularly partial to bucketshop keepers."

Mr. Solomon Isaacs winced again.

"The inspector said it was a safe two years for you," continued Anastasius relentlessly.

Mr. Solomon Isaacs collapsed utterly. He clasped his plump hands together and faced his clerk imploringly.

"What shall I do? What shall I do?" he begged.

"Do," said Anastasius. "Do what any man in his senses would have done twenty minutes ago." He could not resist the temptation to introduce a little drama into the dialogue. He held out his arm. "The way is open before you; the minions of the law have departed. Fly!" He dropped into his ordinary conversational tone. "If I were you I should take the evening boat to Ostend, then the train on to Hamburg and catch the American boat there the day after tomorrow."

"But my business!" wailed Isaacs. "There's the rent paid three months in advance; all those new circulars—twenty thousand of them—sent out last night! I should have been able to retire ——"

"You will—into one of His Majesty's prisons," remarked Anastasius dryly, "if you don't go soon."

Solomon Isaacs rose to his feet and grasped his hat. "P'r'aps you are right," he muttered.

"One minute," said Anastasius.

Mr. Solomon Isaacs paused.

"You haven't thought of the risk I am running," said the clerk. "You have to do something for me before you go."

Mr. Solomon Isaacs shuffled to the door. "I think you had better wait one more minute, for if I were to accompany you into the street your chance of getting away would not be worth much," said Anastasius threateningly.

"You wouldn't give me away! I've always been a generous master to you, Yorke," said Isaacs. Anastasius thought of his thirty shillings a week and his heart hardened.

"There are one or two documents I want you to sign before you go. Here they are."

He took two sheets of paper from the desk and handed them to his employer. Isaacs took them up, but his hand shook so that his endeavor to read them was an ignominious failure. "What are they all about?" he asked.

Anastasius took them from him. "Number one acknowledges the receipt of ten thousand pounds, in full payment for the business now carried on by you under the style of Wilberforce, Wilkes & Washington as a going concern, together with all moneys due and owing, but without any liability in respect of claims made in regard to transactions in the past."

A twinkle appeared in Solomon Isaacs' eyes. "I didn't think you were worth ten thousand shillings," he said.

"I'm not worth ten thousand pence," answered Anastasius.

"Then how am I to get paid?" asked Isaacs with astonishment.

"You are not going to get paid, Mr. Solomon Isaacs," said Anastasius with deliberation. "You are going to sign that document, together with this one, as the price of your liberty." Isaacs would have interrupted, but Yorke silenced him with a wave of the hand. "This other document is to the manager of the bank where you keep the firm's account, informing him of my purchase of the business and directing him to transfer the account to my name."

"But it's robbery—robbery! It's blackmail!" Isaacs' voice rose to a scream. "I won't be robbed. I'll have you locked up. I'll ——"

Anastasius pointed to the clock. "The inspector is returning in ten minutes; you will have a good opportunity to carry out your threats," he remarked coolly; and, rising, he went to each of the two doors, turned the keys in the locks and placed the keys in his pocket.

Mr. Solomon Isaacs sank into the armchair again with a groan; but he could not rest there. Before a minute had passed he was weeping and praying to be released. Anastasius paid no heed to his entreaties.

"I'll sign anything if you will only let me go!" Isaacs cried at last. Anastasius handed him a pen. He went to the door opening into the outer office.

"Miss Marston," he said, "Mr. Isaacs wishes you to witness his signature."

Moya entered. She looked at Anastasius—calm, triumphant; at Solomon Isaacs—abject, miserable—and could scarcely suppress her amazement. She received no enlightenment. In her presence neither man spoke. She witnessed Isaacs' signature to each of the documents, and then Yorke's "That will do, Miss Marston," dismissed her.

Before the door closed behind her Mr. Solomon Isaacs was standing at the other door, opening into the corridor.

"There's only five minutes!" he whispered eagerly.

"Oh!" said Anastasius, "I shall want the keys of the other safe and of your desk."

The bucketshop keeper was now in a state of abject terror. "Let me go! I'll send them on!" he cried; but not until the keys were in his own possession did Anastasius unlock the door.

Mr. Solomon Isaacs stepped out—and stepped back again. He had heard a footstep approaching in the corridor. The hunted look returned to his face. "It's too late!" he moaned.

Anastasius picked up his hat. "I'll see that the coast is clear," he said.

A minute later Mr. Solomon Isaacs left the office of Wilberforce, Wilkes & Washington, clinging to his late clerk's arm for support and trying to look as if he did not at any moment expect a hand to be laid on his shoulder. He breathed more freely when he was in the street, and when he was in a taxicab the color had returned to his lips.

Anastasius had not finished with him, however. He had determined to carry his scheme through to the end; and not until Mr. Solomon Isaacs had accompanied him to the bank, had personally presented the order for the transfer of the account and introduced him to the manager of the bank did he allow that gentleman to depart in search of an unmenaced safety.

The last he saw of his employer was a huge bulk, quivering with mingled rage and fright—a big head with a silk hat pulled down over the nose, and a big coat with an astrakhan collar pulled up round the ears—leaning back in the corner of a taxicab.

At such a moment some men would have been overwhelmed, either with admiration at their own audacity or amazement at its success. Not so Anastasius. On the steps of the bank, where he bade his late chief farewell, he took from his pocket the little red-covered book with worn corners and carefully noted the following reflection: "A man who believes what his ears tell him is a fool for his pains."

Then he walked sedately back to the office of Wilberforce, Wilkes & Washington. He entered the private room by its private door, locked it behind him, unlocked Mr. Solomon Isaacs' desk and Mr. Solomon Isaacs' private safe with Mr. Solomon Isaacs' private keys, and prepared to devote the morning to examining the contents; but the sound of voices, accompanied by giggles, in the outer office caused him to postpone his intention. He unlocked that door also, and seating himself in Mr. Solomon Isaacs' chair he pressed the button of an electric bell.

The summons was answered by Moya. She glanced round the room. "Where's old Ikey?" she asked.

Anastasius brushed back the long black lock from his forehead before answering with grave precision: "Mr. Solomon Isaacs is no longer connected with this firm, Miss Marston. In future you will please look to me for all orders; and if you care to withdraw your notice given to the late principal I shall be pleased to make your salary thirty-five shillings a week."

The girl's eyes opened their widest. "Well! if you don't beat everything!" she remarked. "But, all the same, you can't make an April fool of me!"

"Certainly not," said Anastasius; "but I have of Ikey."

. . . . . .

There were several reflections entered in the little red-bound book that night when Anastasius, in the solitude of his little bed-sitting-room in Islington, drew a shabby armchair close to his meager little fire and reviewed the events of the day. Here are three of them:

"One learns more from the flight of one man than from the flight of all the ages."

"What one loses in wealth one gains in experience. Ask Ikey!"

"The man who fears shadows is already on his way to the shadowland."

Anastasius was on his way, it will be seen, to becoming a really pretty philosopher.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of stories by G. Sidney Paternoster. The second will appear in an early issue.

I Promise Every Buyer Not to Rush This Car

By R. E. Olds, Designer

These are times when every buyer wants his new car in a hurry. The popular makers are pushed to the limit.

And these are times when mistakes creep in, when inspection is slackened, when workmanship is skimped.

I have seen many a good car's reputation wrecked to meet a rush.

We Don't Hurry

We, too, are overwhelmed. Reo the Fifth is the season's sensation. With this car at this price, beyond any doubt we could sell three times our output.

Our men are doing their level best. But I say to them all, "Take your time—watch every part—don't hurry."

For men forget and forgive any little delay, but a weakness is never forgotten.

Care Is Costly

The chief difference in cars, in these days, lies in the time spent on them.

That's why one car costs twice as much as another, with about the same specifications.

To be slow and exact, watchful and cautious, adds 20 per cent to the cost of a car. And it often cuts profits right in two by keeping one's output down.

But Reo the Fifth—My Farewell Car—will never be skimped for profit. That I promise you.

How I Watch It

I am rather old-fashioned—perhaps a little too extreme. Twenty-five years spent in building cars have made me overcautious.

I have never built as many cars as the people wanted.

Some of the newcomers, as a result, build more cars than I do. But no man can claim to build a car any better.

My steel is all analyzed. Every material passes laboratory tests.

Each part is inspected over and over. Each important part is given all my rigid tests. Parts are rejected for the slightest flaw, no matter how badly we need them.

Parts are ground over and over to get utter exactness. Engines are tested for 48 hours. Finished cars are tested until every part is found to be perfect and noiseless.

The bodies are finished in 17 coats. Every detail of finish gets the final touch.

All this is now done with the same care and exactness as I used on my Show cars, which I built in December.

Every Reo the Fifth marks the best I can do.

The Center Control

The new center control found in Reo the Fifth marks the year's greatest improvement in automobiles.

All the gear shifting is done by this round-top lever between the two front seats. It is done by moving this lever—with the right hand—less than three inches in each of four directions.

Both brakes are operated by foot pedals. There are no side levers, so the entrance in front is clear.

This arrangement permits of the left side drive, at which every maker is aiming.

The Little Price

Reo the Fifth is very much underpriced. Every comparison shows that.

You who buy at this price will be fortunate. For, under average conditions—with average cost for materials—this price will be impossible.

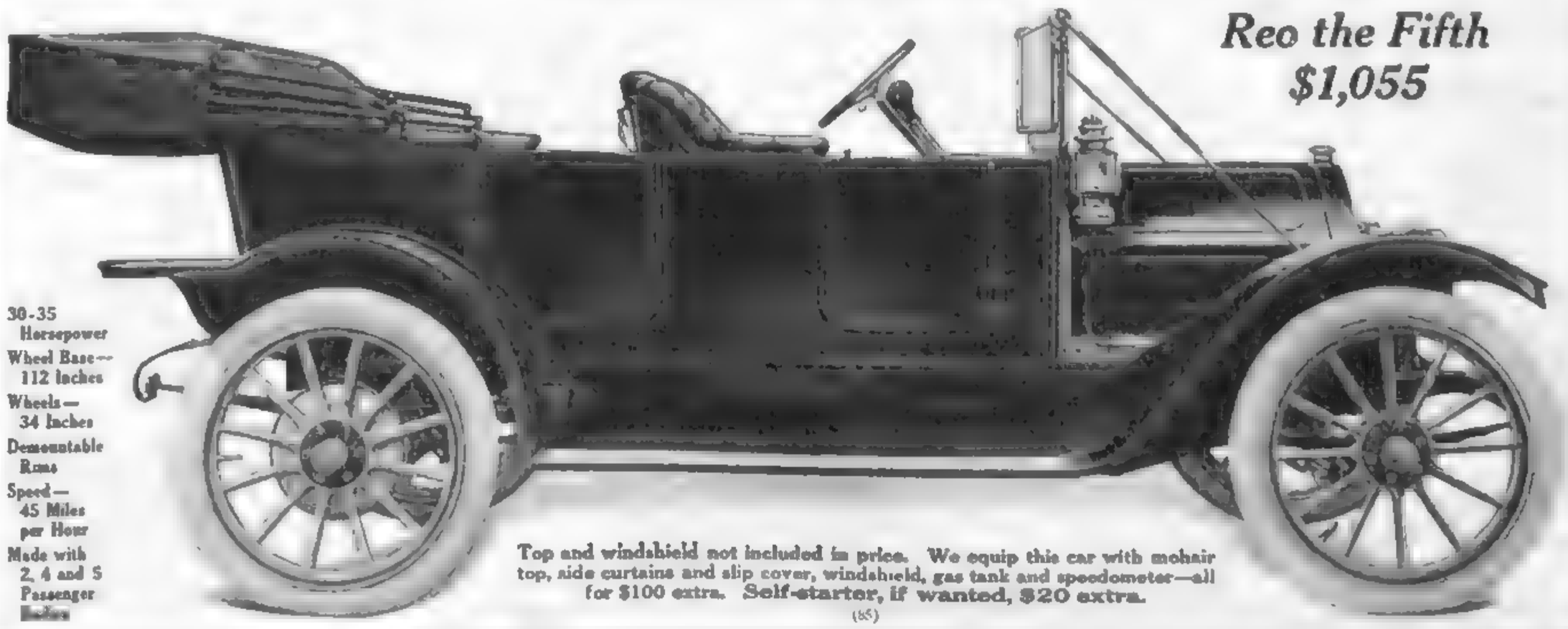
See Your Dealer

There are Reo dealers in a thousand towns. Many are able to make instant deliveries. The others will tell you their exact situation. See the dealer nearest you at once.

Write us for a catalog showing our various bodies and we will tell you where to see the car. Address

R. M. Owen & Co. General Sales Agents for **Reo Motor Car Co., Lansing, Mich.**

Canadian Factory, St. Catharines, Ont.



Reo the Fifth
$1,055

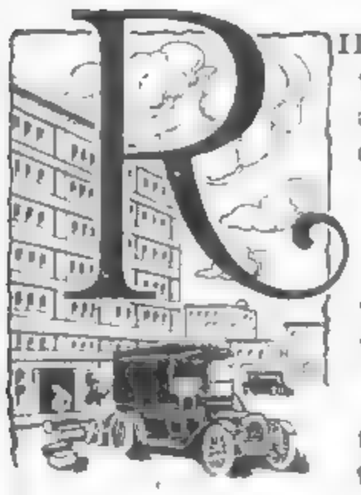
30-35 Horsepower
Wheel Base—112 inches
Wheels—34 inches
Demountable Rims
Speed—45 Miles per Hour
Made with 2, 4 and 5 Passenger Bodies

Top and windshield not included in price. We equip this car with mohair top, side curtains and slip cover, windshield, gas tank and speedometer—all for $100 extra. Self-starter, if wanted, $20 extra.

(85)

Fabric—The Foundation Of An Automobile Tire

By H. S. Firestone



RIDING on air—two or three thousand pounds and more, gliding along on four little hoops of air:

That is motoring.

Take away these wheels of air and you will abandon your car.

So fabric is more than the foundation of the tire. It is the keystone and backbone of automobiling and the automobile industry.

Think what a tire must stand: From the outside, there is the weight of the car and the load. Then there is the additional terrific strain when a stone, ridge or rut is struck. If the car is going fast the tire gets a pile-driver blow.

And from within the strain is as great and constant. Tens of thousands of pounds pressure battling against the fabric, searching for a weakness, if only a poor thread, a tiny "pinch" or a bubble.

The Temptation of Grades

Looked at in this light it seems that there should be but one grade of fabric for tires, the strongest and best that can be produced.

Yet there are more than *fifty* grades: Sea Island Combed, in different qualities. Egyptian Combed in many more grades: Egyptian carded in many still cheaper grades.

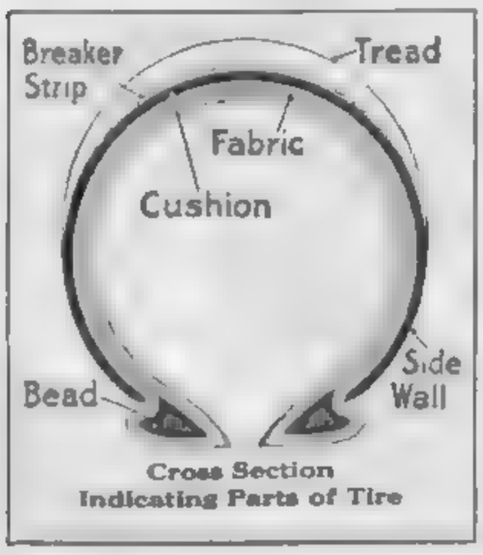
This accounts in part for the many grades of tires—the different degrees of quality.

All that car owners have heard about fabric is that Sea Island cotton is used. That makes good advertising copy. The best fabric it is possible to buy *is* made from Sea Island cotton.

This cotton, grown on the islands off the coast of the Carolinas, or from seed produced there, has a long, strong fibre, just suited for making a tough, strain-resisting tire body.

Sea Island Cotton —Why?

But there is Sea Island Cotton *and* Sea Island Cotton. If the car owner is to have fullest security and maximum service the fact that Sea Island Fabric is in the tire instead of the cheaper Egyptian is not enough to know.



Cross Section Indicating Parts of Tire

The grade used, the character of weave demanded, the frequency of tests for strength, the standard of strength adhered to, the thoroughness of inspection for uniformity—all these things are of vital importance to the user—each has a bearing on service and tire expense.

The highest grade, most expensive Sea Island Combed Fabric—such as is used in the building of Firestone Tires, is made of that same tough material which is used for making first quality sewing thread. Twist eleven pieces of this thread into one, and you have an idea of Firestone warp. Weave *twenty* of these warps into each square inch with the cross threads in such a way as to withstand a test several times more severe than any possible service-strain—and you have an idea of the strength of Firestone Fabric.

Only Part of the Best Good Enough

All tires *should* be made of this quality of fabric, particularly the larger sizes, but they are not. Furthermore, even this best fabric should be tested at least twice to every roll for strength and inspected inch by inch for uniformity. As proof of the need for this inspection, carload after carload of the highest priced Fabric made is returned by the Firestone factory because it does not measure up to the Firestone standard.

It is not only the kind of fabric, it is not only the size of the twist—the tightness or looseness of twist determines the amount of rubber saturation possible.

Here, again, quality and quantity of rubber, care in workmanship, skill in application and inspection either make or ruin the product.

The highest results, the most complete adhesion, is accomplished, as in the case of "Firestone" building, by the use of *enough* Up-River Fine Para. Every mesh of fabric must be completely and evenly filled with this pure rubber—and, in addition, an extra layer of this rubber must be applied, between each layer of fabric. Such a thing as fabric separation is unknown in Firestone Tires.

Temptation in Number of Layers

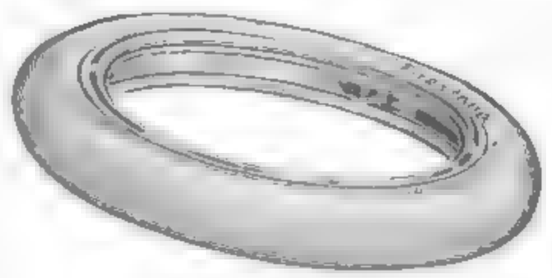
The next vital question is the number of layers or walls of this rubber-filled fabric that is used. Even the low grade is costly. And every wall added is more workmanship.

Temptation again steps in and suggests that three layers might do on a size where four are really essential: four walls instead of five—surely five instead of six for that large size.

They will "do;" yes—for a little while, under the most favorable conditions. The number of layers do not show, so *appearances* won't prevent the sale.

But where *quality* is the standard, where security, length of service and *final economy* for the user is the aim, walls of fabric are not spared.

The "Firestone" Standard of an extra layer for safety has played an important part in giving "Firestone" Tires their leading position through twelve years of supreme service.



"Firestone"

Smooth Tread or Non-Skid Tires

are the service-proven equipment, assuring greater mileage, and surest protection against punctures or blowouts.

The sturdiest fabric, the most resilient tread are combined scientifically to meet the hardest tests for durability.

For twelve years they have been undisputed leaders. Not an "off-season" has marred their record of quality in construction—quality in service.

Firestone Non-skid Tires, with their *inbuilt* strain-resisting strength, and *extra-thick* skid-preventing tread, assure care-free security against mishap. The extra thickness of tread gives greatest wear, and extra resiliency.

At all seasons, in all climates, under all conditions of road and weather, their extra mileage built in *at the factory*, makes positive extra mileage given *on the road*.

There is no experimenting at the expense of the user. We make sure every tire, before it leaves the factory, is made to give

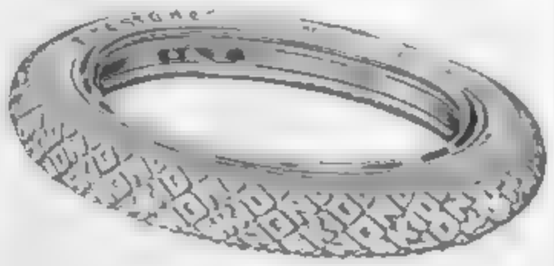
Most Miles Per Dollar

That's why the Service-Wise Specify Firestone.

The Firestone Tire & Rubber Company

America's Largest Exclusive Tire and Rim Makers

Akron, Ohio. All Principal Cities



THE WAYMAKER HORN

Put this *real* auto signal on your car

The horn that quickly clears the way—by its *instant*, incisive moving appeal.

The horn that is sure in action, that speaks in no uncertain tones, that regulates the volume of its call to the speed at which you are going.

The horn that does away with all batteries and attendant expenses. Easy to attach, absolutely self-cleaning, speaking with less pressure than any other exhaust horn.

Made in four sizes and two styles—the standard **Foot Control** and the new pneumatic **Hand Control.**

Sold by leading dealers everywhere—on a 30-day trial basis, with money refunded if desired. If your dealer is the one in ten who hasn't the **Waymaker,** send us his name, and we will ship to you direct from our factory subject to our

30-day trial offer

Foot control horns

For Cars of
No. 1—16 to 25 H.P. $6
No. 2—25 to 40 H.P. $7
For Cars of
No. 3—40 to 50 H.P. $8
No. 4—50 H.P. and over, $9
For hand control, add $4.

Your name ...

Address ...

LEE TIRE & RUBBER CO.
CONSHOHOCKEN PA.
J. Elwood Lee, President

"Mum"

neutralizes, without harm to skin or pores, all the

odor of perspiration

Unscented, stainless—takes but a moment to apply the little you have to use at one time.

25c at druggists' and department stores. If your dealer won't supply you, send us his name and 25 cents and we'll send you a jar postpaid.

"MUM" MFG CO 1106 Chestnut St Philadelphia

Genuine Panama Hats

$6

Fine quality genuine Panama. Closely woven, beautifully [illegible] two grades. Styles as above or telescope, also Fedora. Your money refunded if you are not pleased. Express prepaid upon receipt of $6.00. *Be sure to state size.*

Lady's Panama

Large shape, brims 4½ inches up to 6 inches, [illegible] but have [illegible] sent express prepaid upon receipt of $10.00. [illegible] represented

HOUSTON HAT CO., Dept. A
"Panama Hat Kings" Houston, Texas

THE JINGO

(Continued from Page 21)

in the intermittent glare of the lightning. Presently she asked, as if it was an afterthought:

"How are you going to do it, Jimmy?"

"What?" he inquired, drawing her a little closer, there being still an infinitesimal fraction of an inch between them.

"Why, stop the war!"

"Oh, yes—the war!" he repeated. "I'm always forgetting about that war!" And he paused to tilt back her head and kiss her, with apologies for having neglected it so long—it had been almost a minute. "I'm afraid I'll have to take time to think of that. It might seem a simple little trick to you, but you must remember that I haven't had much practice in stopping wars."

"You stopped one!" she reminded him. "You owe me an apology."

"So I do," he admitted. "I forgot to kiss you again. Here it is, and the next one and a couple of little ones for good measure. The war I stopped, Betsy, was only a musical-comedy one. We have real powder in our guns now."

"You'll find some way," she confidently assured him. "You couldn't before, I know; but now, you see, you just have to! I'm so happy, Jimmy, I don't want to go home or do anything but just stay right here with you but I suppose we'll have to go home sometime; and when we do I'm not going to stop to put on dry clothing until I telephone the prince that there isn't any engagement and never will be!"

Jimmy's laugh upon that lacked mirth. "That strikes me as an excellent way not to begin stopping the war," he grimly commented, oppressed by the thought.

"Oh! I mustn't do it!" she disconsolately agreed. "It would precipitate matters at once, wouldn't it?"

"There's only one thing in favor of that plan," he thoughtfully considered. "It would mean an invasion by the prince instead of by our forces, which would result in killing the right people if any are to be killed."

"Oh, there mustn't be any!" she immediately insisted. "We mustn't have anybody killed. Unless," she added naïvely—"Unless it should just be the prince himself. Couldn't we manage that someway?"

This time the merriment was in Jimmy's laugh, and she laughed with him in childish glee and just for the pure joy of laughing.

"I have no mad passion for war," he informed her; "but I am even less enthusiastic about murder. Another thing, Bezzanna"—and now he turned very grave indeed—"not even the death of the prince will make it any easier for us to marry."

"Jimmy!" she cried, overwhelmed by that remembrance. "I was so happy that I forgot that—and I've known about it for a year. Oh, Jimmy! Jimmy! Jimmy!" And throwing her arms round his neck she burst suddenly into a flood of tears, holding to him convulsively as if she feared they might take him away from her even here.

"Listen, dear," he urged, "there is no happiness in all the world I crave so much as having you to be my wife; but if that is impossible the next happiness is to know that you love me and to have you near me, so that I can see you and hear the sound of your voice every day; so, if we can only prevent your marriage to the prince without plunging Isola into years of mourning, we must be content for a time with just the glance and the word and the occasional touch of love. The contemplation of that alone is Heaven for me now, after having been so starved through this long year."

The princess betrayed a startling touch of wisdom and penetration.

"It won't last, Jimmy," she stated with quiet conviction. "We'd stand it just so long and then we'd go mad—and I'd end up in Wahanita's Tower."

"Great Scott, don't!" yelped Jimmy, from whose mind the haunting image of that grim monument was never absent. "I'd rather see the Old Boy himself over my shoulder than hear that horrible tower mentioned. I'm going to have it down sometime if I have to dynamite it myself; but meantime I guess I'd better let it stand as a reminder to Jimmy. The only safety I see, Betsy, is for me to move away from the palace. I should have my headquarters in the city now anyway."

"And leave me there alone!" she indignantly protested. "Why, Jimmy, you're

Ford
THE UNIVERSAL CAR

Out of oldest Egypt comes this new trade-mark of ours. The pyramid of the Pharaohs typifies strength, substantiality, permanency. The wings of the sacred ibis signify lightness, speed, grace. And "the Winged Pyramid" stands for all that's best in automobile construction.

Seventy-five thousand new Ford Model T's will go into service this season—a proof of their wonderful superiority. The price is $590 for the roadster and $690 for the five passenger touring car—complete with all equipment, f.o.b. Detroit. Get new catalogue from Ford Motor Company, Detroit—and name of nearest representative.

FILMS DEVELOPED
10 CENTS PER ROLL
ALL SIZES
VELOX PRINTS, BROWNIES, 3c; 3 x 3, 3½ x 4¼, 4c; 4 x 5, 5c, 5c.
Send [illegible] and we will print them *without charge* as a sample of our work, we are film specialists and give [illegible]
GOLE & CO., Asbury Park, N. J.

Kennebec
CANVAS COVERED CANOES
Spend your summer outings and vacation canoeing. Send at once for illustrated catalog of Kennebec paddling, sailing and motor canoes. [illegible] design, [illegible] type of sponsons (air chambers) [illegible] style absolutely non-capsizable. Prices reasonable.
KENNEBEC CANOE CO. 10 R R Sq. Waterville, Me.

Be Your Own Boss

Do as many others have—Operate a Kingery Peanut Roaster and Corn Popper. Over 30 styles. Liberal terms, excellent profits. Kingery's book of possibilities and No. 39 catalog tell you all about it.

Kingery Mfg. Co., Pearl and Ludlow Sts., Cincinnati, Ohio

THE BEST LIGHT

Brighter than electricity or acetylene, cheaper than kerosene. Over 200 styles. Every lamp warranted. Makes and burns its own gas. Lighted instantly. No dirt, grease nor odor. Agents wanted. Get catalogue and prices.

THE BEST LIGHT CO
5-25 E 6th Street, Canton, O.

STAUNTON
Military Academy

An Ideal Home School for Manly Boys

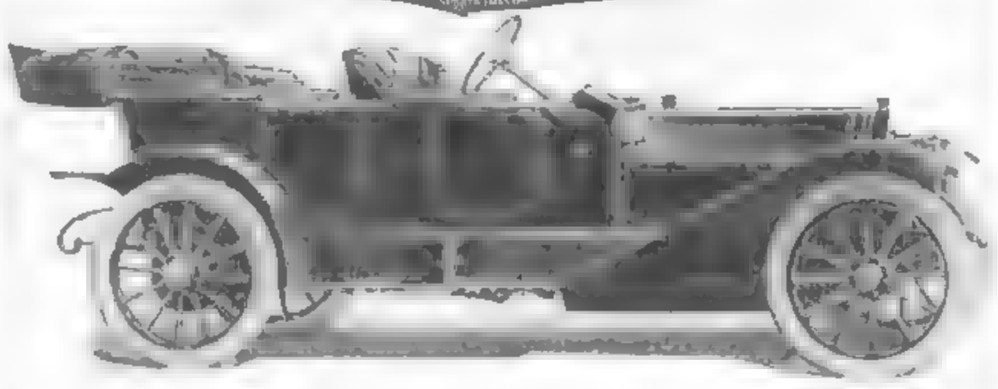
355 Boys from 45 States last session. Largest Private Academy in the United States. Boys from 10 to 20 years old prepared for the Universities, Government Academies or Business.

1,600 feet above sea-level; pure, dry, bracing mountain air of the famous, proverbially healthful and beautiful Valley of the Shenandoah. Pure mineral spring waters. High moral tone. Parental discipline. Military training develops obedience, health, manly carriage. Fine, shady lawns, expensively equipped gymnasium, swimming pool and athletic park. All manly sports encouraged. Daily drills and exercises in *open air.* Boys from homes of culture and refinement only desired. Personal, individual instruction by our *tutorial system.* Standards and traditions high. *Academy fifty-two years old.* New $125,000 barracks, full equipment, absolutely fireproof. Charges $360.

Handsome catalogue free. Address

CAPTAIN WILLIAM H. KABLE, A. M., Principal, Staunton, Va.

Mitchell



IF you have studied automobiles you know there are three things owners most want—strength, power, good appearance; the three strong points of the Mitchell.

Strength in every piece of material; carefully selected and tested; nothing but the best will do.

Power in the motor; fitted and adjusted for smooth, steady, quiet running, with full force in every stroke.

Designed on graceful, smart lines; a thing of beauty; that you'll be proud of.

The Mitchell 5-passenger, 6-cylinder, 48 horse-power car; with 125-inch wheel base; 36-inch wheels; is a fine example of strength, power and good design; $1750.

Mitchell cars are built for the man who can't afford to make a mistake.

Mitchell-Lewis Motor Company
Racine, Wisconsin

Branches: New York Philadelphia Atlanta Dallas Kansas City Seattle London Paris

The Original, and the perfect and proven

Portable Fireproof Garage

In successful use over 3 years

Pruden System

Write for catalog and prices. Prices $100.00 up

METAL SHELTER CO. 842 W. Water St. St. Paul, Minn.

Patentees and Sole Mfrs. Pruden System Buildings. Delivered anywhere East of Rocky Mountains.

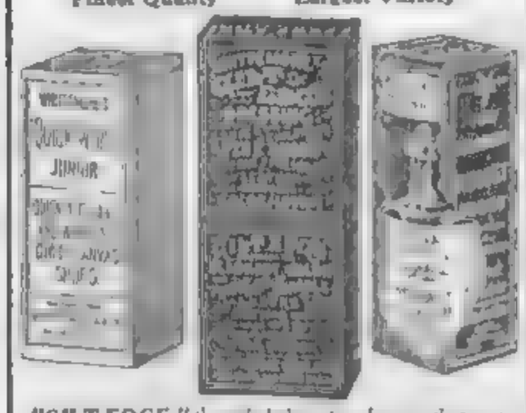
Look—a Waterproof Silk Summer Hat

$3 prepaid. Money back if you don't like it. Write for [illegible] and color and enclose $2. Write for [illegible] and Summer Style Book of Hats and Caps—FREE.

FRENCH CO., 38 S. 6th Street Philadelphia, Pa.

Whittemore's Shoe Polishes

Finest Quality Largest Variety



"GILT EDGE," the only ladies shoe dressing that positively contains Oil. Blacks and Preserves ladies' and children's boots and shoes, shines without rubbing, 25c. "French Glass," 10c.

"STAR" combination for cleaning and polishing all kinds of russet or tan shoes, 10c. "Dandy" size, 25c.

"QUICKWHITE" (in liquid form with sponge) quickly cleans and whitens dirty canvas shoes, 10c. and 25c.

"ALBO" cleans and whitens canvas shoes. In round white cakes packed in metal boxes, with sponge, 10c. In handsome large aluminum boxes, with sponge, 25c.

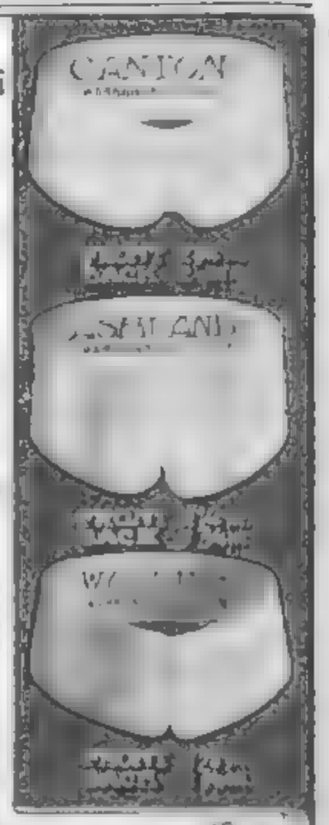
If your dealer does not keep the kind you want send us the price in stamps for a full size package, charges paid.

WHITTEMORE BROS. & CO.
20-28 Albany St., Cambridge, Mass.
The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of Shoe Polishes in the World

STOP WONDERING

why your Collars soon wear out—look and see if they are stamped Linen. If the linen stamp is not there the collars are not linen. Cotton collars will not give the service linen will.

Barker Brand
Warranted Linen Collars
¼, ½, ¾ sizes
2 for 25c



[illegible] Look for the bull dog trade mark. 100 styles to choose from. If not at your dealer send $1 for 5 collars prepaid. Style Book Free.

WM. BARKER CO., *Makers*
Troy, New York

silly! I'd be furiously angry with you if I didn't love you so much—and oh, Jimmy, I do love you!

"I know!" she suddenly cried, delighted with the happy idea that had come to her. "I know how we'll fix it! You'll have to figure out some way for us to be married."

"It's a wonder I hadn't thought of that myself," he cheerlessly responded. "The only drawback I see to your happy thought is that you, being the crown princess and subject to death if you marry a commoner, and me being compelled to remain a commoner for six generations, the solution seems at least unfeasible if not impossible."

"Impossible!" she retorted. "Why, Jimmy, there's nothing impossible! Before you came here I had a long list of things I wanted; and they called me silly—Onalyon and my own brother too—and called me a girl; and as good as told me to keep still because I wanted impossible things! Then you came, Jimmy—— Wait; you must kiss me for that—thank you; now the other eye; now both eyes. I love you! Doesn't that seem funny? And you love me; but that doesn't seem funny at all."

"Then I came and brought them all to you—and more," he finished for her. "I remember the list of your absurdly impossible wants—glass, and matches, and electric lights, and the telephone, and——" He suddenly stopped, with a breathless inspiration, and then he laughed aloud. "Come on, Betsy darling, we must hurry right home. I want to show you something." And, rising to his feet, he pulled her up to him and clasped her in his arms.

"I don't want to go home," she observed five minutes later. "We can't be alone there. I don't like so many people fussing about all the time—do you?"

"They are a nuisance!" he laughingly agreed. He was in high spirits now; and when he jumped from the cave he cracked his heels together before they hit the ground in the sheer joy of life. "However, we need them and they need us!" And he was suddenly smitten by contrition. "By jinks! I forgot about the king and Teddy and Aunt Gee-gee and old Amyah—and everybody else! They're frantic about you, Betsy, and I'm miserably selfish. I should have let them know as soon as I found you."

"Why, we haven't been here long," she protested, throwing herself plump down into his arms, with perfect confidence in his muscle and equilibrium. "Anyhow, they shouldn't worry about me. Nothing has ever happened to me. Are they out in all this storm? Come on; we must hurry. They'll get wet all through."

"We'll have a wringing party when we get home!" he gayly assured her. "Betsy, there's no way I can help you round the Point; but you go first and if you fall in I'll get you out."

"We can't be any wetter than we are," she gayly replied. "There's a bad hole under this rock, though, Jimmy, that I know all about and you don't; so, if I slip in you mustn't come after me unless I don't come up."

"Don't stay down over ten or fifteen minutes then," Jimmy warned her; and it flashed grimly across his mind that only a little while ago he would have believed that possibly their drowning together might be the simplest way out of their dilemma after all. Now, however, everything was different; and he watched each step of her dainty feet and each shifting of her adorably modeled hands in an agony of fear, following as closely behind her as he could without interfering with her perfect freedom, resolved that her splash in the water should only be one second ahead of his own. Once, as she made the difficult turn at the Point, he thought he heard her foot slip; and he so nearly lost his own balance that he gave a sharp "Hah!"—and she laughed.

"Wouldn't it be funny if I had to jump in after you?" she called to him above the voice of the wind; and then he saw the white of her gown disappear round the edge of the Point.

On the level ground, at the head of the ravine, Jimmy took her in his arms and kissed her sadly.

"We're back in the world now," he said. "The hardest task we ever had to do is in front of us."

"I know," she answered, pouting against his shoulder. "We must try to do without kisses."

"We'll have to!" he insisted, panic-stricken at the consequences of discovery. "The best thing we can do is to lay in a supply beforehand"; and he did so with great enthusiasm. Perhaps all this was silly of them and foolish—and mawkish maybe; but they liked it and it was distinctly their affair.

There was no one at the palace to receive them but old Amyah; and when he saw Bezzanna he dropped before her and clasped his arms about her limbs and buried his feeble old gray head against her knees and sobbed.

The only way they could restore the faithful old servitor was by bringing him back to a sense of duty.

"We must call in the searchers," urged Jimmy. "Did they leave you any instructions as to a signal in case Bezzanna was found?"

"They left me no instructions for anything, sir," responded Amyah, with the tears streaming down his cheeks, and circling slowly round Bezzanna to feast his eyes upon her from every angle and make sure that all of her had come back. "I've kept big pots of broth hot and got the bathrooms ready and laid out dry clothing for every one; but all the maids, and even the Princess Zheenezha, finally went out to hunt you. They left me all alone!"

"We must put a light on top of the tower," decided Jimmy; "or, wait! I'll sacrifice my Fourth of July surprise, Betsy. Run on across to the shop with me if you're not afraid of getting wet."

She laughed; and they hurried over through the rain to the experimental shop, where, after carefully laying in a good store of supplies, he switched on the lights. "The big stunt I wanted to show you will have to wait until tomorrow," he said, wiping his hands and putting a dry oilskin over his wet clothing.

He opened a metallic bin and drew from it a box of small canisters, wrapped in blue and red and green and orange labels.

"Fourth of July lights," he explained. "I hadn't intended to burn these for months yet, but we deserve a celebration tonight; and when they see these lights, and these Roman candles and skyrockets and flowering bombs from the top of the tower they'll come running home, for they'll know that nothing could put all that glorious radiance against the sky but the return of the Princess Bezzanna!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A Bank's Business

BANKERS' associations in other states than Illinois have followed the lead of the Illinois bankers' association in working for better methods of farming, conservation of the soil, boys' corn clubs, agricultural instruction in the country schools, better public roads and like objects. Pithy little pamphlets are distributed containing such statements as—"Short leases, with nothing for soil improvement, make soil-robbers"; "The man who raises an eighty-bushel corn crop makes as much clear profit in one year as the man who raises a fifty-bushel crop makes in four years." Sometimes, under the auspices of associated bankers, lecturers and farm demonstrators are sent out; bills in the interests of agriculture are presented to the legislature.

Until quite recently the railroads were almost alone among business concerns in undertaking broad-gauge development of this sort. Why shouldn't the bankers everywhere take it up? Every live bank works to get deposits. If it hears of a man who has some surplus money to deposit it wishes to make his acquaintance and secure his account. That is good business. It is even better business to see, so far as it lies within the banker's power, that the people he already knows have some surplus money to deposit. The good business which aims merely at the possession of as much existing wealth as possible is under suspicion and disfavor nearly everywhere. Really good business must have a broader aim. The best business is that which benefits the most people.

PORTLAND, ORE
PORTLAND, ME
★ MEXICO CITY
This shows that clerk H made a cash sale amounting to $3.85.
This shows that clerk D made a charge sale of $5.27.
This shows that the proprietor (A) received $12.26 on account.
This shows that clerk E paid out $1.50.
This shows that clerk B opened the cash drawer to make change or for some other purpose.
All amounts are recorded on total-adding counters under lock and key.

IF all the sales recorded last month on National Cash Registers used by retail merchants could be registered on one machine, the sales-record strip from that register would be 5932 miles long.

It would reach from Mexico City to Portland, Maine, and from there to Portland, Oregon.

This will give you some idea of the amount of protection now being furnished to merchants of the world by our detail sales and receipt-printing registers.

These printed records save merchants both time and money, and enable them to give thought and attention to important things in their business.

If you are not sharing the benefits which other merchants derive from the use of their National Cash Registers, write us. Ask us to tell you how one of our detail sales-printers with receipt-printing attachment will benefit you.

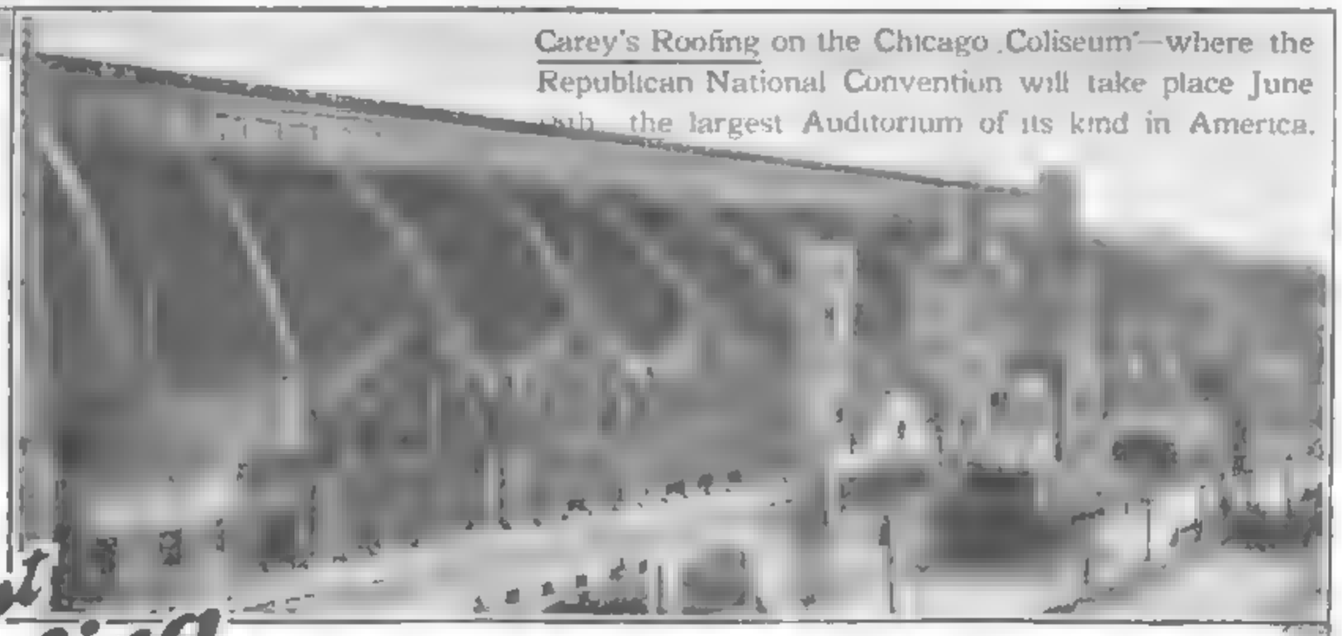
The National Cash Register Company
Dayton, Ohio

PROTECTION
Assured Republican National Convention

by

Carey's Flexible Cement Roofing

1. Woolen Felt foundation. 2. Flexible Cement body. 3. Strong Burlap layer. 4. Asphalt Compound over Burlap. 5. Carey Patent Lap. 6. Asphalt Compound cementing down Lap.



Carey's Roofing on the Chicago Coliseum—where the Republican National Convention will take place June 18th—the largest Auditorium of its kind in America.

The Republican Convention might be carried by storm but not by a storm from without. Because the delegates will meet *under the surest kind* of "Protection"—*that afforded by the Carey Roof that covers* the immense roof area of the Chicago Coliseum! For the roof is as substantial as the Coliseum itself—built to last *as long as* the building.

Thousands of other prominent buildings of every description throughout the United States are covered with Carey's Flexible Cement Roofing. Many of these Carey Roofs are fifteen years old—yet in perfect condition for future service.

Carey's Roofing is made *complete at the factory*. The man who lays it *cannot alter* its splendid construction. It is easily and quickly laid and its materials guaranteed, no matter who lays it!

Not only will it keep its flexibility—because its "*heart*" of pure tempered asphalt cement is hermetically sealed from the action of the elements—but it has *wonderful tensile strength, due* to the strong Calcutta Burlap imbedded in the asphalt. *Carey's is the one ready roofing that can never leak at the seams.* The Carey Patent Lap (an extension of the Burlap along the edges) is cemented down over the roofing nails, forming *one complete, continuous sheet* of roofing *over* the building.

No owner, architect or contractor should select roofing without making a careful comparison of Carey's with other types of roofing. We invite and urge such a comparison. Our complete booklet "*Facing the Facts About Roofing*" and *generous sample* of Carey's Flexible Cement Roofing, gladly mailed you on request.

General Offices and Factories

THE PHILIP CAREY COMPANY 43 Wayne Avenue, Lockland, Cincinnati

Allentown, Pa.	Charlotte	Denver	Kansas City	Milwaukee	New Orleans	Rochester	Syracuse
Atlanta	Chattanooga	Detroit	Knoxville	Minneapolis	New York	San Francisco	Toledo
Baltimore	Chicago	Harrisburg	Little Rock	Montreal	Oklahoma City	[illegible]	Toronto
Birmingham	Cincinnati	Hartford	Los Angeles	[illegible]	Philadelphia	[illegible]	Wheeling
Boston	Cleveland	Havana	Memphis	Newark, N. J.	Pittsburgh	[illegible]	Winnipeg
Buffalo	Dallas	Jacksonville			Portland	St. Louis	Washington

Write nearest branch if not familiar with name of our local dealer

Like an Opera Without Music is a Moneyless Vacation

HUNDREDS of young men and women will earn the money with which to defray their vacation expenses this summer by representing *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* in their own neighborhoods.

The work is enjoyable because it is carried on out of doors and brings one in contact with the best people in the community. A few hours each week of aggressive, enthusiastic effort and the vacation will be "realized."

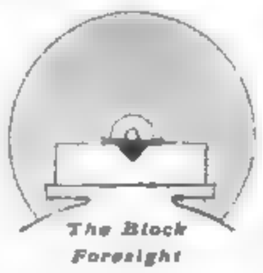
We allow a definite commission and salary, renewals counting equally with new subscriptions. These coming months are the pleasantest in the year for active work. We can appoint you as our local representative if you will write at once.

AGENCY DIVISION

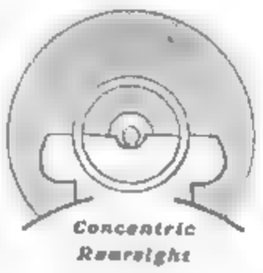
The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

OUT-OF-DOORS

Your Rifle—How and Why it is Sighted



The Block Foresight



Concentric Rearsight

IN THE attempt to escape the advancing years and to evade the compromise between poor illumination and good focus, all sorts of rifle sights have been invented. One ingenious attempt endeavored to combine the good qualities of the aperture sight with the old rear-bar-notch sight. This sight was not mounted on the tang or the receiver frame, close to the eye, but set in the slot of the old open rearsight. In effect it was a large ivory rim, the exact lower half of which was filled by the bar of the rearsight. A slight notch in the middle of this bar marked the exact center of the ivory ring, and the eye would very naturally catch this sight when the gun was thrown to the face. Theoretically it was very good, but in effect it had overlooked the optical law above referred to. It gave good illumination, but it could not aid the focus. The notch in the rearsight remained blurred and woolly as before to the man whose eyes were going a trifle long-sighted. For the man with normal eyes, of course, the same objections could not be urged against this ingenious sight.

Another genius, aware of the general fact in shooting that the foresight is the important one—the eye instinctively doing considerable leveling and aligning without much aid at the rear—invented a sight which he thought would solve the entire question of elevation. He knew that it is easier to get the line than it is to get the elevation in rifle-shooting, and was aware that most men in the hurry of shooting at moving game or even standing game are apt to draw too coarse. So, instead of mounting a bead on a pin-shank or a knife-blade support, he used a block which covered the entire tang of the sight, the bead being simply a little metal dot in the middle of this block. The effect of this sight was to give a proper pointblank elevation very readily, and the inventor claimed that this was the best foresight ever invented for running shooting in the woods. If the shooter endeavored to draw too fine he lost sight of the bead altogether. If his instinct was to draw too full or coarse he found the whole block standing up in front of him and cutting off the sight of his game, so that naturally he would drop until the bead came again into the notch of the rearsight. Many men like this style of sight, since it serves to correct natural defects in aiming; but, of course, it solved elevation only for the pointblank range.

A Sight for a Cent

At a time when my rifle sights were beginning to get a little fuzzy round the edges I hit upon the idea of using these two sights last mentioned in combination—the concentric rearsight and the block foresight. Friends younger than myself hailed this idea of mine with enthusiasm and said that they had never found sights so good as these, and they could not possibly miss with them at pointblank range or under. In my own case, however, they did not work, for there was no evading the optical law regarding focus. The eye still was being asked to rely upon that notch which would not focus sharp, instead of getting instinctive focus in the middle of the rim closer to the eye.

Never try to use three sights on a rifle—the notch-bar rear and the aperture rear. Knock out the old bar sight altogether or you never will shoot the rifle well. You can't combine young eyes and old, bad focus and good, in the same set of rifle sights. To leave in the old bar rearsight is to throw away that useful optical law you have discovered and leave yourself no better off than you were before.

The old low-lying open sights of our forefathers had one great advantage—they did not lay the shooter so open to the error of tilting the barrel sideways. The ordinary tall bead sight with its thin shank, as made today, stands so high above the barrel that if you do not take care to keep the barrel absolutely level you will make deplorable shooting and not know why you are doing so. Again, the diffraction of light on the foresight serves to thwart the shooter, and much experimenting has been done in forms and materials of foresights for rifles. Sometimes the top of the sight is milled to break up the reflection, and sometimes the bead is made of copper or gold instead of ivory. A gold or copper bead is useful in more different kinds of lights than the ivory, which is perhaps next best. Many a woodsman who has lost a foresight has made a very good one for his rifle out of a copper cent. This same glare, or diffraction, is provided for by the dish or hollow in front of the notch in the rearsight. Grandpap got away with it by means of the tin shade he put over the rearsight when he went turkey-shooting for blood. Of course the light reflected from the snowfields is more difficult than any other for unprotected sights. Many times, while hunting goats in the mountains in the wintertime, I have been obliged to smoke my foresight in order to kill the glare of the sunlight.

The Personal Equation

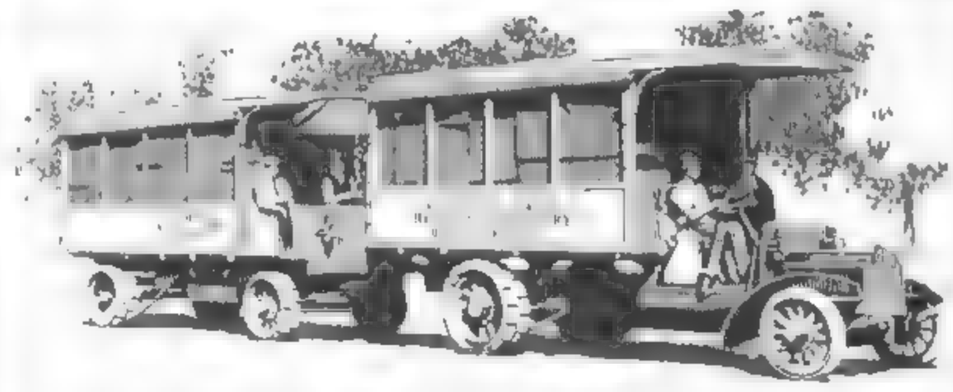
Now select any of these combinations of sights you please and practice with them as much as you like, and you will find still coming into your work the mysterious factor known as the personal equation, which affects rifle-shooting even more than it does shotgun work. It is rarely that one man can sight a rifle for another, and the factories, which send out remarkably fine arms in view of the low prices they receive, cannot do more than guarantee that any certain rifle made the group of shots sent out to the purchaser as that rifle's target. No factory will guarantee that the stock or commercial rifle will suit the eyes of the chance purchaser, nor will it undertake to sight a rifle for an absent purchaser and to guarantee its accuracy for his eyes. Just what this personal equation is no man can tell, but certain it is that eyes do not see alike, either through engineering instruments or through any manner of rifle sights ever yet devised.

This personal equation applies to the way in which the eye sees the frontsight as well as the rearsight. The question of focus does not come in as to the frontsight, but something else does, and that is the factor of light.

To make this clear we may imagine a sort of film or invisible horizontal plane of light—or, say, a flattened halo or halation—resting just on top of the frontsight. This should not be called refraction or reflection, but diffraction, and it is a big though little-noted factor in the use of the rifle.

Papa Dutchman in the sighting yard of a big rifle factory is considerable of a machine himself. He puts the little round edge of the foresight bead right under the lower edge of the bull's-eye, so that they make two circles—one white, one black. He does not break into the black circle with the circle of the white foresight. Between the two there is just that little film or plane of light that in theory is nothing at all, but that in practice may be any of several different degrees. Having learned what his eyes say to him, he can plunk those bullets all into the bull's-eye, four inches above where he is holding, with perfect regularity. Hans passes the same rifle over to Fritz, another workman, and perhaps the Fritz group comes two inches lower or two inches higher. Why? That little light curtain or film, the unfixed factor of diffraction, was not the same for both pairs of eyes. Then you try it, and that film of light proves thicker or thinner for your eyes than for theirs. Hence your group may be a little higher or a little lower.

Now we have said there is no way of clearing up that rearsight for old eyes except by some sort of a compromise. The same is more or less true regarding this factor of diffraction in regard to the frontsight, and this comes in for all eyes, old or



Colgate & Co have 25 of our trucks of various load capacities in service in New York City alone

Mack Proved by 12 years of real use — **Saurer** Proved by 17 years of real use — **Hewitt** Proved by 10 years of real use

"Leading gasoline trucks of the world"

Who else can give you such equipment?

1. Trucks proved by 10, 12 and 17 years of service.
2. Choice of 1, 1½, 2, 3, 4, 4½, 5, 6½, 7½ and 10 tons capacity, with any load distribution, and any style of body.

Answer: Nobody else.

That's why we say you can't afford to settle your transportation problem without consulting us.

Write for truck-information applied to your business

International Motor Company

General Offices 57th and Broadway New York — Works Allentown Pa; Plainfield N J

Sales and Service Stations-
New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Buffalo
Baltimore, Jersey City, St Louis, Atlanta, Kansas City, Denver
San Francisco, Los Angeles and other large cities

VENUS PERFECT PENCILS
Free Trial: To prove to you the superior quality of Venus Perfect Pencils we will send you sample pencil free if you will write us. Ask for hard, soft or medium. Venus Perfect Pencils are the finest for every purpose. Last longest. Write smoothest. Erase cleanest. Don't risk an inferior pencil.
17 Black gradations and 4 Copying.
Absolutely guaranteed. WRITE.
AMERICAN LEAD PENCIL CO.
221 Fifth Avenue, New York
Clapton—London, England

$39 2 H. P. ENGINE
With fittings, including propeller and stuffing box, wiring, etc.
For All Kinds of Boats
Used in Government Harbor Service and Chicago Police Boats. Extra power and extra wear. Compact, reliable, silent, low running cost. The perfect two cycle reversing engine. 2-year guarantee. A woman or child can run it. 3 4 6 10 H P proportionately low priced. Write for catalog and agent's Book Free. Northwestern Steel & Iron Works, 108 Spring St, Eau Claire Wis.

STUDY LAW at Home
Become a Lawyer — LEGAL DIPLOMA
We make your home a university. Leading Correspondence Law Course in America—recognized by resident colleges. New text, specially prepared by 20 Deans and leading Univ. law school teachers. We Guarantee to coach free any graduate failing to pass bar examination. Special Business Law-Course. "Legally trained men always succeed." Over 13,000 students enrolled. Begin now. Easy terms. Catalog and Particulars Free
LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY, Box 2364, Chicago, Ill.

BLITZ The Polishing Cloth
FREE SAMPLE FOR YOU
A perfect lasting polish for Silver ware Brass Nickel Gold enamels, pictures, etc. Sample Free. Ultimate Blitz and agents 25c at stores or by mail. 121 Green St
AGENTS WANTED AUBURN SPECIALTIES CO., Auburn, N. Y

"MOVING WEST?"
Ship them at Reduced Rates on Through Cars. Write today for rates and information. Northern States.
TRANS-CONTINENTAL FREIGHT COMPANY
905 Rookery Bldg., Chicago. 29 Broadway, New York
1004 Old South Bldg., Boston, Mass.

PATENTABLE IDEAS WANTED. Manufacturers want Owen patents. Send for 3 free books, inventions wanted, prizes, etc. I get patent or no fee. Manufacturing facilities.
RICHARD B. OWEN, 18 Owen Building, Washington, D C

PATENTS Inventors of wide experience employ my method. So will you eventually. Why wait? Just send for my free book. W. T. Jones, 801 G Street, Washington D C

10 cents a Day Buys this Machine
The Pittsburgh Visible Typewriter is the latest model of the best typewriter on the market. Touch is perfect, action quick, alignment absolute. Has back spacer, tabulator (we color ribbon universal), and other attachments. Agents wanted everywhere. We have a special proposition whereby you can for a small service which we will explain
Get a Pittsburgh Visible Typewriter Free
Send for our special 30 day offer—greatly reduced prices and easy terms. Write today and say to us in a letter "Mail your FREE OFFER."
THE PITTSBURGH VISIBLE TYPEWRITER COMPANY
Dept. 29, Union Bank Building — Established 20 Years — PITTSBURGH, PA.

The Pleasant Way To Wake Up

START the day pleasantly. Let the little Junior Tattoo awaken you. Its tuneful ring gets you out of bed feeling cheerful and good-natured—fit for the day's work.

THE voice of the Junior Tattoo is insistent—but gentle and friendly. It does not call with a fire-alarm clang that sets your nerves on edge and arouses all the household.

Junior Tattoo

The Little Alarm Clock of Many Uses

HALF SIZE

It is hardly larger than a watch. Handy to pack for your vacation trip or business journeys.

Every twenty seconds for five minutes it rings unless the silent switch is turned. An accurate time-keeper and a reliable friend for anybody and everybody who wants to arise on time and in good humor.

Price $1.75 (In Canada $2.25)

With rich leather (red or black) case, $3.00.
In a beautiful satin-gilt finish, $2.00. Porcelain dial and silver finish, $2.25.

Ask your jeweler to show you the Junior Tattoo. If he hasn't it, send us his name and the price for as many as you want. We will ship prepaid at above prices.

Write for circular picturing and describing the Junior Tattoo Family in various artistic styles and finishes—gilt, brass, silver and solid mahogany.

Established 1817 THE NEW HAVEN CLOCK CO. 139 Hamilton St.

THE HEALTH MERRY-GO-ROUND keeps children healthy

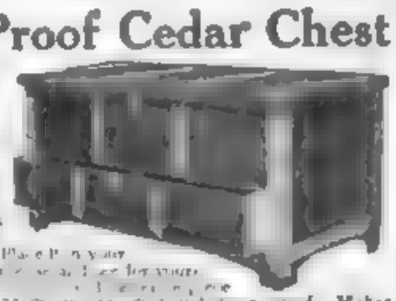
Children never tire of the Health Merry-go-Round. It gives them healthful out-door amusement at home—fresh air and exercise that develops their muscles.

This machine is strongly built of seasoned hardwood, [illegible] repair proof. It is an ornament to the lawn. Every machine guaranteed. Sent on Free trial. [illegible]

Health Merry-go-Round Co.
Dept. 715 Quincy Ill. U. S. A.

Moth-Proof Cedar Chest

Sent on 15 Days' Free Trial



This magnificent, [illegible] Piedmont Red Cedar Chest sent anywhere on 15 days free trial. Place it in your [illegible] furniture it is. Moth, mouse, dust and damp proof. Makes unique Bridal gift. Direct from factory to [illegible] factory prices. Freight prepaid. Send for big 56-page illustrated free book showing all styles and prices and particulars [illegible]

PIEDMONT RED CEDAR CHEST CO., Dept. 79, Statesville, N.C.

PATENT YOUR IDEAS Book "How to Obtain a Patent" and "What to Invent" sent free. Send rough sketch for free report as to patentability. Patents obtained by us advertised for sale at our expense in Manufacturers' Journal.
CHANDLEE & CHANDLEE, Patent Attorneys
625 F Street, Washington, D. C. Established 16 years

Dr. Esenwein

SHORT-STORY WRITING
A course of forty lessons in the history, [illegible] structure and writing of the Short Story [illegible] J. Berg Esenwein, Editor, Lippincott's Magazine.
200-page catalogue free [illegible]
THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
69 Myrick Building, Springfield, Mass.

Just pour on boiling water for a cup of rich, delicious bouillon, perfectly seasoned, ready to enjoy.

"STEERO" Bouillon Cubes

Made by American Kitchen Products Co., N. Y.

Send for Free Samples

and learn how delicious they are. No cooking. Always ready.

[illegible] 12 cubes 35 cents, postpaid if your grocer, druggist or delicatessen cannot supply you. Also in tins of 50 and 100 cubes.

Distributed and Guaranteed by
Schieffelin & Co., 177 William Street, New York
Under Pure Food Law, Serial No. 1

Puddings! Cakes! Candies!

For these, yes—and for all dainties and desserts that require a flavoring use

MAPLEINE

(The Flavor de Luxe)

to impart a delicious mellow flavor similar to maple. It will not cook out or grain, and is therefore especially good for cake filling and icing.

Mapleine makes an irresistible appeal to the woman of the home because of its delicious different flavors and practical uses.

To Make Home-Made Syrup

Dissolve white sugar in water and add some Mapleine. Many prefer this easily-made syrup to all others because of its smooth taste (no baking after-taste) and economy of cost (about half as much as maple).

[illegible] grocers [illegible] 0 [illegible] If not send direct to Dept. E-4.

Crescent Mfg. Co., Seattle, Wash.

Mapleine Recipe Book sent free

young. If you resort to science in order to equate your lack of normal quality, you have to pay your price in the way of compromise just as much in foresights as in rearsights. What you gain in pinhole focus you lose in illumination. What you gain in definition with the field glass at a given range you lose in field. Still, science can do something in the way of compromise even in the way of foresights—indeed can almost renew the youth of the despondent rifleman.

A scientific oculist, himself a good rifle shot and a student of sights and trajectories, attempted to solve this diffraction problem and invented a sight which perhaps may prove useful as a foresight compromise. He knew that this film of diffracted light lay on top of the foresight. He knew that a pinhole aperture needed no focusing or readjustment, but cut clean all the way through all ranges. He wanted to take advantage, for use in the foresight, of this instinctive quality of the eye. He wanted something as useful in a foresight as is the instinct to get the center of that little round hole close to the eye in the rearsight. So he made an aperture sight for the front as well as the rear, and instead of making the front aperture round he made it square, although the rearsight aperture was left round as before.

Now this sight is a great deal more scientific than it sounds at first. Of course any man given to gallery practice is familiar with the aperture frontsight, which is round like that of the rearsight. In shooting at a target you place the aperture not under or on the bull's-eye, but round it, and when you see a ring of white of the same depth all round you pull and make a center shot—sometimes. Now the round aperture sight, though useful and very deadly for good eyes, is not so scientifically constructed as the square frontsight, for reasons that will be obvious.

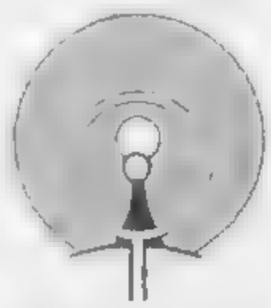
The Cube of Gold

There are different forms of aperture frontsights already on the market. This rifleman followed no other form he had ever seen. He made a little gold box with two ends left out, three-sixteenths of an inch in size, and mounted it on the tang of the foresight just where the bead usually is mounted. It does not look like a rifle sight at all. You can see through it and round it, and because it is so far away from the eye the edges look very thin.

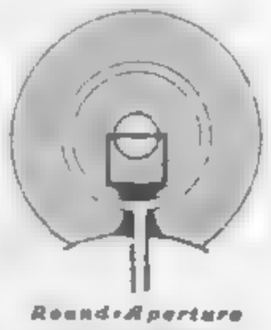
The theory of this ingenious sight is that of a thin horizontal line held exactly on the elevation desired. This line is found by the top of the foresight's little square, about one-fiftieth of an inch in thickness. There is diffraction from each side of this thin metal plane, and somewhere the edges of this double diffraction must meet. The eye of any shooter, therefore, is no longer asked to guess how thick or thin that film of light on top of the foresight is. His eye tells him instinctively that it is just in the middle where the two diffractions meet and verge. The sight does not attempt to abolish diffraction, but to average two diffractions. Whatever the personal equation of the eye, it is automatically corrected by the shooter.

In other words, advantage is taken of the instinct of the eye, the automatic action of the eye. There is no doubt about the available quality of this eye instinct as to the aperture rearsight—the eye gets the center of that instinctively and quickly. It should work equally well in regard to the horizontal line of the foresight—the eye ought to be able to get the middle of the two instinctively, and also get the line for right and left the same way by instinct.

Now that is the difficult part of rifle-shooting—to get that elevation to a hair and to get it the same all the time. If you hold dead on the object with a round bead it is very difficult to tell at the second shot just exactly how much foresight you took with the first shot. But just halfway between the upper and lower blurs of this foresight is your constant in elevation. That thin, indefinitely extended line of light from your eye, running through the rearsight, hits the middle of that film between the two light planes every time, and every time alike—a thing impossible if the sight were round instead of a line. You use the top, not the middle, of the gold cube as your foresight, and it cuts your elevation sharp for you. At least this is the theory. I have not tried this sight, but am told that it works out very well in target practice.



Aperture Rearsight and Globe Frontsight



Round-Aperture and Non-Diffraction Sights

Elevation is the difficult thing to get regularly in your rifle-shooting. Experiment until you get sights that will enable you at the same range to put all your bullets into the same elevation. That is the one hard thing to do. It is perfectly easy to get the line, and you had better adjust your own sights in this in the last stages, only allowing your gunsmith to give you the general placing of them as near to the center of the barrel as he can determine without firing the piece.

If your rifle shoots too far to the left drive the foresight to the left or the rearsight to the right. Your gunsmith will do most of his correction with the rearsight. The best way is to have the foresight firmly swaged into the middle of the slot. The rearsight can then be tapped gently to right or left as the case may require. When you have got your line both sights ought to be fastened firmly. It is easy to forget which way to drive the sights in making corrections. Perhaps you can remember the formula, "Front, toward error; rear, away from error."

Sights for Every Eye

As to elevation, in these times when antelope and buffalo shooting is pretty much a thing of the past and when not all of us are apt to go to Africa, we don't need to monkey so very much with elevation. These are days of high-velocity, low-trajectory, long-range guns. If you have attained a set of sights that will enable you to get the same elevation at the same range all the time, rejoice and be exceeding glad. Your rifle will be apt to do the rest, and up to three hundred yards is apt to shoot better than you would be able to hold in average field conditions.

For the aid of all sorts of shooters and all sorts of eyes gunmakers have devised all sorts of sights, whether open or aperture, or combination open and aperture sights. The European rifles usually come to you with three or four rearsights, all of which may be laid flat on the barrel, each leaf of the rearsight representing a different elevation. Sometimes these collapsible leaves have a line of platinum let up the middle of the back. Some rifle shots use no notch at all in the rear bar, but simply this line of platinum. There are many forms of buckhorns, flat bars, and so forth, in rearsights. The buckhorn is not desirable for the modern rifle, if it ever was for any rifle, because it gives no mechanical aid in solving that diffraction problem on top on the foresight. In order to get at a constant of elevation, one genius invented a rearsight with a square notch cut into it, and a foresight that also was absolutely square and not in the form of a bead or dot. In shooting, this foresight fits edge to edge into the notch of the rearsight. The top of its square is drawn just even with the top of the flat bar. On each side of the foresight, as seen through the square notch of the rearsight, a little line of light shows.

If you are engaged in the pleasant pastime of sighting your rifle be careful when you select your sights to see that the foresight and rearsight have the proper relation when mounted on the barrel. If they were both the same height they would do well enough on the flat top of grandpap's rifle barrel, but you must remember that today the rifle barrel swells at the breech and tapers to the muzzle. The makers bear this in mind and make foresights of several different elevations and several different sorts of beads. This height of shank in the foresight is something that must be remembered, no matter what sort of rearsight you put on the modern rifle, and no matter even if you used an aperture rearsight, since the middle of that represents the notch in the old rearsight of our forefathers. Having found the set of sights that suits the condition of your eyes, try them—and then try them some more.

BOOKS

Everybody Can Now Afford

Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books

A New Popular Edition

FOR several years we have been at work improving printing processes—devising new and more efficient methods of producing good books—and reducing costs here and there while raising the quality of our product. To accomplish this we called to our aid the ablest minds in the mechanical world.

We were convinced that the cost of standard, well-made books could be decreased, without sacrifice of high quality, to a point where every man could afford to buy the best literature.

We have succeeded in doing this by a development of efficiency in every line—by the adoption of time-saving and labor-saving methods, by production on a large scale, and by economical methods of distribution and sale.

The first result of these improved methods is a popular edition of the Harvard Classics, commonly known as Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books.

If you do not own the Harvard Classics now is the time to obtain a set of the new Popular Edition at a price that puts this famous library of classics within everybody's reach

Dr Charles W. Eliot

This new, low-priced edition *contains every chapter, every page, every word, that is found in the expensive de luxe editions.* It differs only in illustrations and bindings.

It is printed from the same clear-cut plates that were used in printing the celebrated Cambridge Edition.

The Popular Edition is well-made, handsomely and substantially bound, and is worthy of a place in any library.

This Edition is Dr. Eliot's Own Idea

In publishing this edition of the Harvard Classics we are carrying out Dr. Eliot's idea of the place this library should permanently hold as an educational influence.

He intended the Harvard Classics for the millions of men and women who are busy doing the nation's work—professional men, office men, farmers, salesmen, mechanics—for readers who have no time to read a roomful of books to gain a clear perspective of the world's thought and achievement.

"The World's Civilization on a Bookshelf"

That is a sweeping statement—"the world's civilization on a bookshelf"—to be used in describing a set of books.

It is not our own phrase. One of the readers of the Harvard Classics used it in writing to us about the set.

But sweeping as it is, it is true in the sense in which he used it.

Every powerful idea that has ever moved the human mind is to be found in these volumes.

It is a collection of books that has no parallel in the history of literature, because it is the product of a plan to present, in the limits of a single bookshelf, a series of volumes which would show the complete development of the human intellect.

It is not merely a collection of great books, printed in uniform binding, without coherence or system. Every part of the library bears a relation to every other part.

Every book, play, poem or article in the set *is complete in itself.* It contains no unsatisfactory, chopped-up extracts.

You may read here, in one volume, Darwin's epoch-making theory of evolution, told in his own words. Then, here are the finest examples of the Greek comedies, full of the genuine humor of a people dead two thousand years. Next, the Arabian Nights, that eternal collection of never-old tales—and there are the subtle ideas of Descartes, the father of logic—the essays of Montaigne—the best books of the Bible, the Koran, and the sayings of Confucius—Adam Smith's famous "Wealth of Nations," the foundation of the science of political economy—and there are Shakespeare, Goethe, Milton, Burns, the world's great poets—the biographies of the intellectual leaders of the human race, and—

The table of contents alone would fill several pages. The best way to learn all about the set is to write now for our

64-Page Book (Sent Free)

This book describes the Harvard Classics, and gives Dr. Eliot's own official statement of the plan of the work. It is a beautifully printed little book, and is well worth reading.

The coupon printed as a part of this advertisement is for your convenience. Just fill it out and mail it to us, and we will send the 64-page book by the next mail.

P. F. Collier & Son, Inc.

Publishers of Good Books 416 West 13th St., New York

P. F. Collier & Son, Inc.
416 West 13th Street, New York

Please send to me by mail, free of charge, the 64-page book describing the Harvard Classics, Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books.

Name _____

Address

Still Another! Whitman's Olde Style Bitter Sweets

Eighteen kinds of centers with bitter-sweet coating. A coating that reveals subtle and delicate flavors found only in the best chocolates blended and worked with rare skill. Centers of sweet creams flavored with fruits, nuts, vanilla, cocoa, etc. A package worthy of a place beside the famous Fussy Package, Pink of Perfection, Sampler and the famous Super Extra Assortment. Olde Style Bitter Sweets, in one-pound and two-pound boxes, are 60 cents a pound box at all Whitman Agencies. You know them by the Whitman sign.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., Philadelphia
Makers of Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate and Marshmallow Whip
Booklets mailed upon request: "Instantaneous Ideas," "A List of Good Things" and "Mrs. Rorer's Recipes" The latter tells of the many uses of Marshmallow Whip.

What of Your Future?

Have you a good chance of advancement in your present employment?

Several more traveling representatives are needed to appoint agents-under-contract to sell *The Saturday Evening Post* and *The Ladies' Home Journal*. We employ some roadmen, on a salary, bonus and expense basis, to do special promotive work in cities of 10,000 inhabitants and over; others, on a liberal commission basis, to appoint agents-under-contract to sell in small towns and villages. Of the commissioned representatives, some devote their entire time to our work, others only their spare time.

Our salaried roadmen are recruited from the full-time workers that make good on a commission basis. Our Branch Office Sales Managers, Home Office District Managers and Sales Correspondents are obtained by promotions from our staff of salaried roadmen.

On a commission basis we want more men to appoint agents to sell our publications. The commissions are 50% and 75% to new men. Exclusive territory as soon as you qualify for it. Good chance of advancement to staff of salaried roadmen.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Roadmen's Section
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

How's Business and Why

"CONFIDENCE has returned. It is in the air. In most directions business goes forward more normally and more profitably. These are the foundations of the present stock market. These are the conditions the market two months ago started to discount," says one who takes many people into his confidence each week. Another man, who has been designated as "one of the most successful traders in New York," writes to this effect:

"I have been able to buy and sell stocks at a profit for many years, accepting small losses and not very large profits; but, on the whole, coming out ahead. Lately, however, for the first time in my life, this market has beaten me and I take off my hat to whoever is behind it. It looks to me as though the entire stock market were in some individual hand. I defy any trader to make a dollar out of it. The public was long ago killed or driven out of the stock market. Now, we traders are being crucified. If things go along this way how can there be any stock market? I never saw conditions so utterly at variance with the stock market—Big Business, corporation interests and the tariff all in the maelstrom of politics; and no one can give a guess as to which party or policy, or which candidate, will prevail, or who will be the nominee of either party. Up go wages ten per cent. Up goes the price of coal. Still further climbs the cost of living and up go stocks. Demonstrate that Steel common is not earning its living, and up it goes from the sixties into the seventies. Crops are a month late and there is no basis for an intelligent prediction concerning them. Raw materials, labor and cost of living are going up faster than profits; in fact, profits are being menaced on every side—but, to look at the stockboard, you would think that capital was getting hilarious. The situation has beaten me and it beats me now."

The gentleman quoted is not the first and probably will not be the last to confess himself nonplused by the course of stock speculation, the mission of which is to perform the unusual and seemingly inexplicable. Speculation is wont to be guided by an invisible hand, or—better—power, for there may be more than one hand or individual concerned in the manipulation of the stock market; and the concerted thought and action of several people is the productive agency in these marvelous demonstrations of strength of prices in this instance and weakness of prices in other instances. No one should ask another to subscribe to the first observation above quoted, that the share market has been discounting anything above described. The second quotation pictures the situation rather nearer to life; and that is the reason for making these quotations, and not because of what may be happening in the stock market.

A Glance at Fundamentals

Sometimes there have been occasions when the stock market seemed to have discounted events of a most favorable character, and to have done so because the backers of the speculative movement possessed greater prescience than their fellows, and almost had it in their power to shape events in the business world in harmony with their conception of what they thought ought to happen; though at this time it is inconceivable that any man or set of men can foresee the business future. Cheerful sentiment becomes those who indulge it; but the complications of this day are so many and intricate that the wisest will admit—if they speak sincerely—that they are rather hopeful than sanguine. Wall Street spells it sanguine, but could spell it something else just as easily if the line of least resistance ran in the opposite direction.

Interpretation of carefully prepared statistics for the third month of the year shows that ten subjects indicate a decline in business compared with last year—to wit: new buildings; failures; money in circulation; comptroller's report of national banks; New York bank deposits; cash of New York banks; balance of gold—net exports; new security issues; political factors; and social conditions. Eight subjects suggest caution—to wit: commodity prices; imports; railroad earnings; surplus reserve of New York banks; exports of merchandise; crops and production; idle cars; and foreign money rates. Five subjects indicate that business continues active [illegible] clearings, excluding New York, loan[illegible] of the New York banks; balance of international trade; stock exchange transactions; and gold production. One subject suggests but little compared with last year—to wit: immigration in February. Of course these things might be open to the interpretation given; and yet it may be claimed that conditions might change later [illegible] manner to justify the assumption that the improvement has been foreseen by the shrewd traders in securities. When Wall Street mentions "confidence" it likely means optimism, or—better—credulity. Let Wall Street be a law unto itself and not seek to mislead others, and it may well be left to play its game to the end of the program; and it is a varied program that it plays. It is to be [illegible] at this time that [illegible] the "only blue spot in the country." On the contrary, there is no spot so "bright" the term being used in the sense of cheerful activity, not so very different from the activity seen in some other directions, though without the cheer that accompanies the success of moneymaking.

Steel Earnings Compared

They are saying, for example, that the United States Steel Corporation is operating close to full capacity, but no one rises to observe that profits approximate the high percentage of the past. It helps so he would be instantly confronted, too, with the official statement of operations for the March, 1912 quarter showing net earnings of but $17,826,973 compared with $23,513,903 for the quarter in 1911 and $57,816,526 for the quarter in 1910. There was enough in this [illegible] to pay the preferred dividend, leaving $61,647 with which to meet the common dividend requirement of $[illegible]. The dividend was charged to a [illegible] surplus of [illegible] $133,000,000. Mr. Gathmann's paper says the steel's position is stronger than at any previous time this year. The [illegible] steel imports of March and the nine months then ended told rather a pleasing story. Imports of $2,102,647 compared with $2,951,710 last year, making for nine months $14,551,723 compared with $26,249,869 last year—that is to say, imports have been materially less than last year. Now turn to exports and observe that $24,474,799 for the month is set against $22,591,991 last year, the total for the nine months being $188,517,360 compared with $164,881,592 for like months the previous year—that is to say, there was a good gain in exports compared with a decrease in imports.

It is of very considerable interest to relate that the unfilled tonnage of the United States Steel Corporation at the close of April, 1912, was no less than 5,664,885, an increase of 360,044 tons for the month and the largest amount since December 31, 1909. The trouble is that profits were rarely, if ever, so small.

Passing notice should be given to the exports of copper for March, 1912 66,400,000 pounds against 56,900,000; and for nine months ended with March, 620,900,000 pounds against 587,500,000 pounds. They profess to be feeling so good in the copper trade that gossip mentions a purpose or rumored purpose to drop summarily the price of ingots to fifteen cents, lest the higher price divert an amount of business in this to other metals, to the detriment of the copper industry. One hears remarks of this sort from time to time, but questions their sincerity, logical though the argument sounds. It would have been as easy and wiser to limit the advance in copper to fifteen cents in the first instance, but somehow men are rarely built in a way to limit profits when in sight; and if it happens that the men are operating with an eye to the stock-market chance they are likely to overlook the best good of the industry—at least temporarily; and it is not to be supposed the stock-market deal has been completed and that a reaction in prices would be promoted by summary treatment of the price of copper—is it? The statement of the Copper Producers' Association for April showed a decrease of 229,957 pounds in production compared with March, with domestic deliveries increased 2,026,380 pounds and exports reduced 5,527,240 pounds; leaving the stock on hand 65,066,029 pounds, an increase of 2,698,472 pounds.

The United States Geologic Survey has issued figures of copper production in the United States in 1911 and shows the largest amount on record—1,097,232,749 pounds compared with 1,080,159,509 pounds for 1910, the increase being about 1.5 per cent. An unofficial estimate of the copper product of the leading mines of the world for the first quarter of 1912 is 310,055,188 pounds against 263,126,674 pounds in 1911, an increase of 46,928,514 pounds.

As an example of improved conditions that could be still further improved the Pullman Company is to be cited, for it is said that the great carworks at Pullman are operating at seventy-five per cent of capacity compared with less than fifty per cent at the close of June last. The employees upon the payroll number 9000 against a minimum of 6000 and a maximum of 14,000. With business as it has been, the company is said to hope to earn more than ten per cent on the capital stock this fiscal year. The passenger-car department is booked ahead to August, and has a capacity of one hundred passenger cars a month. The new steel freight-car department is producing thirty cars a day, and the capacity will be increased to forty and fifty cars a day if business warrants. With orders in hand and present capacity, there is business in sight to last until September. The Pullman Company has, of course, two branches to its business—transportation as well as manufacture; and as long as the traveling public craves luxuries on the rail this company will be expected to profit by the operation of its palace, dining and other cars upon the passenger railroads of the country.

The Cement Industry

The United States has probably become the leading manufacturer of cement among the countries. In 1890 the output was about 8,000,000 barrels. Ten years later it was 17,000,000 barrels; while in yet another ten years, or in 1910, the output was about 78,000,000 barrels against about 30,000,000 barrels by Germany and less than 20,000,000 barrels by England. The value of the United States output, according to the Bureau of Statistics, was about $6,000,000 in 1890, $13,000,000 in 1900 and about $69,000,000 in 1910. Exports of cement have grown from 76,055 barrels of 380 pounds in 1900, valued at $163,162, to 2,971,474 barrels in 1911, valued at $4,349,290; while the figures for the nine months ending with March indicate that the total for the fiscal year 1912 will considerably exceed in both quantity and value that of 1911.

On the import side, the decline has been as rapid and striking as the increase on the export side. The quantity of cement imported in 1907 was 1,123,763,604 pounds, but by 1911 had fallen to 93,297,749 pounds; and in the fiscal year 1912 it seems likely to fall below 50,000,000 pounds, or less than one-twentieth of the imports of 1907.

Pennsylvania is by far the largest producer of cement, about one-third of the 78,000,000 barrels produced in 1910 being the product of that state; the states following next in order of production are Indiana, Kansas, Illinois, Missouri, New Jersey, Michigan and New York. The cement industry, according to the census of 1910, showed: number of establishments, 135; capital invested, $187,398,000; number of wage-earners, 26,775; wages paid, $15,320,000; cost of materials, $29,344,000; value of products, $63,205,000; value added by manufacture—value of products less cost of materials—$33,861,000.

Though the commercial failures of the country, as reported by Bradstreet, for April were fewer in number than for any month since October, they were, nevertheless, the most for any April since this century came in, except April, 1908—1079 last April comparing with 1152 for the exceptional year. In the matter of liabilities, the $15,073,400 is materially less than the amount for March, $17,911,667, and the month of usually large failures—to wit, January—when they were $20,120,690. The liabilities of February failures were $14,964,948, which was really more a day than was the fact in April, when there was one more day than in February. Since 1900, liabilities of April failures were larger than this year in 1908, 1909 and 1910 only. Compared with April, 1906, the culmination of the prosperous period, liabilities of failed concerns this year were nearly twice as large. The total then was $7,896,214, exceeding by a few hundred thousand dollars liabilities for the month in 1902 and 1900. The continuance of an unusual number of failures, with moderate liabilities, is characteristic of the trend noted for some time—suggesting that the small business man is having rather a hard time.

Of indirect interest to the people of this country is the fact that the London Economist's index number of commodity prices at the close of April registered a decline of ninety-eight points, of which ninety-six were the result of the passing of the coal-miners' strike. Groceries declined fourteen and a half points, while meats advanced seven points, textiles three points and miscellaneous heavy goods two and a half points, the index number on April thirtieth being 2693, against 2791 on March thirty-first, 2581 at the close of 1911, and 2554 a year ago. If the influence of the coal strike were to be eliminated, comparison might be with the 2667 at the end of February, indicating a rising tendency in prices. The index number of commodity prices in the United States on May first was $9.2746, as set down by Bradstreet, and was a record number, being four-tenths of one per cent above the previous record—that of January 1, 1910. The cost of living, in other words, continues to rise.

The money market is minor among the factors affecting business at present. True, there was some show of firmness in the call-loan market of the country prior to the closing of the New York City $65,000,000 loan subscription; but there is plenty of money at the great loaning centers—enough to finance a materially larger trade than is in progress. It is not fancied that the speculative markets will average so large loan wants as they showed the first quarter of the year; and with money due to be easier abroad—note the reduction in the Bank of England discount rate from three and a half to three per cent—and an amount of funds there still to the credit of the States, there is small occasion to weigh the monetary consideration heavily in attempting to foresee what may occur in the loan market. Of larger consequence is the political factor; and this is bound to challenge attention and probably to lead to hesitation—until midsummer at least.

Politics and Crops

The campaign for highest honors in the gift of the people, or subject to the capture of the candidates, has brought a number of surprises, and not unlikely there are still others in store. Surprise means uncertainty and uncertainty spells hesitation. Labor problems are continually coming to the front and the probabilities in that direction are nothing like exhausted. Strikes settle nothing—unless it may be that there shall be others. When one class of employees gains an advance in wages it is to be expected that the claim of all other classes will be listened to; and, so long as there is no broad adjustment of the relations of wages to the cost of goods and the cost of living, inharmony and dissatisfaction are bound to be entailed by the present to the future. It is rather a marvel how business men are able to conduct business as successfully as they do under present methods and conflicts and confusion of interests.

Moreover, there is the major item of the crops. Business is largely affected according as Nature may smile or frown and as men may farm wisely or without understanding. That the 1912 harvest will be far from perfect is a foregone conclusion from the May report of the United States Department of Agriculture touching acreage and condition of winter wheat and rye, condition of meadows and pastures, and the stock of hay remaining in barns; also the extreme backwardness of spring plowing and planting. The season has been from a few weeks to a month late, more or less; likewise very cold and wet. The moisture may serve well if there is sunshine to balance; and if it comes seasonably the possibilities favor a fair crop of many things, though the probabilities are the other way in the case of a majority of the leading crops—especially of winter wheat and cotton. The crop factor is in any case adverse in its bearing upon general business when viewed from the standpoint of the present hour; and it will be watched with living interest as the season grows older—if, perchance, there may be such a radical improvement in conditions as to provide a stimulant to industrial and commercial hope.

Will YOUR Home Be Comfortable Next Winter?

IF YOU had difficulty last Winter keeping your home comfortable during the extreme cold weather, we want to send you *our illustrated book free.*

It explains all about the most important discovery ever made in connection with hot water heating. It tells how thousands of persons in all parts of the United States, Canada and foreign countries have found satisfactory heating service. It will solve your heating problems. The

HONEYWELL SYSTEM OF HOT WATER HEATING

is installed at lowest cost, very economical in operation, of sightly appearance. It delivers heat to radiators quickly and provides a maximum range of water temperature from 85 to 240 degrees.

It can be used in any new or old building. It prevents waste of water and eliminates [illegible] making every ounce of coal deliver its full quota of heat.

With a Honeywell System of Hot Water Heating in your home you can be sure and your family will be comfortable *even in the coldest winter weather.* You pay no attention to dampers or [illegible] A degree higher or lower than ought pass unnoticed by you is instantly [illegible] and the drafts regulated automatically. No matter how quickly the [illegible] changes, your home is automatically kept at the degree of heat *you* desire. If you enjoy sleeping in a cool room the dampers will be regulated in the morning with no attention on your part, and the house comfortably warm by the time you are ready to dress. The same plan can be followed if you leave the house for a time. These and many other advantages of this *modern* heating system are fully and clearly explained in our free book. Write for it today before you consider closing your plans for heating the home next season. Address

Honeywell Heating Specialty Co.
124 Main Street, Wabash, Indiana

Keiser Barathea Cravats
A National Standard

All silk in over 60 plain colors.

No interlinings in neckbands—slip easily through fold collars.

Genuine Keiser Cravats bear this octagon trademark

Bat Wings 50c
Also
4-in-hands $1.00, 50c

FOR SALE BY MOST FINE FURNISHERS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY

The Keiser Barathea used for Bat Wing ties is woven especially for Bat Wing purposes, being pliable, strong and tightly bound.

JAMES R. KEISER, Inc., NEW YORK
Manufacturers and Wholesalers only

MORE men should wear Knitted Coats and men should wear Knitted Coats *more.* You compliment your taste and supplement your personality in

Marinette

Pure worsted—full-fashioned—knitted to shape—hand-finished—everlastingly shape-keeping—supremely "smart."

Retails for $3 to $15. Silk Coats, $15 to $75. For a postcard we'll send you the name of a dealer near you and our fascinating booklet "S."

Marinette Knitting Mills
Marinette, Wisconsin.

TENNESSEE MILITARY INSTITUTE

[illegible] coastal military school with [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Smoke Talk No 12

The Safe Cigar

leaves you with the immediate desire for another. Men who smoke all heavy, rich cigars can't repeat. The head, the heart, the stomach, the nerves can't stand the overdose. Havana and domestic rightly blended make the right cigar.

Robt. Burns

MILD 10c CIGAR

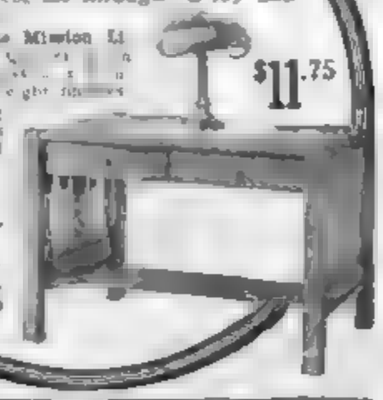
Made by STRAITON & STORM, *New York, since 1857*

Ask your Doctor

"COME-PACKT"

At Our Risk

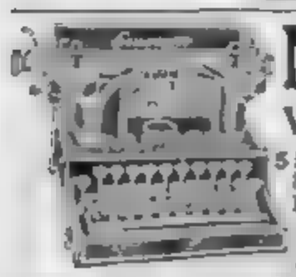
Try Come Packt Furniture and satisfy yourself that it is double value—honest all through—a joy and



This Handsome Mission Library Table $11.75

Write for our big catalog. It shows several hundred more

Come-Packt Furniture Co. 614 Fernwood Ave. Toledo, Ohio



No Money With Your Order

5 DAYS TRIAL in your own home, then 10 CENTS-A-DAY payable monthly. Many of our customers pronounce the EMERSON the best typewriter made, wholly visible universal keyboard, tabulator, back spacer, two-color ribbon, rapid, strong, light touch.

Don't Pay Even $20 for the EMERSON

YOU CAN EARN ONE or MAKE BIG MONEY

EMERSON ... State Bank ...

The Emerson Typewriter Co., Box 208, Woodstock, Ill.

CHALLENGE

Brand WATERPROOF

A waterproof collar with a linen finish and texture. Saves bother, time and laundry bills. All dealers. Style Book Free.

The Arlington Company 725 Broadway New York

Collars 25c Cuffs 50c

COLLARS & CUFFS

THE FOREST FRONTIER

By Enos A. Mills

TIMBERLINE in the high mountains of the West wakes up the most indifferent visitor. The uppermost limit of tree-growth shows Nature in strange, picturesque forms and is so graphic and impressive that all classes of visitors pause to look in silent wonder. This is the forest frontier.

It appears as old as the hills and as fixed and unchanging as they; but, like every frontier, that of the forest is aggressive, is ever struggling to advance. Today this bold and definite line is the forest's farthest north, its farthest reach up the heights; it simply marks where the forest is and not where it was or where it is striving to be.

This is the line of battle between the woods and the weather. The elements are insistent with "thus far and no farther"; but the trees do not heed and the relentless elements defy them in a never-ending battle along the timberline.

Every tree in this battered edge of forest fringe is dwarfed or deformed. The trees are suppressed by cold, crushed with snow and distorted by prolonged and terrific winds. Many stretches appear like growths of coarse bushes and uncouth vines. These trees maintain a perpetual battle, and the foremost ranks, for the most part, consist of trees crippled, bent, pygmy, hunchbacked and stocky; all these are crowded and entangled—united on the battlefield. They are the determined ones—no weaklings, no cowards. The lot of all is hard, and each tree lives an aggressive and hardy life.

Only one company of the many I have conducted to timberline failed to feel the significance of the scene. Strangers in the mountains are only occasionally roused. They need explanation in order to comprehend or appreciate the larger scenes. They do have periodic outbursts in adjectives, and now and then some one strikes the keynote in a plain, matter-of-fact remark: "I'm hungry!" At timberline the monumental scene at once has the attention, however, and no explanation is needed. Here is a great and grizzled pioneer in his own wilderness. Timberline tells the stirring story of frontier experience with a forest of descriptive, powerful statues, and in bold, battered and far-extending figures in relief.

It was a company of young people just from college, who failed to comprehend the eloquent pioneer spirit of this place. However, it did startle them; but immediately they commenced to talk glibly and cynically of these faithful trees, with the following opinions: "A Doré garden!" "Ill-shapen fiends!" "How foolish to live here!" and "Criminal classes!"

The Child Who Understood

One autumn day I took Harriet, a little girl from the South, up to see these trees. She was only eight years old, but she showed more appreciation and sympathy for these frontier ones than did all the cultured collegians. Snow fell on the heights the day preceding our visit, and in places this snow was wind-drifted among the trees. On our arrival Harriet looked quietly about and then without a word walked to a number of small trees in a shallow snowdrift. By these she stood for some time in silence, evidently thinking; at last she spoke, to pay the trees at timberline as simple and as worthy a tribute as I have ever heard them receive: "What brave little trees to stay up here where they have to stand all the time with their feet in the snow!"

I wish that every one might visit the timberline. In places this shattered forest appears like a broken line of raging battle; thinned, straggling ranks are in determined charge and fierce assault against almost impregnable and often triumphant heights. The powerful impressions given by this weird place lead many visitors to return to make its acquaintance. With this formed the visitor goes away more deeply impressed; for timberline is not only novel and strange, but it is teeming with pathos and poetry and has a life story that is heroic. As a place to see or in which to commune with Nature, timberline remains one of the most primeval and interesting of the earth's scenes, one of the most thought-compelling on the globe.

Many a campfire I have had along the timberline. In all kinds of weather and during every month of the year it has been eagerly followed and I have explored it for hundreds of miles. Though I have seen it in a number of states, most of my experiences with it have been on the eastern slope of the Continental Divide in Colorado.

From a commanding promontory the forest edge appears like a great shoreline as it sweeps away for miles along the steep and uneven sides of the mountains. For the most part it follows the contour; here it goes far out round a peninsulalike headland, then sweeps away to fold back into cove or cañon to form a forested bay. In Colorado and California this forestline marks the mountains at an altitude of between eleven and twelve thousand feet. Downward from this line a heavy robe of dark forest drapes the mountains; above it the treeless heights rise cool and apparently barren, with old and eroded snowdrifts amid their silent moorlands and rocky terraces.

An Eight-Foot Forest

The forest is incessantly aggressive and eternally vigilant to hold its territory and to advance. Winds are its most terrible and effective foe; these give it that weird and picturesque front. Occasionally they rage for days without cessation, blowing constantly from the same quarter and at times with the rending and crushing velocity of more than one hundred miles an hour. This terrific wind frequently flays the trees with cutting blasts of sand. At times it rolls down the steeps with the crushing, flattening force of a tidal wave. Many places have the appearance of having been gone over by a terrible harrow or an enormous roller. In localities all trees, except the few protected by rocky ledges or closely braced by their fellows, are crippled or overthrown.

At most timberlines these high winds always blow from one direction. On the eastern slope of the Colorado divide they are westerly—down the mountain. Many of these trees possess a long vertical fringe of limbs to leeward, being limbless and barkless to stormward. They are scattered trees, each of which is an impressive statue of a windstorm. Permanently their limbs stream leeward, together with fixed bend and distortions as though changed to metal in the height of a storm.

Whenever a tree dies and remains standing the sand-blasts speedily erode and carve its unevenly resistant wood into a totem pole which carries many strange embossed pictographs. In time these trees are entirely worn away by the violence of the wind and the gnawings of the sand-toothed gales.

Novel effects are here and there seen in long hedges of wind-trimmed trees. These precisely parallel the wind current and have grown to leeward from the shelter of a boulder. Apparently an adventurous tree-seed makes a successful stand behind the boulder; then its seed or those of other trees proceed to form a crowding line to the leeward in the shelter thus afforded. Some of these hedges are a few hundred feet in length.

At the front the sand-blasts trim this hedge so that it is the height and width of the boulder. Though there is a slight, gradual increase in height from the front toward the rear, the wind trims off adventurous twigs on the sidelines and keeps the width almost uniform throughout.

Few trees in this forest-front rise to a height greater than twelve feet. The average height is about eight feet. However, the length of some of the prostrate ones is about normal. Wind and other hard conditions give a few trees the uncouth shapes of prehistoric animals. I measured a vinelike ichthyosaurus that was sixty-seven feet long. It was crawling to leeward, flat upon the earth. Close to the roots its body was thirty-eight inches in diameter. One cone-shaped spruce had a base diameter of four feet and came to a point a few inches less than four feet above the earth. Here and there a tough, tall tree manages to stand erect. The high wind trims off all limbs that do not point leeward. Some appear as though molded and pressed into shape. A profile of others, with long, streaming-bannered limbs, gives a hopeful view, for they present an unconquerable and conscious appearance like tattered pennants or torn, triumphant battle-flags of the victorious forest!

During the wildest of winds I have a few times deliberately spent a day or a night in the most exposed places, protected in an elkskin sleeping-bag. Wildly, grandly, the surging gusts boomed, ripped, roared and exploded as they struck or swept on. The experience was somewhat like lying in a diver's dress on a beach during a storm. At times I was struck almost breathless by an airy breaker, or tumbled and kicked indifferently about by the unbelievable violence of the wind. At other times I was dashed with sand and vigorously pelted with sticks and gravel.

This was in the open; I took no risks of being tossed against trees or rocks. Many times, however, I lay securely anchored and shielded beneath matted tree-growths, where I safely heard the tempestuous booms and the wildest of rocketlike swishes of the impassioned and invisible ocean of air. The general sound effect was a prolonged roar, with an interplay of rippings and tumultuous cheerings. There were explosions and silences; there were hours of Niagara. Uproars commonly were followed by silences; and during these distant roarings the fearful impingement of the advancing gale could be heard as an unseen breaker broke down on me from the heights.

The most marked effect of cold and snow is the extreme shortness of growing season which they allow the trees. Many inclined trees are broken off by snow, while others are prostrated. Though a weighty load for months, the snows afford the trees much protection both from the wrecking violence of the winds and their devitalizing dryness. I know of a few instances of the winter snows piling so deeply that the covered trees were not uncovered by the warmth of the following summer. The trees suspended in this enforced hibernating sleep lost a summer's fun and failed to envelop themselves in the thin and telltale year-ring of annual growth.

The Old Guard of the Mountains

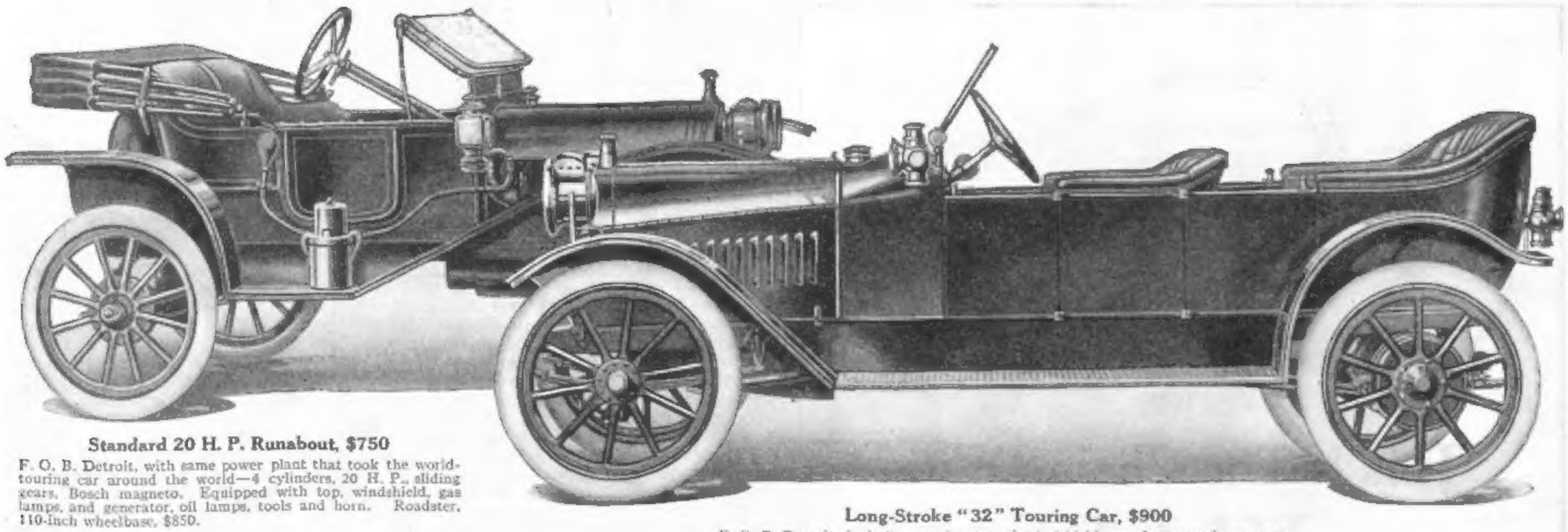
Snow and wind combined produce acres of closely matted growth that nowhere rises more than three feet above the earth. This is kept well groomed by the gale-flung sand which closely trims it into an enormous bristle-brush by repeatedly clipping the persistent twigs. In places the surface will support a pedestrian, but commonly the surface is too weak for this; and, as John Muir says, to get through, over or under—across—growths of this kind, one loses all his temper and most of his clothing!

Timberline is largely determined by climatic limitations, by temperature and moisture. In the Rocky Mountains the dry winds are most deadly—not the high winds. During droughty winters these dry winds absorb the vital juices of hundreds of timberline trees whose withered standing skeletons frequently testify to widespread depredations of this dry blight.

Though millions of trees die at timberline, none surrender. Prostrated trees frequently cling tenaciously to life and struggle on for centuries. Tree monarchs from the tropics or some favored clime at timberline might remark: "In this wide and universal sphere there are pageants more woeful than the scenes wherein we play." Tree communities are much like human ones; they lock arms in unity upon the field of action. They show, too, the stamp and crippling force of excessively severe environment. Every timberline tree is undersized or ill-shapen. Many are pitiful. With only scraps and tatters of foliage they stand shivering, often with their very bones showing through the torn flesh of body or limbs. I have often wished to know the whole story of the big trees in California. Not so of the trees at the timberline. Though these have lost their nobility of form, they still have the nobility of purpose—the perpetuation of the race—the maintenance and extension of the timberline!

A permanent advance, too, is made from time to time. Here and there is a grove—a permanent settlement—ahead of and

(Concluded on Page 64)



Standard 20 H. P. Runabout, $750

F. O. B. Detroit, with same power plant that took the world-touring car around the world—4 cylinders, 20 H. P., sliding gears, Bosch magneto. Equipped with top, windshield, gas lamps, and generator, oil lamps, tools and horn. Roadster, 110-inch wheelbase, $850.

Long-Stroke "32" Touring Car, $900

F. O. B. Detroit, including equipment of windshield, gas lamps and generator, oil lamps, tools and horn. Three speeds forward and reverse; sliding gears. Four cylinder motor, 3¼-inch bore and 5½-inch stroke. Bosch magneto. 106-inch wheelbase; 32x3½-inch tires. Color, Standard Hupmobile Blue. **Roadster, $900**

This man's duty is to ream out the main bearings of the motor.

The three bearings are reamed out at the same time; perfect alignment being thus assured by the very first operation to which they are submitted after having been cast.

From this operation, the crank case passes on to the skilled workers who scrape the bearings to a minute degree of exactness and marvelous smoothness, fitting the crankshaft with such nicety that any possibility of undue or uneven wear is precluded.

Please note the extra-generous width of the two end bearings; and the third or center bearing for the crankshaft—a decidedly unusual feature, in a motor cast en bloc, unless the car costs about $2,500.

The careful workmanship told of here is typical of every operation in the great Hupmobile plant.

The three crankshaft bearings, instead of the two usually provided in a medium priced car, are indicative of the high quality and the exceptional value that stamp the Hupmobile an unusual car.

Beneath the crank case in the picture is shown the crankshaft, with connecting rods in place; and on the floor is shown the three-bearing camshaft.

Hupmobile

$900

One thought dominates this organization and impresses itself upon every operation that enters into the construction of the car.

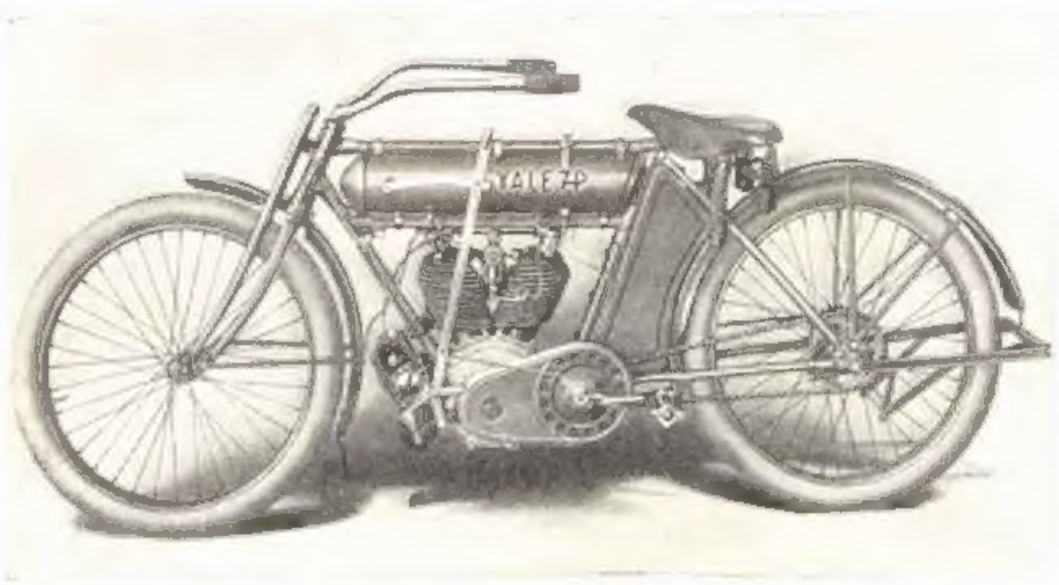
To build for the future, and not for the sales of the moment—to build so scrupulously, so soundly and so well, that the lapse of years will find in the Hupmobile owner a deep and abiding sense of service rendered and value received.

We believe the Hupmobile to be, in its class, the best car in the world.

Hupp Motor Car Company

1229 Milwaukee Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Canadian Factory, Windsor, Ontario



This Is The Chain Drive

5 H.P. YALE 7 H.P.

The most flexible chain driven twin motorcycle made. Speed six to sixty miles per hour. The result of actual road tests.

Improved disc clutch operated by positive lever, giving absolute control. Regularly equipped with the celebrated Y-A Shock Absorber, which is mechanically perfect—everlasting—a positive necessity for real comfort.

29 x 2¾ in. tires—10 per cent. oversize, giving perfect tire service. Long wheel base and low, comfortable saddle position.

The Yale has proved its reliability by winning the great Endurance Contests of the past eight years, and it has held the World's Endurance Record since July, 1909.

The Yale you buy has every record making feature.

Orders shipped same day received. Write for agency proposition.

The Consolidated Mfg. Co., 1702 Fernwood Ave., Toledo, Ohio

Enjoy Your Porch Evenings

When equipped with Vudor Shades and lighted, it makes the most popular room in the house—a place to receive guests, play games, smoke, eat or even sleep.

It is the coolest spot anywhere, day or night, entirely shut off from the gaze of inquisitive passersby. But not from air, or in day, from light. Do not confuse the flimsy ordinary bamboo shades with

Vudor Porch Shades

There is no comparison. The twine used in Vudor is strong—the same used by fishermen in their nets. Vudor Shades are made so well they last many years—while the imitations seldom last a single season. Vudor Shades cost $2.50 up, according to width.

Write for Our New Free Book, in handsome colors—describes and illustrates Vudor Shades, and their uses.

HOUGH SHADE CORPORATION, 228 Mill St., Janesville, Wis.

We also make **Vudor *Re-enforced* Hammocks.** They have re-enforced beds and special end cords which *double their life.*

"American Boy"

SOFT AS A GLOVE is what you'll say of the uppers in "American Boy" Outing shoes. But try to tear Menz "Ease" Elk, and you'll say it's the toughest shoe leather you ever saw. No wonder "American Boy" Outing shoes, honestly built on our Menz "Ease" flexible Chrome sole, are most satisfactory everyday summer shoes. Also made in the Menz "Ease" for men. *Name always on sole and yellow label.*

Menz "Ease"
6 to 11 —$3.00
"American Boy"
1 to 5½ —$2.50
10 to 13½ —$2.00

CATALOG "C" illustrates all heights Menz "Ease" and "American Boy."

For 12 years we have made Menz "Ease" and "American Boy" shoes exclusively, and given our entire attention to the making of an everyday shoe that would satisfy in style, comfort and service.

WRITE FOR CATALOG "C" containing sample of Menz "Ease" Elk. We probably have a dealer near you, but if we haven't we can introduce the shoes direct to you from our factory at regular retail prices, delivery prepaid.

Menzies Shoe Co. Makers Detroit, Mich.

Airyknit

The $50,000 UNDERWEAR

ASK your dealer for *Airyknit.* It's the coolest, lightest underwear ever invented. An *Airyknit* Union suit of average size has over a million open air pores. It's different—it's better—that's why we paid $50,000 for the *Airyknit* idea. Made in separate and Union garments—for Men and Boys—50c and $1.00. Look for the Bodygard shield. *Airyknit* Booklet on request.

Utica Knitting Co., Mill 85, Utica, N. Y.

(Concluded from Page 62)

above the main ranks. In advance of these, too, are a few lone trees—heroes scouting in the lead. In moist, sheltered places are seedlings and promising young trees growing up in front of the battle-scarred old guard. Advances on dry, wind-swept ridges are more difficult and much less frequent; on a few dry ridges these trees have met with a repulse and in a few places have lost a little territory, but slowly the timberline is advancing into the heights.

It would be natural for these trees and their environment to evolve more hardiness than the present ones have. This would mean trees better fitted to contend with and more likely to triumph over the harsh conditions. Evolutionary development is the triumphing factor at the timberline.

The highest timberline in the world probably is on the Andes under the equator; there it is at an altitude of thirteen thousand feet. In Switzerland, along the steep and snowy Alps, it is sixty-four hundred; on Mount Washington, a trifle lower. In the mountains of Colorado and California it is of approximately equal altitude, between eleven and twelve thousand feet. Advancing northward from California along the timberline, one enters regions of heavy snowfall as well as of restricting latitude. Combined, these speedily lower the altitude of timberline, and on Mount Rainier it is below eight thousand feet. There is a noticeable dwarfing of the forest as one approaches the Land of the Midnight Sun, and in its more northerly reaches is the Land of Little Sticks. Just within the Arctic Circle it frays out at its Farthest North. The Arctic Ocean's icy waves break on treeless shores.

Everywhere at timberline the temperature is low, and on Long's Peak the daily average is two degrees below the freezing point. At timberline snow may fall any day of the year and wintry conditions annually prevail from nine to ten months. The hardy trees which maintain this line have adjusted themselves to the extremely short growing season, and now and then mature and scatter fertile seeds.

The trees that do heroic service on all timberlines are members of the pine, spruce, fir, birch, willow and aspen families. At timberline on the Rocky Mountains there are three members each from the deciduous and the evergreens. These are the Engelmann spruce, limber pine, Alpine fir, Arctic willow, black birch and quaking aspen.

A few of these trees live a thousand years, but half this time is a ripe old age for most timberline veterans. The age of these trees cannot be judged by their size, nor can it be judged by appearances; then, too, there may be centuries of difference in the ages of two arm-in-arm trees of similar size. I examined two spruces that were growing within a few yards of each other in the shelter of a crag. One was fourteen feet high, sixteen inches in diameter and had three hundred and thirty-seven annual rings. The other was seven feet high, five inches in diameter and had lived four hundred and ninety-two years!

Aged Dwarfs on the Heights

One autumn a grizzly I was following—to learn his bill-of-fare—tore up a number of dwarfed trees at timberline while digging out a woodchuck and some chipmunks. I carried home a number of the smaller trees for careful examination. One of these was a black birch with a trunk nine-tenths of an inch in diameter, a height of fifteen inches and a limb-spread of twenty-two. It had thirty-four annual rings. Another was truly a veteran pine, though his trunk was but six-tenths of an inch in diameter, his height twenty-three inches and his limb-spread thirty-one. His age was sixty-seven years. A midget that I carried home in my vest pocket was two inches high, had a limb-spread of more than four and was twenty-eight years of age.

A limber pine I examined was full of annual rings and experiences. A number of its rings did not measure one-hundredth of an inch in thickness. At the height of four feet its trunk took on an acute angle and extended nine feet to leeward, then rose vertically for three feet. Its top and limbs merged into an entangled mass about one foot thick, which spread out horizontally and measured eight feet across. It was four hundred and nine years of age. It grew rapidly during its first thirty-eight years, then followed eighteen years during which it almost ceased growing. After this it grew evenly though slowly.

A lady and a gentleman, each of scientific pretensions, went with me to timberline. The lady, after a glance at a grove of standing, recently fire-killed trees, remarked: "Poor things—the altitude killed them!" The gentleman, evidently not to be outdone, asked in all seriousness as he poked at a dead and grotesquely shaped cluster of trees: "Did these grow this way before they died?"

By the sunny and sheltered side of a boulder I one day found a tiny seed-bearer at an altitude of eleven thousand eight hundred feet. How splendidly unconscious it was of its size and its utterly wild surroundings! This brave pine bore a dainty cone, yet a drinking glass would have completely housed both the tree and its fruit.

Many kinds of life are found at timberline. One April I put on snowshoes and went up to watch the trees emerge from their months-old covering of snow. While watching upon a matted, snow-covered thicket, there was a swelling beneath the snow. "Plainly this is not a tree pulling itself free!" I thought—and stood still in astonishment. A moment later a bear burst up through the snow within a few yards of me and paused, blinking in the glare of light. No plan for impetuous action possessed me, so I froze. Presently the bear scented me and turned for a look. After winking a few times as though half blinded, he galloped off easily over the compacted snow. The black bear and the grizzly occasionally hibernate beneath these low, matted tree-growths.

Bird Life at Timberline

The mountain lion may prowl here during any month. Deer frequent the region during summer. Mountain sheep often take refuge beneath the clustered growths during the autumn storms. Of course the audacious pine squirrel comes to claim the very forest edge and to scold all trespassers from a point of safety; and here, too, lives the cheery chipmunk.

This is the nursery or summer residence of many kinds of birds. The "camp bird"—the Rocky Mountain jay—is a resident. Here in spring the white-crowned sparrow sings and sings. During early summer the solitaire, the most eloquent songster I have ever heard, comes up from his nest just down the slope to pay a tribute of divine melody to the listening, time-worn trees. In autumn the Clark crow appears and, with wild and half-weird calls of merriment, devours the fat nuts from the cones of the limber pine. During this nutting Mr. Magpie is present, with less business than at any other time and apparently without a plan for deviltry. Possibly he is attracted and entertained by the boisterousness of Mr. C. Crow.

Lovely wild-flower gardens occupy many of the openings in this bristling forest's edge. In places acres are crowded so closely with thrifty, brilliant bloom that one hesitates before trampling through them. Here the columbine, paintbrush, monument plant and scores of other bright blooms cheer the wild frontier.

Great days and strong nights I have had along the timberline. It was ever good to be with these trees in the clear air, up close to the wide and silent sky. Adventurers appeared strangely while wrapped and enveloped in the shifting fog of low-drifting clouds. In the twilight they were always groups and forms of friendly figures, while by moonlight they were just a romantic camp of fraternal explorers.

Alone one night, I camped where pioneer trees, rustling cliffs, wild lake-shore and a subdued, far-off waterfall formed a scene as primeval as though man had not yet appeared on earth. This night for a time a cave-man directed my imagination and it ran riot in primeval fields. After indulging these prehistoric visions and visitors, I made a great campfire on the shore of the lake close to the cliff, with a monumental pile of treetrunks and limbs. These slow-grown woods were full of pitch and the fire was of such blazing proportions that it would have caused consternation anywhere in Europe. The leaping, eager flames threw wavering lights across the lake on the steeply rising heights beyond. These brought an alarm cry of the coyote, with many an answer and echo, and the mocking laughter of the fox. Even these wild voices in the primeval night were neither so suggestively strange nor so substantially eloquent as the storm-made and resolute tree-forms that rose, peered and vanished where my firelight fell and changed.

Copyright, 1910,
Olds Motor Works

The Most Famous Automobile Painting in the World

This reproduction of William Harnden Foster's oil painting of the Oldsmobile in action is now reprinted at the request of many admirers. Imbued with the very spirit of "Power—Silence—Speed—with Safety," so characteristic of the Oldsmobile, the picture achieved wide popularity when first published in 1910. More copies in colors and more reproductions in different forms have been circulated throughout the United States, Canada and other countries than any other automobile advertisement ever designed. We have received so many deserving calls for copies of this picture, that we feel impelled to respond.

Some exquisite, realistic reproductions of the original, showing every brush mark and mounted on stretcher like a painter's canvas, ready for framing, have been made in limited quantity. Any club or association in good standing—social, motoring, yachting or athletic—may obtain one copy gratis for the decoration of club rooms, by early application written on the club letterhead. There are a limited number of copies exactly the same, but in hanger form, for the offices or reception rooms of corporations. These pictures have no advertising on margin or back. They can scarcely be distinguished from the original on closest inspection.

OLDS MOTOR WORKS, LANSING, MICH. **BRANCHES IN THE PRINCIPAL CITIES**

Dealers in Every Section from Coast to Coast

For Pots and Pans

Old Dutch Cleanser is a wonder worker. The fine particles cut the grease, and the caked dirt, loosen and remove the hardest "burnt in" food crusts in a jiffy. It's the quickest, easiest, and most sanitary cleanser—no chemicals of any kind to harm the hands.

Many other uses and full directions on large sifter-can 10 cents.